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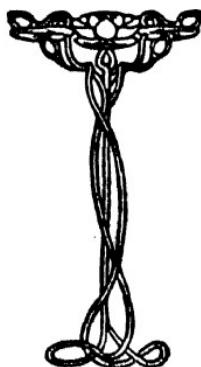


THE SPEAKER

A Quarterly Magazine

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The Speaker

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THE "UNREALITY" OF COLLEGE DEBATES.

An interesting discussion is that which was recently conducted in the columns of the "New York Evening Post" between Professor Raymond MacDonald Alden, of Stanford University, and Prof. J. A. Winans, of Cornell University, the subject being the "'Unreality' of College Debates as at Present Conducted." On this point both seem to be fairly well agreed; the difference is that Prof. Alden sees little hope for the future, while Prof. Winans suggests some possible remedies.

Prof. Alden said, in brief, that there are undoubtedly merits in debating—the analysis of questions, and the development of self-control, and an easy, extemporaneous manner of speaking. But these are most conspicuous in the less formal debates of societies and student-body meetings, and grow less and less as debating grows technical. Take the history of an inter-scholastic debate. The subject is chosen by one school, frequently phrased to leave a pleasing uncertainty as to its precise meaning, and then submitted to the other for its choice of the side to support. At the public contest three speakers from each school speak alternately for the affirmative and negative, the debate being unusually good if the two sides agree on the meaning of the question. Every hypothesis is given with absolute certainty of its truth and each final peroration summarizes the whole list of claims for that side. Rarely is counter-evidence given before the "rebuttals," and these are usually confined to an enumeration of alleged errors rather than to a true refutation of one or two. As to the judges, they must decide not what is proved, but which side did the best debating; it is like umpiring a game of which no one knows the rules.

These artificial contests are utterly unlike anything in the real world. Here rigid groups of three make six rigid speeches, discussing absurdly large questions in an absurdly short time, and gain victory neither by accomplishing what can be called judicial proof nor by winning the approval of

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the audience at large. Present-day student debating impresses one with a waning sense of reality. It does not represent the natural warm-blooded argument of intelligent youth. If possible, the debating societies which still exist should try to remedy this, by taking questions impossible to force into conventional resolutions, by winning decisions on a rational basis, and by doing away with the idea that they exist only in the interest of the conspicuous public contests.

In reply to this, Prof. Winans acknowledges that, with few exceptions, the charges are true, and, on the whole, debating is deteriorating. Yet he would not abolish intercollegiate contests. It is a means of self-expression and a cause for the study of public questions which should not be discouraged. Most of the evils mentioned are traceable to the instructions usually given to the judges, which direct them to take into consideration practically every quality involved in public speaking—and also the arguments presented. But a debate should be to determine the best arguments, not the best speakers. Stress laid on this latter phase produces false decisions. Good composition and delivery are a great advantage; they make the argument weigh for all it is worth. So, if the judges have to mark upon these also, their effect is really counted twice. Delivery and composition may have won many a case for a lawyer, but no jury would find for him on those grounds alone.

Then, too, the judges have perhaps thirteen or more aspects of six strangers to consider, and often estimate in figures, in about ninety minutes. How can they weigh carefully the one important thing, the argument, especially as the addresses are condensed to the utmost limit?

Moreover, the speakers are led to look upon delivery not as a means, but as an end, and immediately acquire the affectation for which college speakers are often ridiculed. But the worst effect of the system is shown in the lack of spontaneity. Affirmative and negative should squarely join issue, but this can only be done by extemporizing, and extemporizing does not lend itself to graceful language and delivery. So six committed "orations" are presented, and each side goes its own way, unmindful of the other. Perhaps they conflict, perhaps not; there is no debate, in either case.

Do away with the premium on form, and base the decision on argument alone. The debaters would work not less, but more, for they would prepare to meet emergencies; they would sacrifice some form for the sake of demolishing the

opposition ; and they would be forced to depend on themselves and in no wise on a coach.

Then, too, many judges lose themselves in a maze of "points" and figures. And figures will lie, even in the hands of a mathematician. A debate is not mathematics. The judges would be glad to follow a clear statement of their duties. For instance: You are not asked to decide upon the technicalities of speech ; but are requested to listen as you would to an argument elsewhere (entire impartiality being assumed) ; and at the end to answer this question : Which side has made the more convincing argument ? Or, which has better maintained its position ?



REALITY vs. ARTIFICIALITY.

A letter written by William Trufant Foster, of Bowdoin College, and published in the " Nation," gives an account of a radical and most valuable departure in public speaking recently adopted in that institution. Mr. Foster declares that, as at present taught, the work is usually merely academic. And this, too, even where, as in more advanced courses, the students are required to deliver eulogies, after-dinner speeches, Memorial Day addresses, etc. But these exercises must always lack one essential of effective speaking —adaptation to the time, the place and the people, and no amount of imagination can create an atmosphere of reality, even though the addresses are delivered before the class.

Bowdoin, on the contrary, has adopted the laboratory method, and brings each student in the most advanced course to the ultimate test—the special audience. This does not mean the conventional commencement audience of indulgent friends, but heterogeneous social settlement groups, Memorial Day audiences, extension lecture clubs, grange meetings, town meetings, lumber camps, churches, high schools, political rallies. The work is elective only for men who have shown proficiency in the underlying courses in English composition, voice training, argumentation and debate. Every address is prepared for the special occasion under the direction and criticism of the instructor, and the course ends with a banquet, at which every man gives an after-dinner speech.

The effect on the students of this change from artificiality to reality is striking ; they see that public speaking which has

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more than momentary effect must be based on vigorous thinking; and their attitude in the class room changes from passive receptivity to eager solicitude for instruction and criticism. As to the effect on their hearers, it need only be mentioned that every co-operating institution of last year applied for another student speaker this spring, and forty special addresses had been arranged to be delivered outside of the college before June by the twenty men taking the course.

+ +

WHAT ABOUT THE EXPENSES?

Is your college a member of a debating league? If so, how are its expenses met,—with ease or difficulty? There is a great difference in this respect, even in colleges which are near together. For instance, at Williams the two lower classes alone by voluntary subscriptions raise enough money to meet all expenses attendant upon the debates,—and Williams is a member of two leagues. Yet in another New England college, fully as large and as well known as Williams, it seems well-nigh impossible to collect the necessary money. A mass-meeting of the students not long ago voted a tax of fifty cents on each man for the support of debating. But when it came to the point of actually paying the money, the tax which they themselves had voted upon was more often dodged than not. It seems possible that debating must be given up here for lack of pecuniary support. If it were athletics, now,—! After which of these colleges does yours model itself, Williams or the other?

+ +

AS REGARDS JUDGES.

The method used in obtaining judges for the contests of the central oratorical league is interesting, and seems to deserve mention here. The league, which consists of the Universities of Columbia, Cornell, Ohio Wesleyan, Chicago and Virginia, has provided in its constitution that "not later than six weeks before the annual contest each of the visiting universities shall propose six names of suitable judges to the secretary, who shall, in turn, promptly send the whole list to each university for approval or protest. All protests must be in writing, and sent to the secretary at least three weeks

before the contest. From the list of unprotested names five judges shall be procured by the secretary, whose invitation shall be extended in such a way that, as far as possible, each institution may have among the judges one whose name appears upon its list." Further, "the residences of proposed judges must be within a radius of three hundred miles from the university where the contest is to be held. . . . No relative of any contestant,—or person who holds or has held any relation with any of the competing institutions shall act as judge.

In this league, as in an increasing number of others, per cents. hold no place in the decisions rendered by the judges. They are required to rank the contestants in order, from one to five, and then to sign and seal their decisions for delivery to the committee of award.



QUOTATIONS.

A question which comes near being a vital one in many oratorical contests is that of quotations. To what extent shall the orators be allowed to swell their own periods by extracts from better-known speakers than themselves? And how definitely shall the student indicate the ownership and length of the quotation? Questions similar to these can be supplied in any number by any one who is at all familiar with college oratory.

The answers are of every description and degree of effectiveness, but that given by the Central Oratorical League seems to be clear and definite enough to cover every case, and, while not forbidding quotations, yet by its spirit, discourages them. This league,—which includes the Universities of Columbia, Cornell, Ohio Wesleyan, Chicago and Virginia—presents, among the other provisions in its Constitution, the following:

"Any contestant who quotes from another speaker or writer shall not only mark the name of such speaker or writer in the printed copies of his oration, but he shall state plainly to his audience the authorship or authority quoted, and he shall indicate clearly in words the beginning and end of all quotations used."

No uncertainty as to quotations is possible here, and it does not seem likely that many would be used, moreover, since both ends of the extract must be clearly marked out in words.

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Bannockburn

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has often led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour:
 See the front o' battle lour,
 See approach proud Edward's power,—
 Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
 Let him follow me!

By Oppression's woes and pains,
 By your sons in servile chains,
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do, or die!

A Nautical Extravagance

BY WALLACE IRWIN.

I stood one day by the breezy bay
A-watching the ships go by,
When a tired tar said, with a shake of his head:
“ I wisht I could tell a lie !

“ I’ve seen some sights as would jigger yer lights,
And they’ve jiggered me own, in sooth,
But I ain’t wuth a darn at spinnin’ a yarn
What wanders away from the truth.

“ We were out in the gig, the Rigagajig,
Jest a mile and a half to sea,
When Capting Snook, with a troubled look,
He came and he says to me:—

“ ‘ O Bos’n Smith, make haste forthwith
And hemstitch the fo’ard sail;
Accordeon pleat the dory sheet,
For there’s going to be a gale.’

“ I straightway did as the capting bid—
No sooner the job was through
When the north wind, whoof bounced over the roof,
And, murderin’ lights, she blew !

“ She blew the tars right off the spars,
And the spars right off the mast,
Sails and pails and anchors and nails
Flew by on the wings o’ the blast.

“ The galley shook as she blew our cook
Straight out o’ the porthole glim,
While pots and pans, kettles and cans
Went clatterin’ after him.

“ She blew the fire from our gallant stove
And the coal from our gallant bin,
She whistled apace past the captin’s face
And blew the beard off his chin !

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“ ‘O wizzel me dead!’ the captin said
(And the words blew out of his mouth);
‘We’re lost, I fear, if the wind don’t veer
And blow a while from the south.’

“ And wizzel me dead, no sooner he’d said
Them words that blew from his mouth,
Than the wind switched round with a hurricane sound
And blew straight in from the south.

“ We opened our eyes with a wild surprise,
And never a word to say—
In changin’ her tack the wind blew back
The things that she’d blew away!

“ She blew the tars back onto the spars,
And the spars back onto the mast;
Back flew the pails, the sails and the nails,
Which into the ship stuck fast.

“ And ’fore we could look she blew back the cook
Straight into the galley coop,
Back dropped the pans, kettles and cans,
Without even spillin’ the soup.

“ She blew the fire back into the stove
Where it burnt in its proper place—
And all of us cheered as she blew the beard
Back on the captin’s face.

“ There’s more o’ me tale,” said the sailor hale,
“ As would jigger yer lights, in sooth,
But I ain’t wnth a darn at spinnin’ a yarn
What wanders away from the truth.”

Youth and Love

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Once only by the garden gate
Our lips we joined and parted.
I must fulfil an empty fate
And travel the uncharted.

Hail and farewell! I must arise,
Leave here the fatted cattle,
And paint on foreign land and skies
My Odyssey of battle.

The untented Kosmos my abode,
I pass, a wilful stranger;
My mistress still the open road
And the bright eyes of danger.

Come ill or well, the cross, the crown,
The rainbow or the thunder,
I fling my soul and body down
For God to plough them under.



A Lament

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

O world! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb
Trembling at that where I had stood before;
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more—Oh, never more!

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more—Oh, never more!

Fourteen to One*

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

(Arranged by May Ethel Neal.)



ATE one evening the Reverend Mr. Matthews was hitching up his horse to go to the post-office. The horse was old; the man was old. The wagon was well worn of its paint and the wheels sprawled at the axles like a decrepit old person going bow-legged from age.

Mrs. Matthews came out of the house when he had harnessed.

“Are you going to the post-office?”

“Yes, Deborah. Want to go?”

“Well,” said ~~Mrs. Matthews~~, doubtfully, “I don’t know’s I’ll go.”

Her speech was the speech of New Hampshire. They had been Northerners thirty years ago. Weak lungs brought him and a parish kept him. The parishioners expressed themselves variously upon the parson’s loyalty to the national cause. The Confederacy had never lacked friends in that township. Of late the murmur had become a mutter. The parson had given offense by preaching a sermon treating of certain disorders which had become historic, and for which the village and valley were acquiring unenviable notoriety.

“Are you going to hold the meetin’—after all?”

“Certainly,” replied the minister, lifting his head. “I shall dispense the Word as usual.”

“Well,” said ~~his wife~~, sadly—“well, I s’pose you will. I might have known. But I hoped you’d put it off. I was afraid to ask you. I can’t help worryin’.”

Nothing further was said about the prayer-meeting. Neither alluded to danger. When the parson was ready to start, he kissed his wife, and said:

“Good-by, Deborah.”

~~And she said~~, “Good-by, Levi. Let me tuck you up a little. The buffalo ain’t in.”

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"Thank you, Deborah. Keep the doors locked, won't you? And I wouldn't run out much till I get back."

"No; I don't know's I will. Have you got your lantern?"

"Yes."

"And your pistol?"

"No."

"Ain't you going to take it?"

"No, Deborah; I've decided not to. Besides, it's a rusty old affair. It wouldn't do much."

"You'll get home by nine, won't you?" (The lines of anxiety seemed to grow corrosive, as if they would eat her face out.)

"Or quarter-past," said the parson, cheerfully. "But don't worry if I'm not here till half-past."

Hezekiah took occasion to start at this point; he knew when a conversation had lasted long enough at the parting of husband and wife, in 1870, and in Tennessee.

"What time shall I begin to worry, Levi?" she called after him,

"My dear, perhaps by ten—or half-past. Or suppose we say eleven."

She ran out into the corn to see him. It seemed to her, suddenly, as if she should strangle to death if she did not see him once more. The parson was singing. His voice came back on the wind:

"How firm a founda-tion, ye sa-aints of the Lo-ord!"
She wiped the tears from her eyes and came back through the corn, slowly; all her withered figure drooped.

She was used, like other women in that desolate country, to being left much alone. Those terrible four years from '61 to '65 had taught her, she used to think, all the lessons that danger and solitude can teach; but she was learning new now. Peace had brought anything, everything, but security.

"If this goes on long enough, I shall die of it," she said.
"He will come home some day, and I shall be dead of listenin', and shiverin', and prayin' to mercy for him. Prayer is Scripture, I suppose, and I haven't anythin' against it; but folks can die of too much prayin', as well as a gallopin' consumption or the shakes."

Silence and solitude responded to her. No intrusion or intruder gave sign. The mountain seemed to overlook the house pompously, as a thing too small to protect. The valley had a stealthy look, as if it were creeping up to her. The

day was darkening fast. The gloom of its decline came on with the abruptness of a mountain region, and the world seemed suddenly to shrink away from the lonely spot and forget it.

Mrs. Matthews locked up the animals, fastened the doors and windows of the house carefully, and looked at the clock. It was half-past six. She must have a cup of tea; but supper should wait for Levi, who needed something solid after Friday evening meeting. She busied herself with these details assiduously.

When Mrs. Matthews had taken her cup of tea and sung, "How firm a foundation" till she was afraid she should be tired of it, she walked about the house, looking cautiously after her. It was very still.

Seven—eight—half-past eight o'clock. She tried to sew a little, mending his old coat. She tried to read the religious news in "Zion's Herald"; this failing, she even ventured on the funny column, for it was not Sunday. But nothing amused her. Life did not strike her as funny that night. She folded the coat, she folded the paper, she got up and walked, and walked again.

Nine o'clock. It was time to peek between the hollyhock curtains and put her hands against her eyes, and peer out across the cornfield. It was time to grow nervous, and restless, and flushed, and happy. It was not time, thank God, to worry.

The color came to her withered cheek. She was handsomer as an old lady than she had been as a young one, and the happier she grew the better she looked, like all women, young or old. She bustled about, with neat, housewifely fussiness.

It was quarter-past nine. Mrs. Matthews's head grew a little muddled from excitement. She began again at the top of her voice, "How firm a foundation."

The clock struck half-past nine with an ecclesiastical tone. Mrs. Matthews stopped singing and went to the window.

She leaned, listening for the sedate hoofs of old Hezekiah, or the lame rumble of the blue wagon wheels. Impatiently, she shut the window and came back into the middle of the room. She looked at the Methodist clock. It lacked seven minutes of ten.

The woman and the clock faced each other. She sat down before it. Now she and the clock would have it out. She looked the thing in the eye.

Five minutes before ten—three—two. Ten o'clock. Ten o'clock, said in a loud, clerical tone.

"But, oh, not quite time to worry yet!" Ten minutes past. A quarter past. Twenty minutes. The woman and the clock eyed each other like duelists. Twenty-five minutes past ten. Half-past—Deborah Matthews gasped for breath. She turned her back on the clock and dashed up the window full-length.

The night seemed blacker than ever. A cloud had rolled solemnly over the mountain, and hung darkly above the house. A flash of unseasonable lightning darted and shot; it revealed the arm of the locust tree pointing down the road. A low mutter of distant thunder followed; it rolled away, and lapsed into a stillness that shook her soul.

She came back to her chair in the middle of the room, by the center-table. The final struggle with hope had set in.

Half-past ten. Twenty-five minutes of eleven—a quarter of—

The woman has ceased to look the clock in the eye. It has conquered her, poor thing. Her head has dropped into her hands; her hands to her knees; her body to the floor. Buried in the cushions of the old rocking-chair, her face is invisible. She crouched there like a murdered thing.

She must not, cannot, will not bear it. Eleven o'clock. She sprang to her feet, gave one piteous, beaten look at the clock and dashed out—on past the burned trees and out towards the highway. It was very dark. It was as still as horror. Oh, there—

What tidings? For good or for ill, they had come at last. Deep in the distance the wheels of a bow-legged wagon rumbled dully, and the hoofs of a tired horse stumbled on the half-frozen ground. Whether she clambered over the wheels to him, or he sprang out to her, whether she rode, or walked, or flew, she could not have told; nor, perhaps, could he. Hezekiah probably knew better than either of these two excited old people how they together got his harness off, with shaking hands, and rolled the wagon into the shed, and locked the outbuildings, nor forgetting the supper of the virtuous horse.

"Lock the doors," said the minister, abruptly, when they had gone into the house-place.

His wife turned him about, full in the firelight, gave one glance at his face, and obeyed him to the letter. Perhaps, for the first time in her life, she did *not* ask a question. His

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mouth had a drawn, ghastly look, and his sunken eyes did not seem to see her.

" You are used up," she said; " you are tuckered out! Here, drink your coffee, Levi."

He drank in great gulps exhaustedly. When she came up with the corn-cake she saw that his right hand closed over something which he would have hidden from her..

It was the old pistol; he was loading it, rust and all.

" It's all we have," he said. " A man must defend his own. Don't be frightened, Deborah. I'll take care of you."

" You might as well out with it, I'm not a coward."

" Well, the fact is, I was warned at the meeting. We had a gratifying meeting. The Spirit descended on us. Several arose to confess themselves anxious—"

" Never mind the anxious seat. I've sat on it long enough for one night. What's the matter? Who warned you?"

" I was warned against the Ku Klux Klan. They lay in wait for me on the road home. I had to come round over the mountain, the other way."

" Tell me who warned you. Tell me everythin', this minute!"

" A colored brother warned me—that convert brought to me privately, a few weeks ago, by our new brother, Deacon Memminger. I was taken one side, after the benediction, without the building, and warned, on peril of my life,—and on peril of his,—not to go home to-night, and to tell no man of the warning."

" But you did—you came home!"

" Certainly, my dear; you were here."

She clung to him, and he kissed her.

" When they don't find you—what will they do?"

" My dear wife—my dear wife, God knows."

" What shall you do? What can we do?"

" I think," said the minister, in his gentle voice, " that we may as well conduct family prayers."

" Very well," said his wife, " if you've had your supper. I'll put away the dishes first."

She did so, methodically and quietly, as if nothing out of the common course of events had happened, or were liable to. Her matter-of-fact, housewifely motions calmed him; as she thought they would.

When she had washed her hands and taken off her apron, she came back to the lounge and they sang together one verse of their favorite hymn, " How firm a foundation."

Then the parson read, in a firm voice, a psalm—the ninety-first; and then he took the hand of his wife in his, and they both knelt down by the lounge, and he prayed aloud, his usual, simple, trustful, evening prayer.

“O Lord, our heavenly Father. We thank Thee that though danger walketh in darkness, it shall not come nigh us. We thank Thee that no disaster hath rendered us homeless, and that the hand of violence hath not been raised against us. We pray Thee that Thou wilt withhold it from us this night, that we may sleep in peace, and awake in safety—”

“Levi!”

“Levi! There are footsteps in the corn!”

“And awake in safety,” proceeded the minister, firmly, “to bless Thy tender care—

Suddenly voices clashed, cries upsprang, and a din surrounded the house.

“Come out! Come out! Out with the Yankee parson! Out with the nigger-praying preacher! Show yourself!”

“Come out! Come out to us! Show yourself, you sneaking, Yankee parson! Out to us!”

A terrific knock thundered on the door. Steadily the calm voice within prayed on:

“We trust Thee, O Lord,—”

“Open the door, or we will pull your shanty down—”

“Preserve us, O Lord, for Thy loving kindness endureth forever—”

“Open the door, —— you, or we’ll set the torches to it, and burn you out!”

“Protect us, O God—”

The light lock yielded, and the old door broke down. With a roar the mob rushed in. They were all masked, and all armed to the teeth.

“For Christ’s sake, Amen,” said the parson. He rose from his knees, and his wife rose with him. The two old people confronted the desperadoes silently.

“Gentlemen! gentlemen!” pleaded the parson. He took the hand of his wife as he spoke, and lifted it to his shrunken breast, and held it there, delicately.

“In the name of civil justice, O my neighbors, wherein have I offended you?”

“You’ve admitted a —— darky among respectable white citizens. Come now, haven’t you? Own up!”

The old man’s dim eyes flashed. He raised his rusty pis-

tol, examined it, and laid it down. Before sixteen well-armed men he began to comprehend the uselessness of his old weapon.

"And you've preached against that which was no business of yours. Come, now, own to it! You've meddled with the politics and justice of the State. You have preached against the movements of the Klan—what's left of it."

"I own to it," said the parson, quietly. "I felt called of heaven to do it. Is that all ye have against me?"

"Have him out! Right smart, now!" yelled the hoarse man. "Have him out without more words! A rope! A rope! Where's a rope?"

The rope was Mrs. Matthews's clothes-line. The hoarse man gave it to the leader, with an oath. The noise from the gang now increased brutally. Cries, oaths, curses, calls to death resounded through the pure and peaceful room. The hoarse man lassoed the rope, and threw it around the parson's neck. At this moment a terrible sound rang above the confusion.

It was the cry of the wife. She flung herself to her knees before the members of the Klan. She cried to them for the love of their own wives:

"For the sake of his gray hair! For the sake of an old wife—"

But there they pushed her off, and were dragging him out, when the parson said in a clear voice:

"Men! Ye are at least men. I pray you to leave me alone for the space of a moment, with this lady, my wife, that we may part one from the other, and no man witness our parting."

At a signal from the big leader the men hustled out of the broken door.

"Deborah! Kiss me, my dear. You've been a good wife to me. Oh—God bless you, my dear. Why don't you speak to me? Deborah, Deborah! why don't you answer me? O my wife, my wife, my wife!"

But she was past answering. She had dropped from his breast, and lay straight and still as the dead at his feet.

"God is good. Leave her to the swoon which He has mercifully provided for her relief at this moment—and do with me as ye will before she awakens."

They took him out and arranged to have it over as quickly as might be. It must be admitted that the posse were nervous.

Some one had wheeled out the blue wagon and rolled it under the locust tree. The parson was pushed upon the cart. As the leader of the gang stooped to help the hoarse man fling the rope over the burned bare limb of the tree and to adjust the noose about the man's neck, a mask dropped. It was the face of the chief himself, no other than the face of—

"*You! Deacon Memminger!*" cried the old minister. The leader restored his mask to his downcast face, with evident embarrassment, and fell back a step or two.

"I would like," said the doomed man, gently, "a moment to commend my soul to God." This was granted him, and he stood with his gray head bowed. His hands were tied behind him. They heard him murmur, "Hallowed be Thy name." Then they ranged themselves to swing him off. There were fourteen of them—and Memminger, the chief. Beside him stood an idle fellow, masked like the rest. Every man of them lay down his arms and clinched the rope with both hands. "We're ready. Give the signal, Cap'n. Hurry up."

The light of their lanterns and torches revealed the old man clearly. Death was no paler, and his lips still moved in silent prayer. The long arm of the locust stretched above his head—the stormy sky above. The men bent to the rope. Then the powerful figure of the leader straightened. His mask fell, and two muscular arms shot out from his body. Each held a revolver sprung at full cock and aimed.

"Boys," he cried, in an awful voice. "I am an officer of the United States! And the first man of you who lets go that rope DROPS!" His negro servant at his side sprang to his aid.

"The first man of you who stirs a muscle on that rope dies! I am a deputy marshal, authorized by the national government to investigate the Ku Klux Klan, and in the name of the Stars and Stripes and law and order, I arrest you, every man!"

The negro servant, whose person bulged with hidden hand-cuffs, bound the men one at a time, fourteen of them, while his master's experienced weapons covered the gang. The whole posse was marched to the nearest sheriff and delivered intact to the power of the law, which the great mass of Kennessee citizens were ready to respect and glad to see defended.

"How is it, parson," said Deacon Memminger, as he cut the old man down and helped him to dismount the shaky

cart. "You'll excuse me sir, but I'd go back and see my wife now, if I were you."

She came to herself, lying upon the floor beside the lounge. But the first thing she heard was:

"Deborah! Deborah! Don't be scared, my dear. They have not hurt me—and I'm coming back to you—."



The Little Girl of Gettysburg

BY HENRY TYRRELL.

[An actual incident related by General Hancock.]

'Twas Gettysburg's last day,
The dead and wounded lay
On trampled fields and ridges battle-torn.
Among the outer posts,
Among the guarded hosts,
Rode Hancock, watchful, on the fated morn.

And lo! a little child
With eyes and tresses wild,
Close to the lines had strayed and met him there,
And tightly to her breast
A heavy load she pressed—
'A musket!—all her slender strength could bear.

"My brave and pretty dear,
Tell me, how came you here
Upon the field, before the fight is done?"
Then, at her lisped reply,
Tears dimmed the General's eye;
"My papa's dead, but here's my papa's gun."

The Death of Ivan Ilyitch

BY COUNT LEO TOLSTOY.

(An Extract.)



HAT very night there was a change for the worse in Ivan Ilyitch. Praskovya Feodorovna found him on the same sofa, though in a different position. He was lying on his face, groaning and staring straight before him fixedly.

She began to talk of remedies. He turned his staring eyes upon her. She did not finish what she had begun to say, so definite a hatred of her was expressed in his look.

"For the love of Christ, let me die in peace," said he.

She would have gone away, but just then their daughter came in and approached him to say good morning to him. He looked at her just as he had looked at his wife, and to her questions as to how he was, he answered dryly that they would all soon be rid of him. Both were silent. They sat there a little while, and then went out.

"How are we to blame?" said Lisa to her mother. "As though we had done it! I'm sorry for papa, but why should he punish us?"

At the regular hour the doctor came. Ivan Ilyitch answered him "Yes" or "No," never ceasing from his irritated stare. At last he said: "You know that you can do nothing, so let me alone."

"We can relieve your suffering," said the doctor.

"Even that you can't do. Let me alone."

The doctor went into the drawing-room and told Praskovya Feodorovna that the case was very serious, and that the only resource left to them was opium to relieve his sufferings, which must be dreadful. The doctor declared that more dreadful than his physical suffering were his mental sufferings, and in them lay his greatest anguish.

His moral sufferings were due to the fact that through the night, as he looked at the sleepy, good-natured, broad-cheeked face of his attendant, Gerasim, the thought had suddenly come into his head: "What if in reality my life, my con-

scious life has all been wrong?" The thought came to him that what he had regarded before as an utter impossibility, that he had not spent his life as he should have done, might very well be true. It occurred to him that those half-detected impulses within him of revolt against what was viewed as right by persons of high position—those half-detected impulses which he had ignored—might possibly be right, and all else might be wrong. His official work, too, his regulation of his daily life and of his household, and his social and official interests—all these might all be wrong. He tried to defend them to himself. But suddenly he felt all the weakness and futility of his defense.

"Yet, if it's so," he said to himself, "and if I am leaving life with the consciousness that I have lost all that was given me, and there's no help for it—then what?"

He lay on his back and began going over his whole life entirely anew. When he saw the attendant in the morning, and after that his wife and then his daughter, and then the doctor, every move they made, every word they spoke, confirmed the appalling truth that had been revealed to him in the night. In them he saw his own self, the environment in which he had lived, and then he saw distinctly that it was all quite wrong. It was a horrible, abysmal deception that ignored both life and death. This consciousness intensified his physical sufferings and multiplied them tenfold. He groaned, rolling from side to side and pulling at the bed-covering. It seemed to him as though it was stifling him and weighing him down. And so he hated it.

They gave him a powerful dose of opium. He sank into unconsciousness; but at dinner-time the same thing began again. He drove every one away, and kept tossing from side to side.

His wife came to him and said, "Ivan, dear, do this for my sake. It can do no harm, and often it does good. Why, it is nothing. Often when in health people—"

He opened his eyes wide.

"What? Take the sacrament? What for? No! Besides—"

She began to cry.

"Yes, dear. I'll send for our priest. He's so agreeable."

"Very well, very well," he said.

When the priest came and heard his confession he was softened, and felt, as it were, a relief from his doubts and, consequently, from his sufferings. There came a moment of

hope. He began once more thinking of his disease of the appendix, and of the chance of curing it. He took the sacrament with tears in his eyes.

When they laid him down again after the sacrament, for a while he felt comfortable, and again the hope of life revived. He began to think about the operation which had been suggested to him. "Life! I want to live!" he said to himself. His wife came to congratulate him. She uttered the customary words, and added:

"It's quite true, isn't it, that you're better?"

Without looking at her, he said "Yes."

Her dress, her figure, the expression of her face, the tone of her voice—all told him the same thing: "It's wrong. All that amid which you lived and are now living is lying and deceit, hiding from yourselves both life and death." And as soon as he had formulated the thought, hatred sprang up in him, and with that hatred agonizing sufferings, and with those sufferings a sense of inevitable destruction approaching him. Something new was happening. There were twisting, shooting pains, besides a tightness in his breathing.

The expression of his face as he pronounced that "yes" was frightful. After uttering it, looking her straight in the face, he turned face down, with a rapidity remarkable in his state of weakness, and shrieked out:

"Go away! Go away! Leave me alone!"

From that moment there began the scream that never ceased for three whole days, and which was so awful that through two closed doors no one could hear it without horror. At the moment when he answered his wife he had recognized the fact that he was lost, that there was no return, that the end had come, the real end, while doubt, though still unsolved, remained.

"O! O-o! O-o!" he screamed, in varying tones. He had begun screaming, "I don't want to!" and so had gone on screaming with the same vowel sound—"O-o!"

Through those three days, during which time did not exist for him, he was struggling in that sable sack into which he was being thrust by an unseen, resistless force. He struggled as the man condemned to death struggles in the hands of the executioner, knowing that he cannot save himself. And every moment he felt that, in spite of all his efforts to fight against it, he was drawing nearer and nearer to what horrified him. He felt that his agony came both from his being thrust into this black pit, and still more to his inability

to plunge directly into it. What hindered him from plunging into it was his assertion that his life had been a good one. That justification of his life held him fast and would not let him go, and this caused him more agony than all the rest.

Suddenly some force struck him in the chest, in the side, and stifled his breathing more than ever. He rolled forward into the pit, and there, at the end, there was some sort of light. It had happened with him, as it had sometimes happened to him in a railway carriage, when he had supposed that he was going forward, he was really going back; and of a sudden he recognized his real direction.

"Yes, it has all been wrong," he said to himself; "but it's no matter." He could, he *could* do what was right. "What is right?" he asked himself; and suddenly he became quiet.

This was at the end of the third day, two hours before his death. At that very moment the boy from school had stealthily crept into his father's room and gone up to his bedside. The dying man was screaming and waving his arms. His hand fell on the schoolboy's head. The boy seized it, pressed it to his lips, and burst into tears.

At that instant Ivan Ilyitch had rolled into the pit, and had glimpsed the light; and it was revealed to him that his life had not been what it ought to have been, but that it could still be set right. He asked himself, "What is right?"—and became quiet, listening. Then he felt that some one was kissing his hand. He opened his eyes and glanced at his son. He felt sorry for him. His wife went up to him. He glanced at her. She was gazing at him with open mouth, the unwiped tears streaming over her nose and cheeks, and with a look of despair upon her face. He felt sorry for her.

"Yes, I'm making them wretched," he thought. "They're sorry, but it will be better for them when I die." He would have said this aloud, but he had not the strength to utter it. "Besides, why speak? I must act," he thought. With a glance toward his wife, he pointed to his son and said:

"Take away . . . sorry for him. . . . And you also . . ."

He tried to say "forgive," but said "forego" . . . and, too feeble to correct himself, shook his hand, knowing that He would understand whose understanding mattered.

Then all at once it was revealed to him that what had tortured him and would not leave him was suddenly falling away on all sides. He was sorry for them; he must act so that they might not suffer. Set them free and be free himself of those agonies. "How right and how simple!" he

thought. "And the pain?" he asked of himself. "Where has it gone? Where are you, pain?"

He began to watch for it.

"Yes, here it is. Well, what of it? Let it be; and death —where is it?"

He looked for his old accustomed dread of death, and did not find it.

"Where is it? What death?"

There was no dread, because death also existed not.

In the place of death there was light.

"So this is it!" he suddenly cried out. "What joy?"

To him all this passed in a single instant, and the meaning of that instant underwent no change thereafter. For those who were present his agony lasted two more hours. There was a rattle in his throat, a twitching of his wasted body. Then the rattle and gasping came at longer and still longer intervals.

"It is over!" some one said, bending over him.

He caught the words and repeated them in his soul.

"Death is over," he said to himself. "It is no more."

He drew in a breath, stopped midway in the breath, then stretched himself out, and died.



Laddie

Ae Sunday comin' adoon the lane,
I met a score of bonnie lassies,
But the sweetest lassie, I maintain, was Caddie,
That I took beneath my plaidie
To shield her frae the rain.

She said that the daisies blushed
For the kisses I had ta'en.
I didna think a bonnie lassie
Wad so o' a kiss complain,
"Noo, laddie, I wouldna stay beneath your plaidie,
If I ha'e to gae hame in the rain."

Ae Sunday when clouds there was not ane,
This selfsame winsome lassie I chanced to meet
Comin' adoon the lane.
"Laddie, why dinna you wear your plaidie,
Wha knows but it may rain!"

The Will

*From "The Lane That Had No Turning."**

BY GILBERT PARKER.

(Dramatized by Kate Wisner McClusky.)

CHARACTERS:

Madelinette—wife of the Seigneur of Pontiac.

George Fournel—claimant to the Seigneury.

Tardif—a servant, dismissed by Madelinette.

Fournel's servant.

Mme. Marie—attendant to Madelinette.

SITUATION.—Madelinette, a beautiful singer, has married the Seigneur of Pontiac, Louis Racine. On the day of their marriage he makes the terrible discovery that a heritage of his family which has skipped two generations is appearing in him; he is becoming a hunchback. His wife, when she learns the truth, faces her life with him bravely, giving up all the honor she might have had through singing and devoting herself to her husband, who rapidly becomes an irritable, nervous invalid,—the one pleasure in his life the honor of ruling as Seigneur of Pontiac. There is another claimant to this rule, George Fournel. Madelinette discovers a will that gives the Seigneury to Fournel. Fearing that the loss of the estate may kill Louis, she takes no action, but she has been spied upon by Tardif, a faithless servant, who flees with the will to Fournel, with Madelinette in swift chase.

SCENE.—Quebec. Home of George Fournel. Library. Enter Madelinette with Mme. Marie, both cloaked and worn from travel.

SERVANT. If madame will wait here, I will speak to monsieur. (Exit.)

MADELINETTE (sinking wearily into a chair).—I fear we are too late. Listen. I hear Tardif's voice! He is here! He is going. Call him in. I will know the worst.

(Mme. Marie goes out, and re-enters, followed by Tardif. Madelinette rises and regards him with scorn).

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TARDIF (shuffling to her and shaking his fist in her face). Ho, madame! He has the will, and I've not done with you yet. You'll see!

(He goes out, banging the door. Madelinette puts her hand to her brow as if in desperate thought. Enter Fournel's servant.)

- SERVANT. Monsieur will present himself shortly. Does madame wish to see him alone? I will give this lady refreshment in another room. Will madame herself care for refreshment,—and a mirror before monsieur has the honor? Madame has traveled far.

MADELINETTE (smiling). Thank you. I hope I am not unpresentable.

SERVANT. A little dust here and there, perhaps, madame. If madame will permit, I will bring what is necessary.

(He goes out. Madelinette removes her wraps. He reappears with a silver basin, a mirror and towels. Mme. Marie assists her to arrange her hair, and she bathes her face and hands.)

MADELINETTE. Now go, Mme. Marie. I am ready to see monsieur at once.

(The servant and her attendant go out, making courtesies. She waits Fournel restlessly. Enter Fournel, with a paper in his hand, a hard, disdainful look on his face.)

FOURNEL (bowing profoundly). Madame! (He motions her to a chair and sits down by his desk.) You have had a long, hard and adventurous journey. Will you not have some refreshment? I fear you have not had time to seek it at an inn. Your messenger has just but gone.

MADELINETTE. Your servant has been hospitable. Monsieur, that paper you hold—

FOURNEL. Ah, this—this document you have sent me (opening it with assumed carelessness). Your servant had an accident—I suppose we may call it that privately—as he came. He was fired at, was wounded. You will share with me the hope that the highwayman who stopped him may be brought to justice, though indeed your fellow Tardif left him behind in the dust.

MADELINETTE. Tardif was not my messenger, monsieur, as you know. Tardif was the thief of that document in your hands.

FOURNEL. Ah, this—will! Its delivery has been long delayed. Posts and messengers are slow from Pontiac.

MADELINETTE. Monsieur will hear what I have to say?

The Speaker

You have the will; your rights are in your hands. Is not that enough?

FOURNEL. It is not enough. Let us be plain, then, madame, and as simple as you please. You concealed this will. Not Tardif, but yourself, is open to the law. Avarice is a debasing vice. "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house!" "Thou shalt not steal!"

MADELINETTE. Monsieur, it would have been easy to destroy the will. Have you not thought of that?

FOURNEL. If crime were always intelligent, it would have fewer penalties.

MADELINETTE. It was not lack of intelligence, but a sense of honor—yes, a sense of honor! What do you think might be the reason for concealing the will—if I did conceal it?

FOURNEL. The answer seems obvious. Why does the wild ass forage with a strange herd, or the pig put his feet in the trough? Not for his neighbor's gain, madame, not in a thousand years!

MADELINETTE. Monsieur, I have never been spoken to so coarsely. I am a blacksmith's daughter, and I have heard rough men talk in my day; but I have never heard a man—of my own race at least—so rude to a woman. But I am here, not for my own sake, and I will not go till I have said and done all I have come to say or do. Will you listen to me, monsieur?

FOURNEL. I have made my charges; answer them. Disprove this theft of concealment, and enjoyment of property not your own, and then ask of me that politeness which makes so beautiful stable and forge at Pontiac.

MADELINETTE. Monsieur, you cannot think that the will was concealed for profit, for the value of the Seigneury of Pontiac! I can earn two such seigneuries in one year, monsieur.

FOURNEL. Nevertheless you do not.

MADELINETTE. For the same reason that I did not bring or send that will to you when I found it, monsieur. And for that same reason I have come to ask you not to take advantage of that will. Whatever the rental may be that you in justice feel should be put upon the Seigneury I will pay—from the hour my husband entered upon the property, its heir, as he believed. Put such rental on the property, do not disturb Monsieur Racine in his position as it is, and I will double that rental.

FOURNEL. Do not think, madame, that I am as avaricious as you.

MADELINETTE. Is it avaricious to offer double the worth of the rental?

FOURNEL. There is the title and distinction. You married a mad nobody; you wish to retain an honor that belongs to me.

MADELINETTE. I am asking it for my husband's sake, not my own, believe me, monsieur.

FOURNEL. And what do you expect *me* to do for his sake, madame?

MADELINETTE. What humanity would suggest. Ah, I know what you would say; he tried to kill you; he made you fight him. But, monsieur, he has repented of that. He is ill; he is—crippled; he cherishes the Seigneurie beyond its worth a thousand times.

FOURNEL. He cherishes it at my expense. So, you must not disturb the man who robs you of house and land and tries to murder you, lest he should be disturbed and not sleep o' nights. Come, madame, that is too thin!

MADELINETTE. He might kill you, but he would not rob you, monsieur. Do you think that if he knew that will existed he would be now at the Seigneurie, or I here? I know you hate Louis Racine.

FOURNEL. With ample reason.

MADELINETTE. You hate him more because he defeated you than because he once tried to kill you. Oh, I do not know the rights or wrongs of that great case at law; Louis Racine's people came here two hundred years ago, yours not sixty years ago. You, the great business man, have had practical power which gave you riches. You have sacrificed all for power. Louis Racine has only genius, and no practical power——”

FOURNEL. A dangerous fanatic and dreamer.

MADELINETTE. A dreamer, if you will, with no practical power, for he never thought of himself, and practical power is usually all self. He dreamed—he gave his heart and soul up for ideas. Englishmen do not understand that. Do you not know—you do know—that had he chosen, he might have been rich, too, for his brain would have been of great use to men of practical power like yourself. (She pauses. Fournel does not answer, but sits as though reading the will intently.) Was it strange that he should dream of a French sovereign state here, where his people came and first pos-

sessed the land? Can you wonder that this dreamer, when the Seigneur of Pontiac came to him, felt as if a new life were opened up to him and saw a way to some of his ambitions? They were sad, mistaken ambitions, doomed to failure, but they were also his very heart, which he would empty out gladly for an idea. The Seigneur of Pontiac came to him, and I married him.

FOURNEL. Evidently bent upon wrecking the chances of a great career.

MADELINETTE. Ah, no. I also cared more for ideas than for the sordid things of life. It is in our blood, you see, and Pontiac was dearer to me than all else in the world. Louis Racine belonged there. You—what sort of a place would you, an Englishman, have occupied at the Seigneur of Pontiac? What kind—”

(Fournel gets suddenly to his feet.)

FOURNEL. What kind of a Seigneur would I make, eh? What sort of a figure would I cut in Pontiac? (He laughs loudly.) By heaven! madame, you shall see! I did not move against his outrage and assault, but I will move to purpose now. For you and he shall leave there in disgrace before another week goes round. I have you both in my “practical power,” and I will squeeze satisfaction out of you. He is a ruffianly interloper, and you, madame, the law will call by another name!

(She gets quickly to her feet and comes a step nearer to him. Leaning on the table, she bends toward him slightly. Her eyes fix themselves steadily on him.)

MADELINETTE. Monsieur, you may call me what you will, and I will bear it, for you have been sorely injured. You are angry because I seemed to think an Englishman was not fitted to be Seigneur of Pontiac. We French are a people of sentiments and ideas; we make idols of trifles, and we die for fancies. We dream. We have shrines for memories. These things you despise. You would give us justice and make us rich by what you call “progress.” Ah, monsieur, that is not enough. We are not born to appreciate you. Our hearts are higher than our heads, and, under a flag that conquered us, they cling together. Was it strange that I should think Louis Racine better suited to be Seigneur at Pontiac? (She pauses as though expecting him to answer, but he only looks inquiringly at her.) My husband used you ill, but he is no interloper. He took what the law gave to him, what has been in his family for over two hundred years. Mon-

sieur, it has meant more to him than a hundred times greater honor could to you. When his trouble came; when—(she pauses as though it is difficult to speak)—when the other legacy of his family descended on him, that Seigneur became to him the one compensation of his life. By right of it only could he look the world in the face—or me. (She stops suddenly, her voice choking her.)

FOURNEL (more kindly). Will you please continue?

MADELINETTE. Fame came to me as his trouble came to him. It was hard for him to go among men, but, ah, can you think how he dreaded the day when I should return to Pontiac? . . . I will tell you the whole truth, monsieur. I loved—Louis. He came into my heart with its first great dream, and before life—the business of life—really began. He was one with the best part of me, the girlhood in me which is dead!

FOURNEL (rises, and in a low voice says). Will you not sit down?

MADELINETTE. Ah, no, please. Let me say all quickly and while I have the courage. I loved him, and he loved and loves me. I love that love in which I married him, and I love his love for me. It is indestructible, because it is the fibre of my life. It has nothing to do with ugliness or beauty, or fortune or misfortune, or shame or happiness, or sin or holiness. When it becomes a part of us, it must go on in one form or another, but it cannot die. It lives in breath, and song, and thought, and work, and words. That is the wonder of it, the pity of it and the joy of it. Because it is so, because love would shield the beloved from itself if need be, and from all the terrors of the world at any cost, I have done what I have done. I did it at cost of my honor, but it was for his sake; at the price of my peace, but to spare him. Ah, monsieur, the days of life are not many for him; his shame and his futile aims are killing him. The clouds will soon close over, and his vexed brain and body will be still. To spare him the last turn of the wheel of torture, to give him the one bare honor left him yet a little while, I have given up my work of life to comfort him; I concealed—I stole, if you will—the document you hold. And, God help me, I would do it again and yet again, if I lost my soul forever! Oh, monsieur, I know that in his madness he would have killed you; but it was his suffering, not a bad heart, that made him do it. Do a sorrowful woman a great kindness and spare him, monsieur!

(When she ends he gets to his feet and comes near to her. A curious look in his face—half struggle, half mysterious purpose.)

FOURNEL. The way is easy to a hundred times as much! You are doing a chivalrous sort of thing that only a woman would do—for duty; do something for another reason—for what a woman would do—for the blood of youth that is in her. Ask of me what you will, if you but put your hand in mine and —

MADELINETTE. Monsieur! do you think so ill of me, then? Do I seem to you like —

FOURNEL. You are alone with me at night! It would not be easy to —

MADELINETTE (with scorn). Death would be easy, monsieur. My husband tried to kill you. You would do—ah, but let me pass! (With a sudden fury.) You! If you were a million times richer, if you could ruin me forever, do you think —

FOURNEL. Hush, madame! I do not think. I spoke only to hear you speak in reply—only to know to the uttermost what you were. Madame, I did not know that such a woman lived. Madame, I could have sworn there was none in the world. Eighteen years ago a woman nearly spoiled my life. She was as beautiful as you, but her heart was tainted. Since then I have never believed in any woman—never till now. I have said that all were purchasable—at a price. I unsay that now. I have not believed in any one —

MADELINETTE. Oh, monsieur!

FOURNEL. I was struck too hard —

MADELINETTE (gently). Some are hurt in one way and some in another; all are hurt sometime, but —

FOURNEL. You shall have your way.

MADELINETTE. Ah, monsieur, monsieur, it is a noble act. (With a sudden cry she rushes toward him, for he is lighting the will at the flame of a candle near him.) Ah, but no, no, no, you shall not do it! I only asked it for while he lives—ah! (She collapses with a cry of despair, for he has held the flaming paper above her reach, and its ashes are now scattering on the floor.)

FOURNEL. You will let me give you some wine? (Madelinette, sitting down, drinks the wine feebly, then leans her head against the back of the chair, her face turned from Fournel.) Forgive me if you can. You have this to com-

fort you, that if friendship is a boon in this world, you have an honest friend in George Fournel.

(She makes a gesture of assent with her hand, but she does not speak. Then she rises to her feet and pulls down over her face the veil she wears. She holds out her hand to him to say good-bye; there is a noise without, a knocking at the door; then it is flung open, and Tardif, intoxicated, enters, followed by Fournel's servant, vainly protesting.)

TARDIF. Here she is! It was her set the fellow on to shoot me. I had the will she stole from him!

FOURNEL. What is this I hear about shooting, and a will?

TARDIF. What will! The will I brought you from Pontiac, and madame there followed, and her servant shot at me. The will I brought you, monsieur. The will leaving the Manor of Pontiac to you!

FOURNEL. You come here—you enter my house to interfere with a guest of mine, you drunken scoundrel, you! What is this talk of wills? The vaporings of your foul brain. The Seigneurie of Pontiac belongs to Monsieur Racine, and but three days since madame here dismissed you for pilfering and other misdemeanors. As for shooting—you are a liar, and—

TARDIF. Ah, do you deny that I came to you—

FOURNEL (to his servant). I give this fellow in charge. Take him out. Have him arrested if he stays about here.

(The servant drags Tardif out.)

FOURNEL. Do not fear for the fellow. I will see to it that he gives no trouble, madame; you may trust me.

MADELINETTE. I do trust you, monsieur. I pray that you may be right, and that—

FOURNEL. It will all come out right, madame.

MADELINETTE. I go happier than I came.

FOURNEL (takes Madelinette's hand warmly). All's well that ends well. Good-night!

MADELINETTE. Good-night. You are a good friend.

(She goes out. Fournel sinks in his chair and touches the ashes of the will reflectively. He turns a strong, calm face to the audience.)

CURTAIN.

“Cured”*From “The Tenor.” **

BY H. C. BUNNER.

(Dramatized by Kate Wisner McClusky.)

CHARACTERS:

*Esther Van Guilder.**Louise Latimer.**Monsieur Rémy* (can be played by a girl in man's costume; first overcoat, then bath-robe.)*Madame Rémy.**Nora Slattery.*

SITUATION: Two young music students are daft over a tenor.

SCENE 1. Girl's dainty sitting-room, Piano. Couch, Cabinet on wall at back, with thin curtain hanging before it. Behind this curtain the photograph of the tenor. Violets massed about the picture. Candles either side. Esther strums on the piano, her eyes on the clock. She sighs impatiently. A bell rings. She springs up and meets Louise at the door. They embrace solemnly.

LOUISE. I was so afraid I'd be late.

ESTHER. You are in time, dear.

(She helps Louise off with her wraps. They look at each other in silence, then cross the room together, and Esther draws the curtains.)

LOUISE (clasping her hands fervently and speaking earnestly). Ah, Esther! how beautifully you have dressed him to-day!

ESTHER. I wanted to get more. Violets do cost so dreadfully! I've spent all my allowance. Come now. Don't let's lose any more time, Louise, dear. It will soon be two o'clock. We must light the candles.

(They go through action of lighting candles, one at each side of the picture. They do everything simultaneously, as if by count.)

LOUISE. Now the incense.

(Same performance with sticks of incense.)

* From "Short Sixes," copyright by Keppler & Schwarmann, N. Y., 1891. By permission.

BOTH GIRLS. Burn like his genius,
Perfume and flame!
Heighten his power,
Sweeten his fame!

(They bow before the picture. Louise sits in a low chair where she can gaze at the shrine. Esther goes to the piano. The clock strikes two. She plays an overture, then sits silent.)

LOUISE (softly). He's coming in. There's the applause. If only we could really hear him once more!

ESTHER. Hush! Now! (She softly plays "The Palms," both girls lightly humming to the end.)

LOUISE. He won't sing an encore there. He never does at first. What's the next orchestra number?

(Esther plays another brilliant number. Then softly again plays and hums a tenor solo from "Il Trovatore.")

ESTHER. There'll be three encores to that. We'll each choose one—then—

LOUISE. No. Don't let's have any more music now, Esther. I have something great to tell you, and I can't listen. We'll say good-bye to him first, then we can talk.

ESTHER (eagerly). All right, but you haven't said your poem yet. Before we blow out the lights say that, please, Louise.

LOUISE. Well! I have a beauty to-day. You lie on the couch and I'll say it to him.

(Esther throws herself on the couch.)

LOUISE (before the picture, dramatically).

Light to the eye and Music to the ear,—
These are the builders of the bridge that springs
From earth's dim shore of half-remembered things
To reach the spirit's house, the heavenly sphere
Where nothing silent is and nothing dark.
So when I see the rainbow's arc
Spanning the showery sky, far off I hear
Music, and every color sings:
And while the symphony builds up its round
Full sweep of architectural harmony,
Above the tide of Time far, far away I see
A bow of color in the bow of sound.

ESTHER. Louise! How heavenly! Where did you learn that?

LOUISE. Out of Van Dyke's poems. Doesn't it make him seem deathless? *Ah, isn't he handsome, and doesn't he sing*

The Speaker

divinely! Esther! Come, let's blow out the candles. I can't wait another moment. (They extinguish the candles and incense and softly draw the curtain. They come to the front walking backward. Then both rush to the couch.) You'd never guess what I've done, dear. I'm going to *see* him—to speak to him—Esther!—to serve him!

ESTHER. Oh, Louise! What do you mean?

LOUISE. To serve him with my own hands. To—to—help him on with his coat, or his rubbers, or—I don't know—to do anything that a servant does, so that I can say that once, once only, just for an hour, I have been near him, been of use to him, served him in one little thing as loyally as he serves Our Art!

ESTHER. Louise, are you crazy?

LOUISE. No. Read this! (She hands the other girl a clipping from the advertising columns of a newspaper.)

ESTHER. "Chambermaid and Waitress.—Wanted, a neat and willing girl, for light work. Apply to Mme. Rémy, The Midlothian, — Broadway."

LOUISE. I saw it just by accident, Saturday, after I left you. Papa had left his paper in the coupé. I was going up to my First Aid to the Injured Class—it's at four o'clock now, you know. I made up my mind right off—it came to me like an inspiration. I just waited until it came to the place where they showed how to tie up arteries, and then I slipped out. Lots of girls slip out in the horrid parts, you know. And then, instead of waiting in the ante-room, I put on my wrap and pulled the hood over my head and ran off to the Midlothian—it's just around the corner, you know. And I saw his wife.

ESTHER. What was she like?

LOUISE. Oh, I don't know. Sort of horrid—actressy. She had a pink silk wrapper, with swansdown all over it—at four o'clock, think! I was awfully frightened when I got there; but it wasn't the least trouble. She hardly looked at me, and she engaged me right off. She just asked me if I was willing to do a whole lot of things—I forgot what they were—and where I'd worked before. I said at Mrs. Barcalow's.

ESTHER. Mrs. Barcalow's?

LOUISE. Why, yes—my Aunt Amanda, don't you know—up in Framingham. I always have to wash the tea-cups when I go there. Aunty says that everybody has got to do something in her house.

ESTHER. Oh, Louise! How can you think of such things?

LOUISE. Well, I did. And she—his wife, you know—just said, “Oh, I suppose you’ll do as well as any one. All you girls are alike.”

ESTHER. But did she really take you for a *servant*?

LOUISE. Why, yes, indeed. It was raining. I had that old ulster on, you know. I’m to go at twelve o’clock next Saturday.

ESTHER. But, Louise! you don’t truly mean to go!

LOUISE. I do!

ESTHER. *Oh, Louise!*

LOUISE. Now listen, dear. Don’t say a word till I tell you what my plan is. I’ve thought it all out, and you’ve got to help me.

ESTHER (shuddering). I’m afraid.

LOUISE. You foolish child! You don’t think I mean to *stay* there, do you? I’m just going at twelve o’clock, and at four he comes back from the matinée, and at five o’clock I’m going to slip on my things and run down stairs, and have you waiting for me in the coupé, and off we go. Now do you see? And oh, Esther! I’ve thought of a trunk—of course, I’ve got to have a trunk, or she would ask me where it was, and I couldn’t tell her a fib. Don’t you remember the French maid who died three days after she came? Her trunk is up in our store-room still, and I don’t believe anybody will ever come for it; it’s been there seven years now. Guess what name is on it—Louise Lévy.

ESTHER. Louise! What did you tell her your name was?

LOUISE. I just said “Louise.”

ESTHER (solemnly). It is the hand of providence. Somehow, now, I’m sure you’re quite right to go.

(The girls stand. Esther points upward. Louise nods solemnly.)

CURTAIN.

SCENE 2.—A shabby sitting-room. Mme. Rémy, a heavy, good-natured woman, in untidy negligée, is cleaning some finery at a table. A knock is heard at the door.

MME. REMY. Come in. (Enter Louise, plainly dressed and looking timid and uncertain.) Ah, child, it’s you, is it? Well, you’re punctual—and you look clean. Now, are you

going to break my dishes or are you going to steal my rings? (Louise starts indignantly.) Goodness, I hope you haven't a temper! We don't need any temper around here, I can tell you. Well, we'll see. Your trunk's up in your room—up in the servants' quarters, the room that belongs to apartment 11. You are to room with their girl. Wait here now, and I'll get some work for you to be at. Lay off your things here and save yourself climbing the stairs.

(Exit Mme. Rémy, L.)

(Louise takes off her things. She jumps when a head is thrust in the door, R.)

NORA. Hello! just come? (Nora is a red-haired girl in a dirty calico gown. She polishes her finger nails while talking.) Ain't got onto the stair-climbing racket yet, eh? You'll get used to it. "Louise Lévy." I read the name on your trunk. You don't look like a sheeny. Can't tell nothin' 'bout names, can you? My name's Slattery. You'd think I was Irish, wouldn't you? Well, I'm straight Ne' York. I'd be dead before I was Irish. Born here. Ninth Ward and next to an engine house. How's that? There's white Jews, too. I worked for one, pickin' sealskins down in Prince Street. Most took the lungs out of me. But that wasn't why I shook in the fall to a German gentleman. He ain't so Dutch when the biz. It queered my hands, see? I'm going to be married you know him, though. He's a grocer. Drivin' now; but he buys out the boss in the fall. How's that? He's dead stuck on my hooks, an' I have to keep 'em lookin' good. I come here because the work was light. I don't have to work —only be doin' somethin', see? Only got five halls and the lamps. You got a family job, I s'pose? I wouldn't have that. I don't mind the Sooperintendent, but I'd be dead before I'd be bossed by a woman, see? Say, what family did you say you was with?

LOUISE. M—Mr.—Rémy.

NORA. Ramy?—oh, Lord! Got the job with His Tonsils? Well, you won't keep it long. They're meaner'n three balls, see? Rent their room up here and chip in with eleven. Their girls don't never stay. Well, I got to step, or the Sooperintendent'll be borin' my ear. Well—so long!

LOUISE. His Tonsils!

(Enter Mme. Rémy with her arms full of clothes, which she puts on the table.)

MME. REMY. Now, don't let's waste any time. You can

take these trousers to clean for Monsieur. Use this brush and this sponge. Don't sop on too much water. Did you ever clean a suit of clothes?

LOUISE (timidly). No; I was never asked to do that before.

MME. REMY. Ah, I hope you're not uppish! Me, I'm good-natured, and I can get on with any one, if it weren't for monsieur. (They work and talk.) I hope you're not hungry. I never eat any luncheon. It's awful hard makin' ends meet, and we don't get up till nine and ten o'clock. But monsieur will come in soon, and we must have something for him. The caterer sends in the meals, and you're to wash the dishes. I never eat until monsieur is gotten off for the evening concert. Then I can rest.

LOUISE (eagerly). Monsieur goes to a concert?

MME. REMY (indifferently). Yes, he goes. Thank the Lord! Dear knows what we're to do when this season's over!

LOUISE. Monsieur sings?

MME. REMY. Yes, he sings, and that is not all, either. But you'll see. You seem such a nice, quiet girl, I hope you won't mind monsieur. He's an artist, you know, and not like other folks.

LOUISE. Ah, yes. I knew he was different. Artists *are* different. I know some one who heard him sing once. I shall be glad to wait on monsieur.

MME. REMY (dryly). Well, you'll have a good chance. He'll be here soon. Clear away these things and I'll get his dressing table ready. Sometimes he comes home nervous. If he's nervous, don't you go and make a fuss, will you, child? (Louise clears off the table. Mme. Rémy puts out toilet articles.) There's his paint, and his powder, and his hair dye, and his mustache dye, and his bib, and his newspaper, and his brushes and comb—and, Louise, put plenty of hot water on the stove in the kitchen. Ah, here he comes.

(Louise is going into the kitchen, door left, as M. Rémy dashes in, door right. She stops, and her look of pleased adoration changes curiously. M. Rémy hurls his hat on the floor and rushes at his wife. He thrusts a pink newspaper in her face.)

M. REMY. Zees is your work!

MME. REMY. What *is* it now, Hipleet?

M. REMY. Wot it ees? It ees ze history of how zey have heest me at Nice! It ees all zair—how I have been heest—

in zis sacré sheet—in zis hankairchif of infamy! And it is you zat have told it to zat devil of a Rastignac—*traitresse!*

MME. REMY. Now, Hipleet, if I can't learn enough French to talk with you, how am I going to tell Rastignac about your being hissed?

(This reasoning silences M. Rémy for an instant—an instant only.)

M. REMY. You *vood* have done it! (Sticking out his chin and thrusting his face forward.)

MME. REMY. Well, I didn't, and nobody reads that thing anyway. Now, don't you mind it, and let me take your things off, or you'll be catching cold.

(M. Rémy yields at last to the necessity of self-preservation, and permits his wife to remove his frogged overcoat, and to unwind him from a system of silk wraps. This done, he sits down before the dressing-case, and Mme. Rémy, after tying a bib around his neck, proceeds to dress his hair and put brilliantine on his mustache. Her husband enlivens the operation by reading from the pinky paper.)

M. REMY. It ees not gen-air-al-lee known—zat zees deestin-guished tenor vos heest on ze pob-lic staidj at Nice—in ze year— (He sees Louise against the wall.) Anozzair eediot?

MME. REMY. She ain't very bright, Hipleet, but I guess she'll do. Louise, open the door—there's the caterer. (Louise takes tray at right door, and places the dishes upon the table mechanically. The tenor sits at the board and tucks a napkin in his neck.) And how did the "Benediction Song" go this afternoon?

M. REMY. Ze "Benediction"? Ah! One encore. One on-lee. Zese pigs of Americains. I t'row my pairls biffo' swine. *Chops once more!* You vant to mordair me? Vat do zis mean, madame? You ar-r-r-re in lig wiz my enemies. All ze vorlt is against ze ar-r-r-rteest! I will not eat pork chops. Sacré! I haf said no *more* pork chops! You ha-a-te me! You mordair me! Vere is ze pair-son to care for me! If I could marry one of ze ladies in ze audience! They have ze soul—ze espirit. You are a pig.

(He pounds the table, and finally hurls the tray at his wife.)

MME. REMY. Hipleet! the caterer will charge you five dollars for all those dishes. Do calm yourself.

M. REMY (howling). Ah-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-ah!

MME. REMY. Oh, goodness gracious! He's going to have one of his crazies—his crazies de nerves.

M. REMY. Five dollair! Five dollair!

(He tears his hair; tears off his bib and necktie and shrieks unintelligibly,—“arteest” and “five dollair” sounding in the midst of wild yells. Finally he sinks limp in a chair, and his wife rushes to him.)

MME. REMY. Louise! Get the foot-tub from under the bed while I spray his throat, or he can't sing a note. Fill it up with warm water—102 degrees—there's the thermometer—and bathe his feet. (Mme. Rémy sprays his throat while Louise brings in water. She kneels before the tenor.) Quick! Take off his shoes.

(Louise, with aversion in every motion, gets off the shoes and looks at his stockings. She cannot force herself to touch them.)

M. REMY. Eediot! Make haste! I die!

MME. REMY. Hold your mouth open, dear. I haven't half sprayed you.

M. REMY. Ah, you! Cat! Devil! It ees you have killed me. (In a rage he thrusts his wife away. Louise rises. Her face sets. She lifts the tub to the level of her breast and inverts it on the tenor's head. Then she flies bare-headed from the room. The curtain falls amid yells of “I kill hare! Give me my knife! Give me my rivvolvaire. Assasin!”)

SCENE 3.—Tableau: Esther and Louise standing before a poster. Their backs to the audience. The large poster reads:

Owing to the
Sudden Indisposition
of
M. Rémy,
There will be no Concert
This Evening.
Money refunded at box office.

As the curtain falls, each girl looks over her shoulder at the audience, reflectively.

CURTAIN.

The Rajput Nurse

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Whose tomb have they builded, Vittoo ! under this tamarind tree,
 With its door of the rose-veined marble, and white dome
 stately to see,
 Was he holy Brahman, or Yogi, or chief of the Rajpût line,
 Whose urn rests here by the river, in the shade of the beautiful shrine ? ”

“ May it please you,” quoth Vittoo, salaaming, “ Protector of all the poor !

It was not for holy Brahman, they carved that delicate door ;
 Nor for Yogi, nor Rajpût Rana, built they this gem of our land ;

But to tell of a Rajpût woman, as long as the stones should stand.

“ Here name was Môti, the pearl-name ; 'twas far in the ancient times ;

But her moon-like face and her teeth of pearl are sung of still in our rhymes ;

And because she was young, and comely, and of good repute, and had laid

A babe in the arms of her husband, the Palace-Nurse she was made :

“ For the sweet chief-queen of the Rana in Joudhpore city had died,

Leaving a motherless infant, the heir of that race of pride ;
 The heir of the peacock-banner, of the five-colored flag, of the throne

Which traces its record of glory from days when it ruled alone ;

“ From times, when forth from the sunlight, the first of our kings came down

And had the earth for his footstool, and wore the stars for his crown,

As all good Rajpûts have told us ; so Môti was proud and true,

With the Prince of the land on her bosom, and her own brown baby too.

“ And the Rajpût women will have it (I know not myself of these things)
As the two babies lay on her lap there, her lord’s and the Joudhpore King’s,
So loyal was the blood of her body, so fast the faith of her heart,
It passed to her new-born infant, who took of her trust its part.

“ He would not suck of the breast-milk till the Prince had drunken his fill;
And he would not sleep to the cradle-song till the Prince was lulled and still;
And he lay at night with his small arms clasped round the Rana’s child,
As if those hands like the rose-leaf could shelter from treason wild.

“ For treason was wild in the country, and villainous men had sought
The life of the heir of the gadi, to the Palace in secret brought;
With bribes to the base, and with knife-thrusts for the faithful, they made their way
Through the line of the guards, and the gateways, to the hall where the women lay.

“ There Môti, the foster-mother, sate singing the children to rest,
Her baby at play on her crossed knees, and the king’s son held to her breast;
And the dark slave-maidens round her beat low on the cymbal’s skin,
Keeping the time of her soft song—when—Saheb!—there hurried in

“ A breathless watcher, who whispered, with horror in eyes and face:
‘ Oh! Môti! men come to murder my Lord the Prince in this place!
They have bought the help of the gate-guards or slaughtered them unawares.
Hark! that is the noise of their tulwars, the clatter upon the stairs! ’

“For one breath she caught her baby from her lap to her heart, and let
 The king’s child sink from her nipple, with lips still clinging and wet,
 Then tore from the Prince his head-cloth, and the putta of pearls from his waist,
 And bound the belt on her infant, and the cap on his brows, in haste;

“And laid her own dear off-spring, her flesh and blood, on the floor,
 With the girdle of pearls around him, and the cap that the king’s son wore;
 While close to her heart, which was breaking, she folded the Rāja’s joy,
 And—even as the murderers lifted the purdah—she fled with his boy.

“But there (so they deemed) in his jewels, lay the Chota Rana, the Heir;
 ‘The cow with two calves has escaped us,’ cried one; ‘it is right and fair
 She should save her own butcha; no matter! the edge of the dagger ends
 This spark of Lord Raghoba’s sunlight; stab thrice and four times, O friends!’

“And the Rajpūt women will have it (I know not if this can be so)
 That Mōti’s son in the putta and golden cap cooed low,
 When the sharp blades met in his small heart, with never one moan or wince,
 But died with a babe’s light laughter, because he died for his Prince.

“Thereby did that Rajpūt mother preserve the line of our kings.”
 “Oh! Vittoo,” I said, “but they gave her much gold and beautiful things,
 And garments, and land for her people, and a home in the Palace! May be
 She had grown to love that Princeling even more than the child on her knee.”

"May it please the Presence!" quoth Vittoo, "it seemeth
not so! they gave
The gold and the garments and jewels, as much as the proud-
est would have;
But the same night deep in her true heart she buried a knife,
and smiled,
Saying this: 'I have saved my Rana! I must go to suckle my
child!'"



To Helen

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicaean barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs, have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

When Class "A" Gave Thanks*

BY LUCY COPINGER.

From "Lippincott's Monthly Magazine."



ONNECTED with the Teachers' Institute, under whose guidance Miss Lucy still continued, there was a sort of post-graduate club, small in its numbers and snobbish in its attitude.

The requirements for admission to this society were few but rigorous. The candidate wrote a thesis upon some problem of school life, and was then visited by a committee of three, who listened to the working out of the problem. With her usual cheerful conceit, Miss Lucy had scorned the humbler phases of her work, and had taken for her subject "A Teacher's Influence upon the Moral Tone of Her Class." A week before Thanksgiving she received notice that the committee of three would visit her.

The next morning Miss Lucy, clothed in a foolish confidence and her very best white shirt-waist, stood before Class A, while in the back of the room sat judicially the dread committee, made up of the principal, the supervisor and a visiting teacher—a long, thin, spectacled person. Miss Lucy had taken for her sub-topic "Why We Give Thanks," and, fortified by her new ~~waist~~, she swallowed the lump in her throat and began.

"Children," [she said, smilingly.] "I want to talk to you a little about a holiday we are going to have soon. Who knows what it is? Herman?"

"Holler Eve," [said Herman.]

"Oh, no, Herman, not Hallow Eve," [said Miss Lucy.] "It is Thanksgiving. And now who can tell me what Thanksgiving means? What do we do then? Sophie?"

"Miz Luzy," [began Sophie Bauerschmidt.] "efery year we haf a party mit beer, and my father gits drunk, and my mother says he ain't nothing but a guzzler, and my father says, 'Go to the devil!'"

In these heart-to-heart talks with her class Miss Lucy allowed a certain freedom of expression, but at the disclosure

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of this exchange of connubial compliments she looked shocked.

"Yes, Sophie, dear," she began, but the talkative Sophie was not so easily checked.

"And, Miz Luzy," she continued, "my sister's got a beau, but my mother says he ain't nothing but a kissing-bug."

At this Miss Lucy looked apprehensively at the committee. The principal was shamelessly amused, but the supervisor, a correct gentleman, looked pained, and the blush of outraged modesty was rising upon the spinster cheek of the visiting teacher.

"That will do, Sophie," [said Miss Lucy, severely.] "you are not telling me what I asked you at all. Children, some of you can surely tell me what Thanksgiving means! (Anna, what do we do then?)

Anna Karenina, in her seat at the foot of the class, had been sitting in the scornful silence that she always opposed to these attempts of Miss Lucy to uplift her moral tone. Even this obvious appeal did not affect her.

"Nothun," [she said, rudely.]

At these repeated refusals to respond to her questions a suspicion was growing upon Miss Lucy that as a subject of scholastic sociological research Class A might be a failure. Her cheeks were beginning to show flaming signals of distress, but she kept bravely on.

"Oh, yes, Anna, surely you can think of something you do on Thanksgiving."

"Nothun," [repeated Anna, blankly.] Having thus spoken, she withdrew herself from further discussion by sulkily putting her head down on her desk.

Just at this moment an inspiration seized Bum O'Reilly. His quick Irish tact had told him that there was some especial answer desired by Miss Lucy. He remembered that she had always shown an interest in the numerous and frequent additions to his family. [he volunteered]

"We got a baby last Thanksgivun', [he volunteered obligingly,] but we ain't gon' to git none this year."

At this point Miss Lucy, without even daring to look at the committee, hastily interrupted.

"Yes, yes, James," [she said;] "but what is it you and all of us should do every day, but more than ever on Thanksgiving Day?"

"You should clean your teeth and wash yourself all over,"

The Speaker

said Josef Bureschy, whose weak mind was wandering back to the Cleanliness Talk of the day before.

At last, "We give thanks," said the correct Marie Schaefer, the only member of Class A who ever knew anything.

Thus having laborously extracted the desired answer, Miss Lucy took fresh heart, and her smile grew a little less glazed, her sprightliness a little less painful.

"Yes, we give thanks," she said; "that is what we should do on Thanksgiving Day. And now who can be very nice and smart and tell me to whom we give thanks?"

Bum, who attended mass as regularly as he got into trouble, answered this promptly.

"The blessed Virgin Mary and all the holy saints," he said, reverently.

"Miz Luzy, it ain't so!" here suddenly and indignantly cried Sophie. "Don't you believe him. I go to the Luthorum Sunday School, and there ain't nobody but God and Martin Luthorum, and my mother says Bum O'Reilly worships idols."

At this assailing of his faith Bum grew hot.

"It's the blessed Virgin Mary, I'm tellin' ye, and I'll bust yer face if ye don't shut up!" he cried angrily.

"James," Miss Lucy broke in sternly upon this discussion between the Reformed and the Papal. "James, that will do. I am surprised at your language." Then, thinking it best to pass over to safer ground, "Now who can tell me why we give thanks? Who can think of something nice that he is thankful for?"

At these pleasant words of something nice, Frederick William's face brightened. From the family disclosures of Sophie to the theological encounter, he had sat in the silence of one carried beyond his mental depth; but here was something tangible.

"Well, Frederick," smiled Miss Lucy, hopefully, "what are you thankful for?"

"The gizzard," said Frederick William.

It was then that Miss Lucy gave up the fight. She was about to sink wearily into her chair and defeatedly order a writing lesson when the visiting teacher, who had been viewing her struggles with the cold tolerance of the superior pedagogue, came forward.

"Let me speak to the little ones," she said condescendingly.

Miss Lucy assented, and, thus shelved, she sat down meekly at one side. As she did so she looked at the supervisor, and

she was surprised to see the solemn opening and closing of one of his eyes in such a manner that, if he had not been a supervisor, Miss Lucy would have said that he had winked at her.

The visiting teacher stood up before Class A. The visiting teacher was the pure type of feminine pedagogue—bespectacled, scant of hair, sour-visaged. In reproof to the frivolous fluffiness of Miss Lucy's lingeries, she wore ~~one of these antique creations that can only be designated as a basque, dusty, black and scant. With a cool turning round of the decree of fashion that~~ only a priestess of Scholastic Sociology would dare, ~~this waist buttoned tightly down the front, and came down in a point in the back.~~ So unique was the effect ~~that~~ Miss Lucy wondered vaguely if this costume was the required uniform of Scholastic Sociology. Her ingenious mind had already hit upon a plan whereby she could conform to this regulation by putting her own waists on backward, when she became aware that the visiting teacher was speaking.

If Miss Lucy's manner had been of a gentle sprightliness, the visiting teacher's was openly hilarious. "Lift them up!" was her creed, usually expressed with much uplifting of arms. "Carry them along with you on the wave of your vitality. That is the spirit of Scholastic Art."

On this occasion the spirit of Scholastic Art was put forth more vigorously than ever in a final attempt to lift the dead weight of Class A's sixty neglected little moral tones.

"Little boys and girls," she began, with a coquettish waving of arms that Bum, who was the star twirler of his nine, would have described as a crack motion, "open your little eyes, open your little ears, open your little hearts, and listen and look just as hard!" As she spoke, she conveniently illustrated her remarks upon the child in the front seat, who happened to be Frederick William; and it was a painful shock to this most dignified of Miss Lucy's scholars to have his eyebrows pulled up, his ears tweaked, to be gently poked in the stomach, and, as a climax, to receive a rap on the head at the hand of the playful visiting teacher. At this treatment his eyes filled with tears, and he looked beseechingly at Miss Lucy. Miss Lucy's attention, however, was engaged elsewhere, for from the beginning of the visiting teacher's address she had been aware of a loudly whispered conversation carried on across the aisle between Sophie Bauerschmidt and Anna Karenina—a conversation that, ignoring her warning frowns, finally culminated in a vindictive shaking of

fists and out-sticking tongues. Unfortunately, the visiting teacher caught sight of Anna's extended tongue, ~~said~~, "Little girl, little girl!" ~~she said reproachfully.~~ "Why, little girl!"

At this Sophie sniggered, but Anna glowered threateningly.

"Id ain'd my fauld," ~~she said, angrily.~~ "She says him's"—pointing accusingly at the supervisor—"her father, and you're her mother, und you ain'd. Onct I seen Miz Luzy's mother, und she ain'd so old ad all."

After this a blank occurred in Miss Lucy's memory, and it was not until the middle of the writing lesson that she fully recovered. The committee of three had gone.

After school the principal came to her.

"You'll have to try again," he said, regretfully. "You didn't pass. You made a good try, and the supervisor and I would have let you in anyhow, but I don't think the—er—maternal idea exactly appealed to our distinguished colleague."

Miss Lucy had quite regained her usual cheerfulness, but she could not resist a little feminine spite.

"Oh, well," ~~she said, resignedly,~~ "I guess it's for the best. I never could have dressed the part anyhow. I'd have to pickle my face, and put my clothes all on backward."

* * *

John Anderson My Jo

BY ROBERT BURNS.

John Anderson my jo, John,
 When we were first acquaint,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;
 But now your brow is held, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw,
 But blessings on your frosty paw,
 John Anderson my jo!

John Anderson my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill, thegither,
And monie a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither;
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson my jo!

The He-Siren of the Gold-fields

BY LINDSAY DENNISON.



E eyed each other after the manner of chance companions in a lonely smoking compartment. What he made of me I know—for he told me that later with much sorrow, and even more anger. What I made of him it were not kind to a subsequently entertaining acquaintance to tell.

We had exhausted the capacities for amusement of the month-old literature which the benevolent railroad had laid around the smoker in luxuriant but dissembling leather covers. We were glaring moodily at each other's feet.

"How far are you going—Buffalo or Chicago?" he said, abruptly.

"Both," said I.

"Any farther?" said he, and smiled.

"Yes; Denver," I answered.

He chuckled. It was a warm, ingratiating chuckle which brought with it a certain repentance for my offishness.

"Frisco next stop!" he announced cheerfully. "All out for Honolulu—"

"No; not San Francisco, but Reno. Then Goldfield, Bullfrog, Manhattan, Tonopah and all the rest of them."

"Great things doing out there," he murmured. "Lots doing."

"And lots who are being done back here," I observed.

There followed a silence. At last his thoughtful brow cleared. He had decided upon open frankness.

"Stranger," he said, and swung his leg over the arm of his chair, "Stranger, I'm a-going back into the gold country myself. I have lived there most of my life—or, perhaps I should say, I have lived out there for the last two years. And I don't care what job you're on, I am in a position to help you on it. I'm a mine broker—what's your game?"

I told him as much as seemed good for him—that friends of mine were buying mining stocks which were advertised widely in the newspapers and that I was going to see, so far as a tenderfoot might, whether they were being bamboozled.

He burst into full song:

"So you're going to Nevada, are you, with your eyes bug-ging out like you were a ten-year-old kid crossing the Hudson on a ferry boat to kill Indians with an air-gun? Your innocent little heart is playing a tune like the orchestra when Tim Five-eyes, the Detective, is about to drop out of the tree and save the heroine from helping the villain light his cigarette with the missing will. That's you, if I'm not too personal, and it's all meant for your own good, anyway. Now, what you want to do, son, is to get them to let you off these choo-choo cars at Buffalo, buy yourself a little red cart and a nice yellow drum with the money you've got for expenses—and enjoy yourself. Just let your Uncle George tell you: There's nothing to it; you're in wrong; you're climbing into Lower 1, when your ticket calls for Upper 12. Get out before anybody wakes up. Listen to popper, son, and tumble to yourself.

"Now I can talk to you on the dead, right down on great-grandma's grave. It ain't like I was trying to sell you stock or had deep fell designs. You can cash this information I'm handing you anywhere in the United States, waive identification and sass the cashier while he's counting out the money.

"There can't be nobody swindled by the State of Nevada. Every map in this free nation ought to have the State of Nevada cut out of it and replaced by a gold plate inlaid with lead, silver and platinum. At least, that's what everybody out there thinks at the present moment, and if people ain't to have confidence in their own State, where are you going to look for it? Anywhere else? Now see here, Bo-bo; I'm talking to you because I like you. It's important. It's not for you to be digging up any fly comment. It's for you to hold your ears out straight and catch every fleeting syllable. Now let me tell you a little story to show you what I mean:

"Once in the dear dead days that we all hope are beyond recall; back in the rosy years when dad used to look over the card report you'd brought home from school and say, 'Rufus, I think you may take my jack-knife and go out to the lot and cut me two—two or more—good, stout switches, not less than three-fourths of an inch in diameter or less than three feet long.' . . . Let's see; where was I? Oh, back in the dear dead days. Well, once I was sitting on the back fence looking over into the road to the fair grounds, watching the folks.

"There was a man drove up right opposite me and backed

up his wagon. It was filled with small packages. He got up on the seat and sang a touching ballad of how he courted Mary Ann, and they threw him into the hog wash tub and dampened his young affections. Then he produced a rooster out of a bandana handkerchief and pulled a half dozen eggs out of the rooster's neck and scrambled the eggs in a skillet and turn the scrambled eggs into a near-silk 'throw' for a mantelpiece, which he tossed out to 'the prettiest girl in the aujence.' When the women had got through tearing it up, he looks over the bunch and starts in, thus:

"Ladies and gents, I am glad to see you. I like your looks. You look to me like a lot of punkins ready to be plucked. Now here, friends, we have a small article of jewelry; briefly, a pair of cuff buttons. I'd advise you to go away, now. The rest of this show is going to amuse me, but it's going to make you mad. I'm going to sell you some things, after which there will be further entertainment. I'll sell you these cuff buttons for fifteen cents each. They may be worth more or less. They may be gold—in which case I'm a good thing. If you think they're worth fifteen cents, buy 'em; if not, leave 'em alone. I'm making no promises. I won't tell you that you'll make money by buying these cuff buttons. I won't say that I'm going to redeem these cuff buttons for a quarter."

"He began selling cuff buttons. He sold all he had. And then he bought 'em back at a quarter apiece—except from such as had gone away after buying. Then he sold 'em a chain and watch charm for a half dollar, warning them that the jewelry probably wasn't worth it. He sold all he had. And he bought 'em back for a dollar and went at 'em with what he called 'so-called silver watches which are probably plain, commercial, every-day, or garden, nickel' for two dollars and a half, and bought 'em back for five dollars. The crowd was growing bigger and was fighting harder and harder to get at 'em all the time.

"Now, ladies and gents," he says, after awhile, "I have here the champion of 'em all. It's the best joke, either on you or me, that every broke out in this or any other country. Compared to what's gone before, it's got elevators, hot and cold baths, electric bells and a telephone in every room. This is a watch. I don't say it's a gold watch, because if I did, and if I tried to buy it back, you'd run away and leave me stuck. But it looks like gold. I don't even say it's got works in it; it may be full of hayseed for all I say—but it's yours for as long as you like for twelve dollars and a half."

"They 'most tore his wagon apart getting at him. He sold 'em a hundred in about twelve and a half minutes.

"And then, friend, and then—

"He drove off down the pike singing:

"Your fun was good and plenty; but—
it's

my
move
now!"

"Now, perhaps, stranger, you think that feller was a swindler and a crook. He wasn't, not to my mind. He was just a student of human nature, like you and me. He knew the law of supply and demand. You've been to college, haven't you? Thought so, or you wouldn't have the nerve to wear a hat like that. Then, of course, you know that the law of supply and demand is regulated by the amount of money in free circulation and the ambition of people with brains to corner the same? Sure.

"Now, you're going out against a game that nobody knows a thing about except that the prices of stocks are steadily going up.

"Don't you see, you can't beat it? You get aboard. The end's a long way off. Everything's in the dark now. You go hunting skunks in the dark and poke your gun up to the nose of the first one you're sure of and let her go. And daylight comes and you find you've blown the stuffing out of a little sister's pet pussy-cat.

"You let yourself off at Buffalo, young man. This game's way beyond you or any other human being. You might be the late George Hearst and John Hays Hammond rolled into one, and you couldn't go up against it. Any man who puts his foot down on any square foot of the State of Nevada and says there's no gold there is a born idjut; there's only one bigger idjut, and that's the man who puts his foot down and says there *is* gold here. (But that'll come later.) Just now, I tell you that there ain't a spot in the State of Nevada where you can't find gold if you sink a shaft deep enough or cross cut far enough. What? That applies to the whole universe? Oh, sure, sure; but when you talk about the whole universe, playing it both ways from the ace, taking in the lookout and the water-cooler, you haven't got neighboring properties to base your advertising on.

"The one thing that I like about this game is that it saves self-respect. I sell you stock. I tell you it's going up. It is.

Everything is—for awhile. There's always the chance that it may be a real gold mine, after all. Now, here, just as an evidence of good faith; here's a hundred shares I happen to have in my pocket. I'll sell you this for fifteen cents and guarantee that by the time you get back to New York it will be \$1.50. Fifteen dollars is all it costs. Take a chance."

The chance was not taken. A coolness arose, followed by some heat. But, as we rolled into Chicago, there was an illuminating conclusion of the incident.

"Say, stranger," said a cheery, though somewhat chastened, voice over the back of my section, "no hard feelings, are they? That's good. Shake. Now, say; I've got a funny proposition on my hands. I find I left my money in my other pants pocket and left my check book home. Can you let me have ten dollars and take these hundred shares for security?"

There was a compromise. He got the \$10.00. The lecture was worth it. But the hundred shares did not change hands. Bread cast upon the waters may return again. But ground-bait, never.



My Wish

BY SAMUEL ROGERS.

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

The Team***A West Point Foot-Ball Story.**

BY CAPTAIN LLOYD BUCHANAN.

From "Lippincott's Monthly Magazine,"

HIS is the story of a West Point foot-ball game. The team that played it was not a popular team—at first. They were raw at the start. They were unfortunate in their first small games, and were finally beaten by a college that the old teams had always patronized, using them for the scrub to practice on in the second half.

It was then nearly October. The hard work had not started. They had a feeling that now there was to be a change. And there was.

The captain called them together in the Gym the next night after supper. The captain was a relic of the glory of former elevens. The team looked on him as a being far removed from themselves. His words were brief and to the point, spoken feelingly yet roughly of the corps and its traditions.

"You men," he said in part, "know the situation as well as I do. We've been itching for years to get a game with the Navy. We've got one this fall. Now, we've been playing foot-ball here for a long time. We've fought the best teams in the country to a standstill. And we've got a rep. The Navy has been rubbing it in all along that we weren't nearly as warm a proposition as we claimed to be. We have been answering back that if we only had a chance we would show them whether we were warm or not. And now it has come to a show-down. Are we going to 'fess out? You bet we aren't. We *can't*. We have to win. This isn't any Yale game or any Harvard game. It's the biggest game West Point has been up against ever, and we've got to win it. We've got to—do you understand that?"

"You men," the captain went on, quickly, "mean all right, but you are so green you can't play the game. You'll have to plug, plug, plug, and if any man dead-beats he's

dead-beating on the corps. That's all, except the running before breakfast will start to-morrow morning."

So the drudgery commenced: the Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, when the team and the scrub struggled back and forth, bruised and aching, in the slippery mud or on the frozen ground, smashing into each other fiercely, relentlessly —battering into themselves the elements of the game.

Then Harvard came up. The team was beaten. It did badly, but it did better. The next afternoon the captain informed them that they were collectively miserable, but that individually they showed some signs of saving grace. They took some heart at this; it was so much better than what they had heard before. But the corps and the world at large eyed them with sorrow.

The Columbia game was no better. In fact, none of the games seemed much better. The only point was that the team never ceased working and pounding away, and that they suddenly developed a highly admirable faculty of holding Yale for downs time and again inside of the West Point five-yard line. No one noticed this much at the time. Except the captain and the coaches.

A few officers went down to see the Navy play. They came back looking serious. The Middies had a fine outfit. They played well together, and their line was tremendous. Their great guard was even better than was reported. But they were supposed to be over-confident. The officers said that the team could not realize how big the feeling was. The President and the Cabinet and half of Congress and all the army and navy possible were going to the game. Old gray-haired graduates, 'way out beyond Mississippi, were coming east for that one thing. The army in the Philippines and the Asiatic Squadron were betting their boots on it. It was a national event. And it was all up to the team. The team felt it tremendously. They felt it so much that they began to go stale. A slump set in, but it did not last long.

As the head coach began to speak one night in the Gym, the team sat dumbly suffering, with hung heads; but they were surprised into delicious bewilderment. The coaches were more than satisfied with them, the head coach said. The team looked at each other, unbelieving. It was too kind to be true.

Finally the captain spoke.

"I just want to say a few things. I've cussed the tar out

of you, and I'll probably have to do it again. But I know now that you have it in you to win. All I want is for you to know it, too, and to do it. Quit worrying. That isn't worth a hang. You have nothing to worry about. The coaches will do that for you. Just take it easy for the next couple of days. You will have some extras on the training-table. You needn't be afraid to eat them. There won't be any practice to-morrow, and we won't run again at reveille until Wednesday. We will start light secret practice on Tuesday. This will be all for to-day."

The team gathered unto itself a few remnants of self-respect. They could not believe that they amounted to very much, but they seemed to have a fighting chance. And they surely would fight. In the evenings, during the free half-hour after supper, the Dialectic Hall rang with weird pæans from the corps:

“Our team, by thunder!
Sure is a wonder,
Never a blunder,
They play foot-ball!
We will snow under
Navy, by thunder!
This is the Army team!”

The team took it all half incredulously, but very earnestly. They dreamed always of the game, but they worked harder than they dreamed.

At last the contest came. The team, with its coaches and rubbers, passed consciously down the path by the riding-hall and rolled away on the down train, taking with them an embarrassed memory of crowds of girls waving handkerchiefs and turning out long yells, and of swarms of gray-coated youngsters piled on side-tracked freight-cars, whirling a blaze of gold and black flags, and chanting tunelessly:

“Army line! Army line!
Hurrah for the Army line!
The Navy has not got a ship
Can cross the Army line.”

Newsboys brought them papers on the train. The team found long articles about themselves and about the Navy and about the game. The prevailing opinion was that the Navy would win, as a matter of course. References were made to the one-time glory of the Army with tenderness, as

one speaks of a beautiful thing that is dead. The team accepted it meekly, as if they deserved it, but the coaches burned with indignation.

The day dawned bright and cold. The team walked a bit, and ran over a few signals in a gymnasium, and read papers, and tried to forget that they had anything to do with the crowds in the streets, and the masses of color in the stores, and the men peddling ribbons on the corners.

Towards noon they lunched slimly and solemnly on beef and bouillon.

"Did you see the President?" the two-hundred-pound plebe asked, nervously.

"No; but he's here; so are Mr. Root and General Miles," answered a man across the table. "Gad, they are surely piling up! I ran into an old file outside—an old Confederate General Something-or-other. Said he graduated about '60, and had come clean up from Mississippi just to see us lick the Navy. It makes a fellow feel sort of queer."

"Sure," murmured a yearling sub. "There are heaps of generals all around. Funny old cocks—and, Lord, but they are keen!"

The team dressed, and gathered in a room upstairs. Through the windows came the murmur of passing crowds below, and the cries of hawkers, "Get your colors. Here you are—Army an' Navy flags. Pick the winning team." The men sat silently about on chairs or sprawled on the floor.

When the team trotted out on the field, they were thrilled with a sound that they will never forget—the call of an English-speaking race to its champions in contest. The stands were a mad mixture of tossing colors and waving handkerchiefs. The band was pounding out a tune, but the music was drowned in the uproar that started where the corps was shouting itself hoarse through crimson megaphones and from there swept irresistibly over half the field.

The team found themselves the center of attraction for twenty-five thousand people, ranging from the President of the United States down to the least of the water-carriers. For the moment what they did was of importance to what was highest and most beautiful in the nation. They were carrying the colors of the corps. They would win because they must win. The crowd and the shouting passed from their minds. They thought only of the game.

The cheering died away. The Navy was to kick off. The substitutes in blankets threw themselves along the side-lines.

The team took their places. There was a pause, an indrawing of breath. The ball flew fair and high from the Middies' charging line. The game was on.

A little half-back caught the kick. Swiftly around him came the team, running recklessly, fiercely, minding the caution to hit hard, to break the Navy's spirit at the start. They banged the hostile ends aside as they came on. They broke on the tackles. The little half slipped under a great guard. He was down. He was up again. But they were after him like tigers.

Up from the stands the roar rose again, sounding faint and far away. In the strong young bodies there was awake the fierceness of battle, reaching back through the Norsemen and the Cavemen to the panther and the bear.

The field was in a delirium. Fifteen yards had been torn from the stone wall line. The stands shook with the thunder of the cheering. The subs sprang to their feet, and, tossing aside their blankets, flung themselves on each other's necks and howled together. The coaches crouched trembling, with parted lips and flashing eyes. The President turned and made a joke to the Secretary of War at the expense of the Secretary of the Navy. The post girls clasped their hands and prayed.

The team went on doggedly, irresistibly. There were no long runs, but heavy, heart-breaking plunges for gains of from two to ten yards at a clip. Yet there were always gains. The team was suddenly awakened to its power. It was fired with the delicious thrill of hitherto unknown victory, with the pride of the bull-dog that tastes first the warm blood from an opponent's throat. The middle of the field was passed—the forty-five yard line—the thirty-five—the twenty-five. A tandem through tackle tore out eight yards more. "Good God!" the head coach sobbed, "if only they don't fumble."

The captain called them back. The tears were streaming down his face, but no one noticed it then.

"You must get it over," he whispered. "It's our chance. We have 'em licked. Oh, men, for God's sake, do it, do it! Don't fumble! Don't get off side. Don't hold! Take it over. You have the game right here. You must!"

The team trotted back. Up in tumultuous triumph rose the yell of the corps. Across the field the Navy howled defiance. The ball flashed back—four yards through tackle. Again, five yards through the center. Three more desperate

charges, and the ball was on the two-yard line. An ominous quiet hung over the Army stand. On the Navy side the cheering still rose, wintry but unbroken. The coaches knelt in silence. The team looked at the broad white line beyond which the Navy crouched with undiminished fierceness. The signal rang out. The full-back felt a rush of fear to his heart. If he fumbled—no, he had the ball. He hit the line. It gave. They were carrying him over. A pair of arms throttled him and a hand tore at his throat, but he was going on. The press crushed him. The blood throbbed in his eyes as if they would burst. He fought madly to keep his feet. But they tripped him, they held him, they threw him. By a last desperate effort he managed to fall forward. Then the pile crawled off. He looked down fearfully. He had made the touchdown. The game was over. The team were lifted from the ground helpless on the shoulders of the ecstatic corps. Their bodies were wrenched and broken, but their souls were great within them. Dimly they knew that they had in that day taken their places among the teams of old time. The cables were already burning with the news that the corps had been called on again, and that they—the team—had responded.



Up-Hill

BY CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?

A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin.

May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?

They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labor you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

The Tapestry Weavers

—Unknown—

(The authorship of this poem is unknown. It has been ascribed to various writers, among others to a Roman Catholic priest. Its broad catholicity of spirit makes it acceptable to all schools of thought. The following copy of the verses is furnished by Isaac Roberts.)

Let us take to our hearts a lesson,—no lesson can nobler be;—
From the ways of the tapestry weavers, on the other side of
the sea.

Above their heads their pattern hangs; they study it with
care:

The while their fingers deftly work, their eyes are fastened
there.

They tell this curious thing beside of the patient, plodding
weaver:

He works on the wrong side evermore, but he works for the
right side ever.

It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is loosed and
turned,

That he sees his real handiwork, that his marvelous skill is
learned.

Ah! the sight of its delicate beauty! How it pays him for
all its cost!

No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done by the frost.
Then his master bringeth him golden hire, and giveth him
praise as well;

And how happy the heart of the weaver is, no tongue but his
own can tell.

The years of man are the looms of God, let down from the
place of the sun:

Whereon we are weaving always till th' appointed task is
done.

Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each man for himself
his fate.

We may not see how the right side looks, we can only weave
and wait.

But looking above for the pattern, no weaver need have fear;
Only let him look clear into Heaven,—the perfect pattern is
there.

If he keep the face of his Master forever and alway in sight,
His weaving is sure to be perfect, his work is sure to be right.
And at last when his task is ended, and the web is turned
and shown,
He shall hear the voice of his Master; it shall say unto him :
“ Well done ! ”
And the white-winged angels of Heaven, to bear him thence
shall come down ;
And God for his wage shall give him, not coin, but a golden
crown !



A Dance at the Ranch

From the “Denver Post.”

From every point they gaily come, the broncos' unshod feet
Pat at the green sod of the range with quick emphatic beat;
The tresses of the buxom girls as banners stream behind—
Like silken castigating whips cut at the sweeping wind.

The dashing cowboys, brown of face, sit in their saddle
thrones
And sing the wild songs of the range in free uncultured tones,
Or ride beside the pretty girls, like gallant cavaliers,
And pour the usual fairy-tales into their listening ears.

Within the “best room” of the ranch the jolly gathered
throng

Buzz like a swarm of human bees and fill the air with song,
The maidens tap their sweetest smiles and give their tongues
full rein

In efforts to entrap the boys in admiration's chain.

The fiddler tunes the strings with pick of thumb and scrape
of bow,

Finds one string keyed a note too high, another keyed too low,
Then rosins up the tight-drawn hairs, the young folks in a
fret

Until their ears are greeted with the warning words: “ All
set ! ”

The Speaker

S'lute yer pardners! Let'er go!
 Balance all an' do-se-do!
 Swing yer girls an' run away!
 Right an' left an' gents sashay!
 Gents to right an' swing or cheat!
 On to next gal an' repeat!
 Balance next an' don't be shy!
 Swing yer pard an' swing'er high!
 Bunch the gals an' circle 'round!
 Whack yer feet until they bound!
 Al'man left an' balance all!
 Lift yer hoofs an' let 'em fall!
 Back to pardners, do-se-do!
 All jine hands an' off you go!

And thus the merry dance goes on till morning's struggling light
 In lengthening streaks of gray breaks down the barriers of night,
 And bronks are mounted in the glow of early morning skies
 By weary-limbed young revelers with drooping, sleepy eyes.
 The cowboys to the ranges speed to "work" the lowing herds,
 The girls within their chambers hide to sleep like weary birds,
 And for a week the young folks talk of what a jolly spree
 They had that night at Jackson's ranch down on the Owyhee.

* *

Rock-a-by Land

BY E. A. BRININSTOOL.

Ho and away for the Rock-a-by land—
 The rollicking, frolicking Rock-a-by land,
 Where the little ones go on the hush-a-by cars
 To play peek-a-boo with the silvery stars.
 'Tis the airiest, fairest land that I know—
 Is this land where the dollies and sugar-plums
 grow;
 The dream train is ready with Love in command
 For the
 Rollicking,
 Frolicking
 Rock-a-by land.

Rock-a-by land—
Sweet Rock-a-by land !
Dancing and singing while bluebells are ringing.
Close your eyes, little one,
Soon you will stand
On the borders of far-away Rock-a-by land.

Such a queer little car for the Rock-a-by land—
The rollicking, frolicking Rock-a-by land.
The wheels are the rockers ; 'tis deep and 'tis wide,
All quilted and cushioned for baby's long ride ;
Then out through the shadows we dreamily go,
Past Slumberland hills and the heights of By-low—
We are off on a journey, delightful and grand
For the

Rollicking,
Frolicking
Rock-a-by land.

Rock-a-by land—
Dear Rock-a-by land !
Stars are a-gleaming while baby is dreaming—
Dreaming sweet dreams
Of a fairykin band
In the far-away, beautiful Rock-a-by land.

Oh, what a trip to the Rock-a-by land—
The rollicking, frolicking Rock-a-by land !
There's dancing and singing and music that's sweet,
And peek-a-boo dreams that are tiny and fleet.
We glide past Love's river, which ripples and
gleams

Through blossoming meadows in silvery streams ;
At Sound Asleep Station we finally stand
For the

Rollicking,
Frolicking
Rock-a-by land.

Rock-a-by land—
Charming Rock-a-by land !
Fairies are winging while baby is swinging.
Nestle close, little one !
Now hand in hand
We'll wander and dream in the Rock-a-by land !

“The Ballad of the Colors”

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

A gentleman of courtly air,
Of old Virginia he;
A damsel from New Jersey State,
Of matchless beauty she;
They met as fierce antagonists—
The reason why, they say,
Her eyes were of the Federal blue,
And his Confederate gray.

They entered on a fierce campaign,
And when the fight began,
It seemed as though the strategy
Had no determinate plan.
Each watched the other's movements well,
While standing there at bay—
One struggling for the Federal blue,
One for Confederate gray.

We all looked on with anxious eyes
To see their forces move,
And none could tell which combatant
At last would victor prove.
They marched and countermarched with skill.
Avoiding well the fray;
Here lines were seen of Federal blue,
There—Confederate gray.

At last he moved his force in mass,
And sent her summons there
That she should straight capitulate
Upon conditions fair.
“As you march forth the flags may fly,
The drums and bugles play;
But yield those eyes of Federal blue
To the Confederate gray.”
“You are the foe,” she answer sent,
“To maidens such as I;
I'll fight you with a dauntless heart,
And conquer you or die.
A token of the sure result
The vaulted skies display,

For there above is Federal blue,
Below—Confederate gray.”

Sharp-shooting on each flank began,
And 'mid manœuvres free,
The rattle of small talk with
Big guns of repartee,
Mixed with the deadly glance of eyes
Amid the proud array,
There met in arms the Federal blue
And the Confederate gray.

Exhausted by the fight, at length
They called a truce to rest;
When lo! another force appeared
Upon the mountain's crest.
And as it came the mountain down
Amid the trumpet's bray,
Uncertain stood the Federal blue
With the Confederate gray.

A corps of stout free lances these
Who poured upon the field,
Field Marshal Cupid in command,
Who swore they both must yield;
They both should conquer, both divide
The honors of the day.
And proudly with the Federal blue
Marched the Confederate gray.

His troop were fresh and hers were worn;
What could they but agree
That both should be the conquerors,
And both should captives be?
So they presented arms, because
Dan Cupid held the sway,
And joined in peace the Federal blue
With the Confederate gray.

Twelve years have fled; I passed to-day
The fort they built, and saw
A sight to strike a bachelor
With spirit-thrilling awe
Deployed a corps of infantry,
But less for drill than play;
And some had eyes of Federal blue,
And some Confederate gray.

The Pretty Maid of Kissimmee

BY JOEL BENTON.

Upon the cars—in spirit gay,
 As rapturous as could be—
 I met a girl from Florida,
 Who lives in Kissimmee.

Her eyes were like the sapphire's blue,
 Her hair was flowing free:
 She asked if I was going, too,
 To kiss—to Kissimmee.

I never knew the town before,
 But she was fair to see,
 And she had charms and gold galore—
 This maid of Kissimmee.

We talked with most amazing speed,
 And did not disagree;
 And still she urged, “I trust, indeed,
 You're going to Kissimmee.”

I'm not often dashed, I'm sure,
 Nor prudish can I be—
 But think I blushed when she said, “You're
 Now going to Kissimmee!”

The cars were full—I tried to say
 (She sat so close to me) :
 “Is there a tunnel on the way?”
 “Oh, yes—to Kissimmee.”

“Now, by old Ponce de Leon's shade—
 If any such there be”—
 I thought, “I'll kiss this pretty maid
 As sure as she is she.”

Reaching a tunnel, near a curve,
 She cried with vigorous shout
 (For from my task I did not swerve) :
 “What are you, sir, about?”

“ O maiden of the pretty face,
How can you angry be?
You said (although I ask for grace),
‘ You’re going to Kissimmee.’

“ I could not stand a hint like that—
And my mistake you see.”
She smiled—and smoothed her ruffled hat—
And turned to Kissimmee.



Oft, in the Stilly Night

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber’s chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood’s years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber’s chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I’ve seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber’s chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

“Vas Marriage a Failure?”

BY CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

Vas marriage a failure? Vell, now, dot depends Altogeddher on how you look at id, mine friends. Like dhoce double-horse teams dot you see at der races, Id depends pooty mooch on der pair in der traces; Eef dhey don'd pool togeddher righdt off at der shtart, Ten dimes ouldt of nine dhey vas beddher apart.

Vas marriage a failure? Der vote vas in doubt; Dhoce dot's ouldt vould be in, dhoce dot's in vould be ouldt; Der man mit oxberience, goot looks, und dash, Gets a vife mit some fife hundord dousand in cash; Budt, after der honeymoon, vhere vas der honey? *She haf der oxberience—he haf der money.*

Vas marriage a failure? Eef dot vas der case, Vot vas to pecome off der whole human race? Vot you dink dot der oldt “Pilgrim Faders” vould say, Dot came in der *Sunflower* to oldt Plymouth Bay, To see der fine coundtry dis peoples haf got, Und dhen hear dhem ask sooch conondhrums as dot?

Vas marriage a failure? Shust go, ere you tell, To dot Bunker Mon Hillument, vhere Varren fell; Dink off Vashington, Franklin, und “Honest Old Abe”— Dhey vas all been aroundt since dot first Plymouth babe. I vas only a Deutscher, but I dells you vot! I pelief, eevry dime, in sooch “failures” as dot.

Vas marriage a failure? I ask mine Katrine, Und she look off me so dot I feels pooty mean. Dhen she say: “Meester Strauss, shust come here, eef you please.” Und she dake me vhere Yawcob und leedle Loweeze By dheir shnug trundle-bed vas shust saying dheir prayer, Und she say, mit a smile, “Vhas dhere some failures dhere? ”.

Cut Off from the People

BY HALL CAINE.

From "The Deemster."



DANIEL MYLREA, "high-spirited, reckless, rollicking, headstrong, thoughtless, brave, stubborn, daring," would not enter the Church, as his father, the Bishop of Man, wished. This, with some recklessness, estranged his father and his uncle, the Deemster, and his cousin Ewan. In a bitter quarrel Ewan, in a lonely place, and Dan agreed to fight with daggers. Ewan was killed. Dan resolved to give himself up to the Deemster, Ewan's father, the civil magistrate of the island; but suspicion had already fallen on him as the murderer. Dan pleaded guilty of murder, choosing to say nothing of the circumstances of the quarrel. Thus he thought to make atonement. At the conclusion of the trial the Deemster said: "Pronounce the sentence, and let your sergeant carry it into effect."

The murmur among the people grew to a great commotion, but in the midst of it the Bishop was seen to rise, and then a deep hush fell on all.

The Bishop's white head was held erect, his seamed face was firm as it was pale, and his voice, when he spoke, was clear and full. "Daniel Mylrea," he said, "you have pleaded guilty to the great crime of murder. The sergeant of your barony will now remove you, and on the morning of this day next week he will take you in his safe custody to the Tynwald Hill, in the center of the island, there in the eye of light, and before the faces of all men, to receive the dreadful sentence of this court, and to endure its punishment."

A week later.

At eleven o'clock the crowd at Tynwald had grown to a vast concourse that covered every foot of the green with a dense mass of moving heads. Suddenly the great clamorous human billow was moved by a ruffle of silence that spread from side to side, and in the midst of a deep hush the door of the chapel opened, and a line of ecclesiastics came out and walked toward the mount. At the end of the line was the Bishop, bareheaded, much bent, his face white and seamed, his step heavy and uncertain, his whole figure and carriage

The Speaker

telling of the sword that is too keen for its scabbard. When the procession reached the mount the Bishop ascended to the topmost round of it, and on the four green ledges below him his clergy ranged themselves. Then the cart that brought the sergeant and his prisoner from the castle entered it slowly, and drew up, and then, with head and eyes down, like a beast that is struck to its death, Daniel Mylrea dropped to his feet on the ground. He stood in his great stature above the shoulders of the tallest of the men around him. The sergeant drew him up to the foot of the mount, but his bowed head was never raised to where the Bishop stood above him. An all-consuming shame sat upon him, and around him was the deep breathing of the people.

Presently a full, clear voice was heard over the low murmur of the crowd, and instantly the mass of moving heads was lifted to the mount, and the sea of faces flashed white under the heaviness of the sky.

"Daniel Mylrea," said the Bishop, "You have taken a precious life; you have spilled the blood of one who bore himself so meekly and lovingly and with such charity before the world that the hearts of all men were drawn to him. And you, who slew him in heat or malice, you he ever loved with a great tenderness. Your guilt is confessed, your crime is black, and now your punishment is sure."

The crowd held its breath while the Bishop spoke, but the guilty man moaned feebly and his bowed head swayed to and fro.

"Daniel Mylrea, there is an everlasting sacredness in human life, and God who gave it guards it jealously. When man violates it, God calls for vengeance.

At that word the deep murmur broke out afresh over the people, and under the low sky their upturned faces were turned to a grim paleness. And now a strange light came into the eyes of the Bishop, and his deep voice quavered.

The Bishop paused. There was a dreadful silence, and the distant sea sent up into the still air, under the low clouds that reverberated like a vault, a hoarse, threatening murmur:

"Daniel Mylrea, you are not to die for your crime."

At that ill-omened word the prisoner staggered like a drunken man, and lifted his right hand mechanically above his head, as one who would avert a blow. And now it was easy to see in the wild light in the eyes of the Bishop, and to hear in his hollow, tense voice, that the heart of the father

was wrestling with the soul of the priest, and that every word that condemned the guilty man made its sore wound on the spirit of him that uttered it.

" You have chosen death rather than life, but on this side of death's darkness you have yet, by God's awful will, to become a terror to yourself; you have water of gall to drink; toilfully you have to live in a waste land alone, where the sweet light of morning shall bring you pain, and the darkness of night have eyes to peer into your soul; and so on and on from year to weary year, until your step shall fail and there shall be never another to help you up; hopeless, accursed, finding death in life, looking only for life in death."

One hoarse cry as of physical pain burst from the prisoner before these awful words were yet fully uttered. The guilty man gripped his head between his hands, and, like a beast that is smitten in the shambles, he stood in a stupor, his body swaying slightly, a film upon his eyes, and his mind sullen and stunned. There was silence for a moment, and when the Bishop spoke again his tempest-beaten head trembled visibly. The terrified people were grasping each other's hands, and their hard-drawn breath went through the air like the hiss of the sea at its ebb. As they looked up at the Bishop they understood that an awful struggle of human love and spiritual duty was going on before them, and over all their terror they were moved to a deep compassion.

" Daniel Mylrea," said the Bishop again, and notwithstanding his efforts to uphold it, his voice softened and all but broke, " when your fetters are removed, and you leave this place, you will go to the Calf Sound that flows at the extreme south of the island. There you will find your fishing-boat, stored with such as may meet your immediate wants. With that offering we part from you while life shall last. Use it well, but henceforward look for no succor whence it has come. Though you loathe your life, be zealous to preserve it, and hasten not, I warn you, by one hour the great day of God's final reckoning. Most of all, be mindful of the things of an eternal concernment, that we who part from you now may not part forever as from a soul given over to everlasting darkness."

The prisoner gave no further sign. Then the Bishop turned with a wild gesture to the right and to the left and lifted both his hands. " Men and women of Man," he said, in a voice that rose to the shrillness of a cry, " the sentence of the court of the barony of the island is, that this man

shall be cut off from his people. Henceforth let him have no name among us, nor family, nor kin. From now forever let no flesh touch his flesh. Let no tongue speak to him. Let no eye look on him. If he should be an-hungered, let none give him meat. When he shall be sick let none minister to him. When his death shall come, let no man bury him. Alone let him live, alone let him die, and among the beasts of the field let him hide his unburied bones."

A great hoarse groan arose from the people, such as comes from the bosom of a sullen sea. They looked up at the mount, and the gaunt figure standing there above the vast multitude of moving heads seemed to be something beyond nature.

The sergeant removed the fetters from the prisoner's hands and feet, and turned him about with his face toward the south. Not at first did the man seem to realize that he was no longer a prisoner, but an outcast, and free to go whither he would, save where other men might be. Then, recovering some partial consciousness, he moved a pace or two forward, and instantly the crowd opened for him, and a long, wide way was made through the dense mass, and he walked through it, slow, yet strong, of step, with head bent and eyes that looked into the eyes of no man. And the people looked after him, and the Bishop on the mount and the clergy below followed him with their eyes. The man was accursed, and none might look upon him with pity; but there were eyes that grew dim at that sight.

The smoke still rose in a long, blue column from the side of Greeba, and the heavy cloud that had hung at poise had changed its shape to the outlines of a mighty bird, luminous as a seagull, but of a sickly saffron. So still was the crowd, and so reverberant the air, that they could hear the man's footsteps on the stony hillside. When he reached the topmost point of the path, and was about to descend to the valley, he was seen to stop, and presently to turn his face, gazing backward for a moment. While he stood the people held their breath. When he was gone, and the mountain had hidden him, the crowd breathed audibly.

At the next moment all eyes were turned back to the mount. There the Bishop, a priest of God no longer, but only a poor human father now, had fallen to his knees and lifted his two trembling arms. Then the pent-up anguish of the wretched heart that had steeled itself to a mighty sacrifice of duty burst forth in a prayer of great agony.

"O Lord, if through the trial of this day Thou hast been strength of my strength, woe is me now, aged and full of days, feeble of body and weak of faith, that Thou hast brought this heavy judgment upon me. God of Goodness and Righteous Judge of all the Earth, have mercy and forgive if we weep for him who goeth away and shall return no more, nor see his home and kindred. Follow him with Thy Spirit, touch him with Thy finger of fire, pour upon him the healing of Thy grace, so that after death's great asundering, when all shall stand for one judgment, it may not be said of Thy servant, 'Write ye this old man childless.'"

It was the cry of a great shattered soul, and the terrified people dropped to their knees while the voice pealed over their heads. When the Bishop was silent the clergy lifted him to his feet and helped him down the pathway to the chapel. There was then a dull murmur of distant thunder from across the sea. The people fell apart in confusion. Before the last of them had left the green the cloud of pale saffron had broken into lightning, and the rain was falling heavily.



"Ask Me No More"

BY LORD TENNYSON.

From "The Princess."

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape
With fold to fold, of mountain, or of cape;
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?
 Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
 Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are seal'd;
I strove against the stream and all in vain;
Let the great river take me to the main;
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
 Ask me no more.

The Land of Heart's Desire.

BY WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

CHARACTERS:

<i>Maurteen Bruin.</i>	<i>Bridget Bruin.</i>
<i>Shawn Bruin.</i>	<i>Maire Bruin.</i>
<i>Father Hart.</i>	<i>A Faery Child.</i>

(The scene is laid in the Barony of Kilmacowen, in the County of Sligo, and the characters are supposed to speak in Gaelic. They wear the costume of a century ago.)

SCENE.—The kitchen of Maurteen Bruin's house. An open grate, with a turf fire, is at the left side of the room, with a table in front of it. There is a door leading to the open air at the back, and another door a little to its left, leading into an inner room. There is a window, a settle, and a large dresser on the right side of the room, and a great bowl of primroses on the sill of the window. Maurteen Bruin, Father Hart, and Bridget Bruin are sitting at the table. Shawn Bruin is setting the table for supper. Maire Bruin sits on the settle reading a yellow manuscript.

BRIDGET. Because I bade her go and feed the calves,
 She took that old book down out of the thatch
 And has been doubled over it all day.
 We would be deafened by her groans and moans
 Had she to work as some do, Father Hart,
 Get up at dawn like me, and mend and scour;
 Or ride abroad in the boisterous night like you,
 The pyx and blessed bread under your arm.

SHAWN. You are too cross.

BRIDGET. The young side with the young.

MAURTEEN. She quarrels with my wife a bit at times,
 And is too deep just now in the old book.
 But do not blame her greatly; she will grow
 As quiet as a puff-ball in a tree
 When but the moons of marriage dawn and die
 For half a score of times.

FATHER HART. Their hearts are wild
 As be the hearts of birds, till children come.

She would not mind the griddle, milk the cow,
Or even lay the knives and spread the cloth.
I never saw her read a book before;
What may it be?

MAURTEEN. I do not rightly know;
It has been in the thatch for fifty years.
My father told me my grandfather wrote it,
Killed a red heifer and bound it with the hide.
But draw your chair this way—supper is spread;
And little good he got out of the book,
Because it filled his house with roaming bards,
And roaming ballad-makers and the like,
And wasted all his goods.—Here is the wine;
The griddle bread's beside you, Father Hart.
Colleen, what have you got there in the book
That you must leave the bread to cool? Had I,
Or had my father, read or written books
There were no stocking full of silver and gold
To come, when I am dead, to Shawn and you.

FATHER HART. You should not fill your head with foolish dreams.

What are you reading?

MAIRE. How a Princess Adene,
A daughter of a King of Ireland, heard
A voice singing on a May eve like this,
And followed, half awake and half asleep,
Until she came into the land of faery,
Where nobody gets old and godly and grave,
Where nobody gets old and crafty and wise,
Where nobody gets old and bitter of tongue;
And she is still there, busied with a dance,
Deep in the dewy shadow of a wood,
Or where stars walk upon a mountain-top.

MAURTEEN. Persuade the colleen to put by the book;
My grandfather would mutter just such things,
And he was no judge of a dog or horse,
And any idle boy could blarney him.
Just speak your mind.

FATHER HART. Put it away, my colleen.
God spreads the heavens above us like great wings,
And gives a little round of deeds and days,
And then come the wrecked angels and set snares,
And bait them with light hopes and heavy dreams
Until the heart is puffed with pride and goes,

The Speaker

Half shuddering and half joyous, from God's peace ;
 And it was some wrecked angel, blind from tears,
 Who flattered Adene's heart with merry words.
 My colleen, I have seen some other girls
 Restless and ill at ease, but years went by
 And they grew like their neighbors and were glad
 In minding children, working at the churn,
 And gossiping of weddings and of wakes ;
 For life moves out of a red flare of dreams
 Into a common light of common hours,
 Until old age bring the red flare again.

SHAWN. Yet do not blame her greatly, Father Hart,
 For she is dull while I am in the fields,
 And mother's tongue were harder still to bear,
 But for her fancies ; this is May Eve, too,
 When the good people post about the world,
 And surely one may think of them to-night.
 Maire, have you a primrose to fling
 Before the door to make a golden path
 For them to bring good luck into the house ?
 Remember, they may steal new-married brides
 After the fall of twilight on May Eve.

(Maire goes over to the window and takes flowers
 from the bowl and strews them outside the door.)

FATHER HART. You do well, daughter, because God permits
 Great power to the good people on May Eve.

SHAWN. They can work all their will with primroses ;
 Change them to golden money, or little flames
 To burn up those who do them wrong.

MAIRE (in a dreamy voice).

I had no sooner flung them by the door
 Than the wind cried and hurried them away ;
 And then a child came running in the wind
 And caught them in her hands and fondled them ;
 Her dress was green ; her hair was of red gold ;
 Her face was pale as water before dawn.

FATHER HART. Whose child can this be ?

MAURTEEN. No one's child at all.

She often dreams that some one has gone by
 When there was nothing but a puff of wind.

MAIRE. They will not bring good luck into the house,
 For they have blown the primroses away ;
 Yet I am glad that I was courteous to them,
 For are not they, likewise, children of God ?

FATHER HART. Colleen, they are the children of the fiend,
And they have power until the end of Time,
When God shall fight with them a great pitched battle
And hack them into pieces.

MAIRE. He will smile,
Father, perhaps, and open His great door,
And call the pretty and kind into His house.

FATHER HART. Did but the lawless angels see that door,
They would fall, slain by everlasting peace;
And when such angels knock upon our doors
Who goes with them must drive through the same storm.

(A knock at the door. Maire opens it and then goes to the dresser and fills a porringer with milk and hands it through the door and takes it back empty and closes the door.)

MAIRE. A little queer old woman cloaked in green,
Who came to beg a porringer of milk.

BRIDGET. The good people go asking milk and fire
Upon May Eve—Woe on the house that gives,
For they have power upon it for a year.
I knew you would bring evil on the house.

MAURTEEN. Who was she?

MAIRE. Both the tongue and face were strange.

MAURTEEN. Some strangers came last week to Clover Hill;
She must be one of them.

BRIDGET. I am afraid.

MAURTEEN. The priest will keep all harm out of the house.

FATHER HART. The cross will keep all harm out of the
house

While it hangs there.

MAURTEEN. Come, sit beside me, colleen,
And put away your dreams of discontent,
For I would have you light up my last days
Like a bright torch of pine, and when I die
I will make you the wealthiest hereabout;
For hid away where nobody can find
I have a stocking full of silver and gold.

BRIDGET. You are the fool of every pretty face,
And I must pinch and pare that my son's wife
May have all kinds of ribbons for her head.

MAURTEEN. Do not be cross; she is a right good girl.
The butter is by your elbow, Father Hart.
My colleen, have not Fate and Time and Change
Done well for me and for old Bridget there?

The Speaker

We have a hundred acres of good land,
 And sit beside each other at the fire,
 The wise priest of our parish to our right,
 And you and our dear son to left of us.
 To sit beside the board and drink good wine
 And watch the turf smoke coiling from the fire
 And feel content and wisdom in your heart,
 This is the best of life; when we are young
 We long to tread a way none trod before,
 But find the excellent old way through love
 And through the care of children to the hour
 For bidding Fate and Time and Change good-bye.

(A knock at the door. Maire opens it, and then takes a sod of turf out of the hearth in the tongs and passes it through the door and closes the door and remains standing by it.)

MAIRE. A little queer old man in a green coat,
 Who asked a burning sod to light his pipe.

BRIDGET. You have now given milk and fire, and brought,
 For all you know, evil upon the house.
 Before you married you were idle and fine,
 And went about with ribbons on your head;
 But now you are a good-for-nothing wife.

SHAWN. Be quiet, mother!

MAURTEEN. You are too cross!

MAIRE. What do I care if I have given this house,
 Where I must hear all day a bitter tongue,
 Into the power of faeries?

BRIDGET. You know well
 How calling the good people by that name
 Or talking of them over much at all
 May bring all kinds of evil on the house.

MAIRE. Come, faeries, take me out of this dull house!
 Let me have all the freedom I have lost;
 Work when I will and idle when I will!
 Faeries, come take me out of this dull world,
 For I would ride with you upon the wind,
 Run on the top of the dishevelled tide,
 And dance upon the mountains like a flame!

FATHER HART. You cannot know the meaning of your words.

MAIRE. Father, I am right weary of four tongues:
 A tongue that is too crafty and too wise,
 A tongue that is too godly and too grave,

A tongue that is more bitter than the tide,
And a kind tongue too full of drowsy love,
Or drowsy love and my captivity.

(Shawn comes over to her and leads her to the settle.)

SHAWN. Do not blame me, I often lie awake
Thinking that all things trouble your bright head—
How beautiful it is—such broad, pale brows
Under a cloudy blossoming of hair!
Sit down beside me here—these are too old,
And have forgotten they were ever young.

MAIRE. O, you are the great door-post of this house,
And I, the red nasturtium, climbing up.

(She takes Shawn's hand, but looks shyly at the priest
and lets it go.)

FATHER HART. Good daughter, take his hand—by love
alone

God binds us to Himself and to the hearth
And shuts us from the waste beyond His peace,
From maddening freedom and bewildering light.

SHAWN. Would that the world were mine to give it you
With every quiet hearth and barren waste,
The maddening freedom of its woods and tides,
And the bewildering light upon its hills.

MAIRE. Then I would take and break it in my hands
To see you smile watching it crumble away.

SHAWN. Then I would mould a world of fire and dew
With no one bitter, grave, or ever wise,
And nothing marred or old to do you wrong.
And crowd the enraptured quiet of the sky
With candles burning to your lonely face.

MAIRE. Your looks are all the candles that I need.

SHAWN. Once a fly dancing in a beam of the sun,
Or the light wind blowing out of the dawn,
Could fill your heart with dreams none other knew,
But now the indissoluble sacrament
Has mixed your heart that was most proud and cold
With my warm heart for ever; and sun and moon
Must fade and heaven be rolled up like a scroll;
But your white spirit still walk by my spirit.

(A voice sings in the distance.)

MAIRE. Did you hear something call? O, guard me close,
Because I have said wicked things to-night;
And seen a pale-faced child with red-gold hair,
And longed to dance upon the winds with her.

The Speaker

A VOICE (close to the door).

The wind blows out of the gates of the day,
 The wind blows over the lonely of heart
 And the lonely of heart is withered away,
 While the faeries dance in a place apart,
 Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
 Tossing their milk-white arms in the air;
 For they hear the wind laugh, and murmur and sing
 Of the land where even the old are fair,
 And even the wise are merry of tongue;
 But I heard a reed of Coolaney say,
 "When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung,
 The lonely of heart is withered away!"

MAURTEEN. I am right happy, and would make all else
 Be happy, too. I hear a child outside,
 And will go bring her in out of the cold.

(He opens the door. A child, dressed in pale green
 and with red-gold hair, comes into the house.)

THE CHILD. I tire of winds and waters and pale lights!

MAURTEEN. You are most welcome. It is cold out there;
 Who would think to face such cold on a May Eve?

THE CHILD. And when I tire of this warm little house
 There is one here who must away, away,
 To where the woods, the stars, and the white streams
 Are holding a continual festival.

MAURTEEN. O listen to her dreamy and strange talk.
 Come to the fire.

THE CHILD. I will sit upon your knee,
 For I have run from where the winds are born,
 And long to rest my feet a little while.
 (She sits upon his knee.)

BRIDGET. How pretty you are!

MAURTEEN. Your hair is wet with dew!

BRIDGET. I will warm your chilly feet.

(She takes the child's feet in her hands.)

MAURTEEN. You must have come
 A long, long way, for I have never seen
 Your pretty face, and must be tired and hungry;
 Here is some bread and wine.

THE CHILD. The wine is bitter.
 Old mother, have you no sweet food for me?

BRIDGET. I have some honey.

(She goes into the next room.)

MAURTEEN.

You are a dear child;

The mother was quite cross before you came.

(Bridget returns with the honey, and goes to the dresser and fills a porringer with milk.)

BRIDGET. She is the child of gentle people; look

At her white hands and at her pretty dress.

I have brought you some new milk, but wait awhile,

And I will put it by the fire to warm,

For things well fitted for poor folk like us

Would never please a high-born child like you.

THE CHILD. Old mother, my old mother, the green dawn

Brightens above while you blow up the fire;

And evening finds you spreading the white cloth.

The young may lie in bed and dream and hope,

But you work on because your heart is old.

BRIDGET. The young are idle.

THE CHILD. Old father, you are wise

And all the years have gathered in your heart

To whisper of the wonders that are gone.

The young must sigh through many a dream and hope,

But you are wise because your heart is old.

MAURTEEN. O, who would think to find so young a child

Loving old age and wisdom?

(Bridget gives her more bread and honey.)

THE CHILD. No more, mother.

MAURTEEN. What a small bite! The milk is ready now.

What a small sip!

THE CHILD. Put on my shoes, old mother,

For I would like to dance now I have eaten.

The reeds are dancing by Coolaney Lake,

And I would like to dance until the reeds

And the white waves have danced themselves to sleep.

(Bridget having put on her shoes, she gets off the old man's knees and is about to dance, but suddenly sees the crucifix and shrieks and covers her eyes.)

What is that ugly thing on the black cross?

FATHER HART. You cannot know how naughty your words are!

That is our Blessed Lord!

THE CHILD. Hide it away!

BRIDGET. I have begun to be afraid again!

THE CHILD. Hide it away!

MAURTEEN. That would be wickedness!

BRIDGET. That would be sacrilege!

THE CHILD. The tortured thing!

Hide it away!

MAURTEEN. Her parents are to blame.

FATHER HART. That is the image of the Son of God.

(The child puts her arm round his neck and kisses him.)

THE CHILD. Hide it away! Hide it away!

MAURTEEN. No! No!

FATHER HART. Because you are so young and little a child I will go take it down.

THE CHLD. Hide it away,

And cover it out of sight and out of mind.

(Father Hart takes it down and carries it towards the inner room.)

FATHER HART. Since you have come into this barony

I will instruct you in our blessed faith;

Being a clever child, you will soon learn.

(To the others.)

We must be tender with all budding things.

Our Maker let no thought of Calvary

Trouble the morning stars in their first song.

(Puts the crucifix in the inner room.)

THE CHILD. Here is level ground for dancing. I will dance.

The wind is blowing on the waving reeds,

The wind is blowing on the heart of man.

(She dances, swaying about like the reeds.)

MAIRE (to Shawn). Just now when she came near I thought I heard

Other small steps beating upon the floor,

And a faint music blowing in the wind,

Invisible pipes giving her feet the time.

SHAWN. I heard no steps but hers.

MAIRE. Look to the bolt!

Because the unholy powers are abroad.

MAURTEEN (to the child).

Come over here, and if you promise me

Not to talk wickedly of holy things

I will give you something.

THE CHILD. Bring it me, old father!

(Maurteen goes into the next room.)

FATHER HART. I will have queen cakes when you come to me!

(Maurteen returns and lays a piece of money on the table. The child makes a gesture of refusal.)

MAURTEEN. It will buy lots of toys ; see how it glitters !

THE CHILD. Come, tell me, do you love me ?

MAURTEEN. I love you.

THE CHILD. Ah, but you love this fireside.

FATHER HART. I love you.

THE CHILD. But you love Him above.

BRIDGET. She is blaspheming.

THE CHILD (to Maire). And do you love me ?

MAIRE. I—I do not know.

THE CHILD. You love that great tall fellow over there ;

Yet I could make you ride upon the winds,

Run on the top of the dishevelled tide,

And dance upon the mountains like a flame !

MAIRE. Queen of the Angels and kind Saints, defend us !

Some dreadful fate has fallen ; a while ago

The wind cried out and took the primroses,

And she ran by me laughing in the wind,

And I gave milk and fire, and she came in

And made you hide the blessed crucifix.

FATHER HART. You fear because of her wild, pretty prattle ;
She knows no better.

(To the child.)

Child, how old are you ?

THE CHILD. When winter sleep is abroad my hair grows
thin,

My feet unsteady. When the leaves awaken

My mother carries me in her golden arms.

I will soon put on my womanhood and marry

The spirits of wood and water, but who can tell

When I was born for the first time ? I think

I am much older than the eagle cock

That blinks and blinks on Ballygawley Hill,

And he is the oldest thing under the moon.

FATHER HART. She is of the faery people.

THE CHILD. I am a Brig's daughter.

I sent my messengers for milk and fire,

And then I heard one call for me and came.

(They all, except Maire, gather about the priest for protection. Maire stays on the settle in a stupor of terror. The child takes primroses from the great bowl and begins to strew them between herself and the priest and about Maire. During the following dialogue Shawn goes more than once to the brink of the primroses, but shrinks back to the others timidly.)

The Speaker

FATHER HART. I will confront this mighty spirit alone.
 (They cling to him and hold him back.)

THE CHILD (while she strews the primroses).

No one whose heart is heavy with human tears
 Can cross these little cressets of the wood.

FATHER HART. Be not afraid; the Father is with us,

And all the nine angelic hierarchies,
 The Holy Martyrs and the Innocents,
 The adoring Magi in their coats of mail,
 And He who died and rose on the third day,
 And Mary, with her seven times wounded heart.

(The child ceases strewing the primroses, and kneels
 upon the settle beside Maire and puts her arms
 about her neck.)

Cry, daughter, to the Angels and the Saints.

THE CHILD. You shall go with me, newly-married bride,
 And gaze upon a merrier multitude;
 White-armed Nuala and Aengus of the birds,
 And Feacra of the hurtling foam, and him
 Who is the ruler of the western host,
 Finvarra, and their Land of Heart's Desire,
 Where beauty has no ebb, decay no flood,
 But joy is wisdom. Time an endless song.
 I kiss you and the world begins to fade.

FATHER HART. Daughter, I call you unto home and love!

THE CHILD. Stay, and come with me, newly-married bride,
 For, if you hear him, you grow like the rest:
 Bear children, cook, be mindful of the churn,
 And wrangle over butter, fowl, and eggs,
 And sit at last there, old and bitter tongue,
 Watching the white stars war upon your hopes.

FATHER HART. Daughter, I point you out the way to heaven.

THE CHILD. But I can lead you, newly-married bride,
 Where nobody gets old and crafty and wise,
 Where nobody gets old and godly and grave,
 Where nobody gets old and bitter of tongue,
 And where kind tongues bring no captivity,
 For we are only true to the far lights
 We follow singing, over valley and hill.

FATHER HART. By the dear name of the one crucified,
 I bid you, Maire, come to me.

THE CHILD. I keep you in the name of your own heart!

(She leaves the settle, and, stooping, takes up a mass
 of primroses and kisses them.)

We have great power to-night, dear golden folk,
For he took down and hid the crucifix.
And my invisible brethren fill the house;
I hear their footsteps going up and down.
O, they shall soon rule all the hearts of men
And own all lands; last night they merrily danced
About his chapel belfry! (To Maire) Come away,
I hear my brethren bidding us away.

FATHER HART. I will go fetch the crucifix again.

(They hang about him in terror and prevent him from moving.)

BRIDGET. The enchanted flowers will kill us if you go.

MAURTEEN. They turn the flowers to little twisted flames.

SHAWN. The little twisted flames burn up the heart.

THE CHILD. I hear them crying, "Newly-married bride,
Come to the woods and waters and pale lights."

MAIRE. I will go with you.

FATHER HART. She is lost, alas!

THE CHILD (standing by the door).

But clinging mortal hope must fall from you
For we who ride the winds, run on the waves,
And dance upon the mountains, are more light
Than dewdrops on the banners of the dawn.

MAIRE. O take me with you.

(Shawn goes over to her.)

SHAWN. Beloved, do not leave me!

Remember, when I met you by the well
And took your hand in mine and spoke of love.

MAIRE. Dear face! Dear voice!

THE CHILD. Come, newly-married bride!

MAIRE. I always loved her world—and yet—and yet—
(Sinks into his arms.)

THE CHILD (from the door).

White bird, white bird, come with me, little bird.

MAIRE. She calls to me!

THE CHILD. Come with me, little bird.

MAIRE. I can hear songs and dancing.

SHAWN. Stay with me!

MAIRE. I think that I would stay—and yet—and yet—

THE CHILD. Come, little bird, with crest of gold!

MAIRE (very softly). And yet—

THE CHILD. Come, little bird, with silver feet!

(Maire dies, and the child goes.)

SHAWN. She is dead!

The Speaker

BRIDGET. Come from that image; body and soul are gone.

You have thrown your arms about a drift of leaves
Or bole of an ash-tree changed into her image.

FATHER HART. Thus do the spirits of evil snatch their prey

Almost out of the very hand of God;

And day by day their power is more and more,

And men and women leave old paths, for pride
Comes knocking with thin knuckles on the heart.

A VOICE (singing outside).

The wind blows out of the gates of the day,

The wind blows over the lonely of heart,

And the lonely of heart is withered away

While the faeries dance in a place apart,

Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,

Tossing their milk-white arms in the air;

For they hear the wind laugh and murmur and sing

Of the land where even the old are fair,

And even the wise are merry of tongue;

But I heard a reed of Coolaney say,

“ When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung,

The lonely of heart is withered away.”

(The song is taken up by many voices, who sing loudly, as if in triumph. Some of the voices seem to come from within the house.)

CURTAIN.



Love Me Not for Comely Grace

ANONYMOUS.

Love me not for comely grace,

For my pleasing eye or face,

Nor for any outward part:

No, nor for a constant heart;

For those may fail or turn to ill,

So thou and I shall sever.

Keep therefore a true woman's eye,

And love me still, but know not why!

So hast thou the same reason still

To dote upon me forever.

The Wee Tay Table*

BY SHAN F. BULLOCK.

(Arrangement by Mary Agnes Doyle.)

[The scene of this sketch of Irish peasantry is a hay field. Two Irish women, Anne Daly and Judy Brady, are enjoying a hearty laugh at the expense of Mrs. Breen, who, much to the amusement of her neighbors, imitates the manners and customs of the gentry. Anne Daly tells the story.]

WASN'T it wonderful to the world the figure she cut? she and her airs and fooleries and make-believes? Aw, but do you mind the last time we saw her in Bunn fair—all decked out like a draper's window with flowers and ribbons, and a wee bonnet, and high-heeled boots, and the sorrow knows what. Aw, do you mind that? And mind the tay party she gave one time, and the wee tablecloth? Aw, heavenly hour, do you mind that affair?

“A tablecloth wi' a fringe to it, an' it not the size of an apron!”

“A calfskin spread on the flure, an' John's ould hat stuffed wi' flowers!”

“Wid ye like three lumps or four, Mrs. Flaherty?” says she. Aw, dear heart alive!

“What friend is this of yours and Judy's that you are stripping of her character?”

“An' did ye hear us bletherin' about that? Aw, now.”

“The lassie we were talkin' about is a marrit woman, one Hannah Breen, an' she lives in a big house on the side o' the hill over there towards the mountain. The husband's a farmer, an easy-goin', good-hearted lump of a man, wi' a good word for ould Satan himself, an' a laugh always ready for everythin'. But the wife, Hannah, isn't that kind. Aw, 'deed she isn't. It's a lady Hannah must be; a real live lady. It's step out o' bed at eight o'clock in the mornin' Hannah must do, an' slither down to her tay, an' have it all

in grandeur in the parlor. If ye'd only see her, Mr. Jan, stalkin' in through the chapel gates, wi' her skirts tucked up; an' black kid gloves on her fists; an' a bonnet on her wi'out a string to it; an' light shoes on her; an' a big hole in the heel o' her stockin'; an' her nose in the air; an' her snif-fin' at us all jist as if we were the tenants at the butter show an' herself me lady come to prance before us all an' make herself agreeable for five minutes or so. Aw, Lord, Lord, if ye could only see her, Mr. Jan. Ho, ho, childer. Ho, ho!

"An' to see her sittin' in the ould ramshackle of a cart, as straight in the back an' as stiff as a ramrod, an' her face set like a plaster image. Aw, sure," cried Anne, and threw up a hand, "aw, sure, it's past the power o' mortal tongue to tell about her."

"Well, one day, then, sometime last summer, Hannah—beggin' her ladyship's pardon, but I mean Mrs. Breen—decks herself out, ties on her bonnet, pulls on her kid gloves, an' steps out through the hall dure. After a while she comes to the house of Mrs. Flaherty (herself that told me), crosses the street, and knocks po-lite on the dure.

"'Aw, is Mrs. Flaherty at home this fine day?' axes Hannah when the dure opens an' wee Nancy puts out her tattered head. 'Is Mrs. Flaherty at home?' says she.

"'She is so, but she'd be out at the well,' says the wee crature.

"'Then, if you please, when she comes back,' says she, 'would ye be kindly handin' her that, wi' Mrs. Breen's compliments?'—an' out of her pocket Hannah pulls a letter, gives it to Nancy, says good evenin' to the wee mortal, gathers up her skirt, an' steps off in her grandeur through the hens and ducks back to the road. Well, on she goes another piece, and laves one to Mary Dolan and another to Sally Hogan.

"Very well, childer. Home Jane comes from the well, an' there's Nancy wi' the letter in her fist. 'What the wourld's this?' says Jane, an' tears it open; an' there, lo an' behold ye, is a bit of a card, an' on it an invite to come an' have tay with me bould Hannah, on the next Wednesday evenin', at five o'clock, p.m.—whatever in glory p.m. may be after meanin'; an' when Mary Dolan opens hers there's the same invite; an' when Sally Hogan opens hers out drops the same bit of a card on the flure; an' Sally laughs, an' Mary laughs, an' Jane laughs; an' the three o' them, what wi' the

quareness o' the business, an' the curiosity of them to see Hannah at her capers, puts their heads together, an' laughs again, an settles it that, sorrow take them, but go they'll go. An' go they did. Go they did." (*Laughs.*)

" Aw, childer, dear, aw, go they did." (*Laughing heartily.*)

" Good girl, Anne, aw, an' go they did, Judy; go they did."

" Well, hearts alive, Wednesday evenin' comes at last, an' sharp to five o'clock away the three of them goes to Hannah's hall dure, an' sure enough the first dab on the knocker brings a fut on the flags inside, an' there's Kitty, the servant-girl, in her boots and her Sunday dress, an' a white apron on her, standin' before them.

" 'Aw, an' is that you, Kitty Malone?' says Sally. ' An' how's yourself, Kitty, me dear? An' wid Mrs. Breen be inside?' says she.

" 'She is so, Mrs. Hogan,' answers Kitty, an' bobs a kind of a courtesy. ' Wid ye all be steppin' in, please?'

" An' away the three o' them goes at Kitty's heels up to the parlor. Aw, heavenly hour. Aw, childer, dear!

" 'Twas the funniest kind of a place, Jane allowed, that iver she dropped eyes on. There was a sheepskin, lyin' woolly side up, in front o' the fire-place, an' a calfskin near the windy—"

" 'Ay, a calfskin,' said Judy Brady; "aw, te-he!"

" An' a dog-skin over by the table, an' the flure was painted brown about three fut all round the walls. There was pieces o' windy curtain over the backs o' the chairs; there was a big fern in the corner; there was an ould straw hat o' John's stuffed full o' flowers, hangin' on the wall, an' standin' against the wall, facin' the windy, was a wee table wi' a cloth on it about the size of an apron, an' it wi' a fringe on it, no less, an' it spread skew-wise on it, an' lookin' for all the world like a white ace o' diamonds; an' on the cloth was a tray wi' cups an' saucers an' sugar an' milk, an' as much bread an' butter, cut as thin as glass, as ye'd give a sick child for its supper. Aw, heavenly hour," cried Anne, "heavenly hour!

" Well, childer, the three looks at it all, an' looks at each other, an' shifts on their chairs, an' looks at each other again; an' says Mary Dolan, at last:

" 'We're in clover, me dears,' says she; 'judgin' be the spread beyant'—an' she nods at the wee table.

" Thin the dure opens, an in steps me darlint Hannah.

" 'Good-evenin', ladies all,' says Hannah, marchin' in wi'

The Speaker

some kind of a calico affair, made like a shroud, an' frills on it' hangin' on her. 'Good evenin', ladies,' says she, an' wi' her elbow cocked up in the air. 'It's a very pleasant afternoon (them was the words), an' I'm very pleased to see ye all,' says she.

"Well, dears, Hannah sits her down, puts her elbow on a corner o' the ace of diamonds, rests her cheek on her hand, an' goes on talkin' about this an' that, but sorrow a move did she make to shift her elbow off the wee tablecloth, an' not a sign o' tay was there to be seen. Aw, not a one. Ten minutes went, an' twenty, an' half an hour; an' at that, up Mary Dolan stretches her arms, gives a powerful big yawn, an' says she: 'Och, my,' says she, 'but the throat's dry in me.' An' with the hint up gets Hannah in her frilled shroud, crosses the calfskin, opens the dure, an' calls for Kitty. 'Yis, Mrs. Breen,' answers Kitty from the kitchen. 'Serve tay,' calls Hannah; then closes the dure an' steps back to her chair by the wee table.

"In about ten minutes here comes me darlint Kitty; carries the tay-pot on a plate over to the table, an' plants it down slap in the middle o' the ace o' diamonds. But Hannah, standin', pours the tay into the wee cups.

"'Hand the cups to the ladies, Kitty,' says she, an' sits her down.

"Well, childer, dear, Kitty steps from the calfskin, lifts two cups an' saucers from the tray, carries them across the flure, an' offers one to Jane Flaherty wi' this hand, an' t'other to Sally Hogan wi' that hand. An' Sally looks at the cup an' then at Kitty, an' Jane looks at Kitty an' then at the cup; an' says Sally:

"'Is it take it from ye ye'd have me do, Kitty Malone?' says she.

"'It is so,' answers Kitty, wi' a grin.

"'An' where in glory wid ye have me put it, Kitty Malone? Sure—sure there's no table next or near me,' says she.

"'It's afternoon tay, Mrs. Hogan,' says Hannah across the flure, 'an' at afternoon tay tables aren't fashionable.'

"'Well, thank God, Hannah Breen,' says Mary Dolan, 'that afternoon tay, as ye call it, has only come my way once in me life. Take the cup in your hand, Sally Hogan,' says Mary, 'an' if ye break it bad luck go with it, an' if ye don't ye've been a lady for once in your life; an' if so be I choke meself wi' the full o' that thimble-wi'-a-handle-on-'t, ye'll do me the favor to tell Pat I died. An' if such things go .

well wi' afternoon tay, Kitty agra, I'd trouble ye for a look at a spoon.' Aw, me bould Mary!" cried Anne, and laughed in her glee. "Ye were the girl for Hannah, so ye were. Aw, ho, ho!"

"Then begins the fun, me dears. First of all, Sally Hogan, in trying to lift a bit o' bread an' butter from a plate that Kitty held before her, must spill her tay over her lap an' start screechin' that she was kilt. Then, Mary Dolan must finish her cup at a gulp. Then, Sally Hogan, again must get a crumb in her throat an' bring the whole room to thump her on the back. Then, Jane Flaherty gets a second cup wi' no sugar in it, an' makes a face like a monkey's an' gives a big splutter, an' sets Kitty Malone off into a fit o' laughin'; an' Kitty sets Jane off, an' Jane sets Mary off, an' Mary sets Sally off; an' there sits Hannah in her calico shroud, wi' a face on her like a child cuttin' its teeth, an' her arm out, an' her shoutin' for Kitty to take herself out o' the room. An' in the middle of it in steps John, Hannah's husband, an' stands lookin' at them all.

"Ho, ho," roars John, an' marches across the calfskin; "what have we here? A tay party. But what, in glory, are ye all doin' over there away from the table? Why don't ye sit over an' have your tay like Christians?" says he. "Come over, ladies; come over this mortal minute," says John; an' I'll have a cup wi' ye meself, so I will."

"Then Hannah rises in her calico shroud. "John," says she, "it's afternoon tay it'll be; an' tables——"

"John," says Hannah again, "where's your manners the day?"

"Ah, manners be hanged," roars John; "give us a cup o' tay, an' quit your nonsense. Come on; come over an' have a cup in comfort wi' me here at the table."

"John," says Hannah again, "ye can't sit at this table. It's too small."

"Well, pull it out from the wall," roars John; "pull it out and let us get round it. Come on; give it a lift across the flure!"

"No, no, John," shouts Hannah. "Ye mustn't, John."

"Out wi' it!"

"No, no, ye can't—aw, ye can't—aw, ye mustn't—no, no, John!"

"An' there was a clatter o' crockery as if a bull had gone slap at a dresser, an' John was standin' like as if he was shot in the middle o' the flure, an' lyin' at his feet was the wee

table, an' the whole o' Hannah's cups an' saucers, an' the tay pot, an' all, in a thousand pieces. Aw, hearts alive; hearts alive!'

"Sure the table was only an' ould dressin' table, an' had only three legs, an' was propped wi' the lame side against the wall; an' when John put it down in the middle of the flure—Aw, now," cried Anne, "that's enough—that's enough! Aw, childer, dear! Aw, me sides, me sides! Aw, ho, ho! Aw, me sides, me sides."



When the Gravy's on the Buckwheats

BY S. E. KISER.

When the gravy's on the buckwheats and the sausages are hot,
 When the steam is floating upward from the shining coffee
 pot,
 When the cook stirs up the batter that was set the night
 before,
 And when little Bob and Clara smack their lips and call for
 more.

Oh, it's then a man is always feeling pretty near his best—
 If there isn't any trouble with the works beneath his vest,
 And it's then he ought to humbly thank the Lord for what
 he's got,

When the gravy's on the buckwheats and the sausages are hot.

There's a fragrance that comes floating from the pancakes on
 the plate,

That should nerve a man to action, make him strong for
 any fate—

There's joy, there's inspiration in the smear on Bessie's chin,
 And it's good to see dear Willie as he scoops the sausage in
 And what sweeter music is there than the rasping, slapping
 sound

That the busy cook produces as she stirs the stuff around?

Oh, each precious, luscious mouthful quickly finds the proper
 spot,

When the gravy's on the buckwheats and the sausages are hot.

Briefs of Debates

RAILROAD POOLING

"Resolved, That the United States should continue its present policy of opposing the combination of railroads."

CHICAGO UNIVERSITY.

THIS POLICY SHOULD BE CONTINUED.

- A. It opposes the combination of naturally rival roads, and not combinations of non-competitive lines for the better organization of industry.
- B. This policy has been consistently developed.
 - 1. It follows the theory of the common-law in the maintenance of free competition.
 - 2. The Interstate Commerce Act of 1887 declared pools and discriminating rates illegal.
 - 3. The Sherman Act of 1890 declared illegal all combinations in restraint of trade.
 - 4. The law has been effectively enforced in three important cases,—those of the Trans-Missouri Freight Association, the Joint-Traffic Association, and the Northern Securities Company.
 - 5. There is now competition in service and equipment between all the large industrial centers.
- C. Competition among railroads is desirable.
 - 1. It develops new territory.
 - 2. It gives better rates and service.
 - a. This is shown by a comparison with the railroads of Europe, the difference not altogether attributable to American enterprise.
 - 3. Discrimination can be guarded against by special statute, such as the Elkins law.
- D. The legalized pool is not desirable.
 - 1. It will not of itself prevent discrimination.
 - a. The temptation to give rebates will still exist.
 - (1) Under any agreement of combination the volume of business done by each road will be the basis for future apportionment of profits.
 - b. Discrimination existed under the pooling agreement before the law of 1887.
 - c. Discrimination exists in England where pooling is legal.
 - 2. It will have evil economic results.
 - a. Charges to the public will be higher.
 - (1) Financial profit is the probable motive of the railroad managers who desire a legalized pool.
 - b. Improvement in service and equipment will be discouraged.

The Speaker

- (1) Assuming that the Commission can set a reasonable limit to profits, it is evident that the railroads can gain nothing by improvements and economies.
- c. A gigantic and powerful combination will be created, which can dictate to shippers, and whose political influence will imperil government control.

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA.

THE PRESENT POLICY SHOULD NOT BE CONTINUED.

- A. The attempt to enforce competition is unwise.
 - 1. Competition between railroads is wrong in principle.
 - 2. The attempt has not been successful.
 - a. The Trans-Missouri Freight Association and Joint Traffic Association have been succeeded by similar organizations, and the Commission admits that the prosecution of these combinations was devoid of benefit.
 - b. The decision in the Northern Securities case has not established real competition between the Great Northern and Northern Pacific Railroads.
 - c. The interests of the public have not been protected.
 - (1) Rates are high and discrimination exists.
 - (2) The competition on trunk lines between the great industrial centers benefits those centers at the expense of non-competitive districts.
 - 3. Competition results in discriminating rates.
 - a. Altering prices is the essence of commercial competition.
 - b. The history of railroads before 1887 proves that discrimination is a consequence of competition.
 - c. The Commission has said that discrimination cannot be prevented while competition exists.
- B. An alternative policy, legalizing pools, should be adopted.
 - 1. Combinations are a reality, and can be controlled only by legally recognizing them as such.
 - 2. Conditions in the past have been best when evasion of the law was tacitly sanctioned.
 - a. The decision in the Trans-Missouri case rendered the business of shippers uncertain until another form of agreement was entered into by the roads.
 - 3. Pooling will prevent discrimination.
 - a. It will remove the chief incentive to such a course.
 - 4. The Interstate Commerce Commission and a great majority of railroad experts favor the legalization of pooling.
 - 5. A commission can supervise the setting of rates, if given power by Congress.

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RECIPROCITY WITH CANADA

"Resolved, That it would be advantageous to the United States to admit Canadian coal and lumber free of duty."

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

THE DUTY SHOULD BE REMOVED.

- A. The natural relation and common interest of the United States and Canada render a tariff wall obnoxious.
- B. The duty on coal is injurious to American consumers.
 1. The manufacturers of New England and consumers of the far West pay a higher price for coal although near to great coal fields of Nova Scotia and British Columbia.
 2. Canadian competition would reduce the cost of coal.
 - a. Even under a tariff, there is large importation.
 - b. It is not probable that Canadian producers would enter into monopolistic combinations with American producers.
- C. The duty on lumber is harmful.
 1. It maintains the present high price of lumber to the consumer.
 2. It endangers our forest supply.
 - a. The high prices lead owners of forest land to cut indiscriminately, whereas Canadian competition would render it unprofitable to cut small trees.
- D. Removal will not sacrifice reciprocity.
 1. High tariff will not force Canada to reciprocity.
 - a. The products of the States, though valuable, are not indispensable to her.
 - b. Utterances of her public men indicate that a tariff suggests retaliation rather than reciprocity.
 2. Having granted a concession we shall be in a better position to ask one.

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BROWN UNIVERSITY.

THE DUTY SHOULD NOT BE REMOVED.

- A. The duty brings a revenue of \$3,000,000 on lumber and \$4,000,000 on coal to the United States.
- B. The duty on lumber should not be removed.
 - 1. It offsets the advantages in production enjoyed by Canada.
 - 2. It makes scientific conservation of forests profitable.
 - a. This is illustrated in the experience of the German government.
- C. The duty on coal should not be removed.
 - 1. This step would not lower prices for the American consumer to any appreciable extent.
 - a. The Canadian production is not large enough to compete with the American output.
 - b. Admission of Hawaiian sugar in 1870 did not lower prices.
 - 2. Any competition would be at the expense of the coal miners in Pennsylvania and West Virginia.
- D. Removal would have general harmful results.
 - 1. It would cause an industrial panic.
 - a. The experience under the Wilson bill shows this.
 - 2. It would be resented by foreign countries, for example the United Kingdom, who would desire a similar concession.
 - 3. It would sacrifice benefits which the United States could obtain through reciprocity concessions.
 - a. Coal and lumber are the two products Canada is most desirous of exporting.
 - b. The reciprocity treaty enjoyed till 1866 was beneficial.

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The Speaker

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Whole No. 10

[It seems especially fitting in this number of the Speaker, given over entirely to selections from modern American oratory, that the editorial comment should deal with one of the foremost American orators. I choose the following for the editorial pages because of the sanity of the appreciation. Prof. J. W. Churchill, of Andover, was one of the foremost of our teachers of public speaking, and one of the most eminent public readers America has known. He knew Wendell Phillips as a man and as an orator, and he wrote from the point of view of one who is intimately acquainted with his subject. I doubt if there is in the literature of oratory more informing, more discriminating criticism than that which follows. Prof. Churchill knew accurately what standards should be established for judging an orator, and by these he has measured Wendell Phillips—sympathetically, but accurately. The following extract is from an article in the Andover Review of March, 1884. Copyright 1884 by Houghton, Mifflin Co., reprinted by special permission P. M. P.]



O speak of Wendell Phillips as the Orator of Popular Reform is to describe his entire career. Except the sacred temple of his hearth, he knew no other devotion than the platform as the tribune of the people. On the threshold of manhood he discovered that his vocation was to act upon his fellowmen by his voice alone. The sources of power in his oratory were peculiarly rich and varied. "There is no true eloquence," says Emerson, "unless there is a man behind the speech." The best blood of an untitled Puritan aristocracy flowed

in his veins. His gentle birth and breeding imparted to his mien and bearing the easy dignity and self-poise of a patrician. Whenever Phillips spoke his audience felt that there was not only a man behind the speech, but a gentleman—one of the brave old Sir Philip Sidney and John Hampden sort. His inherited feeling for what is

Wendell Phillips morally heroic and ideal gave his oratory its captivating power of style; the force of his strenuously earnest and sincere personality gave his eloquence concentration and passion; his exquisite sensibility and fineness of nervous organization prevaded voice, figure, and action with a magnetic charm of reality and naturalness. To explain his oratory is simply to say that God organized Wendell Phillips for "the mystery of commanding" multitudes by speech as He did Jenny Lind by song. It was but *natural* that he should be elegant, noble in form and feature, endowed with genius, and excite the admiration and respect of all around him. He was not merely eloquent, he was eloquence. His daily life was identical with his rhetorical life. His oratory, in its elements, was all of a piece. Ideas, style, and delivery had, in the language of criticism, "the wholeness of good tissue." Hence, the total impression of his marvelous oratory was that of polished power, steadily moving with the unconscious grace of ease.

The historical situation of the most active part of his life furnished him with some of the grandest themes that could engage an ardent soul prevaded with a passion for justice. The air was electric with the spirit of reform. He was called to the dangerous mission of speaking to an excited populace, sometimes aroused to tumult, and he accomplished his mission with the graceful power of a gentleman and a hero. Modern history affords but one parallel, the eloquent Frenchman, Alphonse de Lamartine.

While the peculiar effect of his speaking resided in the nobleness and unity of delivery as the spontaneous expression of his chaste, elegant, and heroic nature, rather than in any one of its details, the elements of power were nevertheless discoverable to critical study. Upon rising to speak, he slowly buttoned his black frock-coat, and advanced to his position upon the plat-

form with the ease and deliberation of a gentleman in his drawing-room. Unlike Webster, he never appeared in the conventional evening dress. Before he opened his

His Manner lips to speak, his presence filled the eye. His attitude was a subject for the sculptor. The weight of the body was usually

supported upon the left foot, with the right slightly advanced at an easy angle, his head bent slightly forward and gently inclined to one side. The attitude was the union of firmness and repose, the perfect economy of muscular effort. The auditor unconsciously felt the force of the orator's own remark,—“In a public speaker, physical advantages are half the battle.”

The chief weapon of his oratory was his voice. In its natural powers it was not remarkable, either for its intensity, volume, or compass. The secret of its physical influence lay partly in its peculiar “quality,” or *timbre*. The musical register was baritone, used in the upper series of the chest notes. With its absolute purity, and its density of vibratory resonance, his voice possessed a carrying power that penetrated to every part of any large audience-room. The *character* of his voice—the man in it—had the effect of “finding” its auditor. It had an *intimate* tone, as if it were speaking to each one as an unknown friend. To our ear it was the penetrating mellowness of the flute rather than the

His Voice stirring note of the bugle. Another element in its magical charm was the easy method of its production. The beauty and sweetness of the instrument was much, but it needed the skillful artist to make and control the music. The modulations were regulated by the sureness of his perfect taste. They were the flexible intonations of elevated conversation. His modulation, like his style and diction, was the perfection of talking to people. It had the indescribable grace of genuineness, and the note of distinction which marks the conversational tones of a true gentleman.

In the rate of utterance he achieved the rare excellence of speaking deliberately without seeming slow. He was thus enabled to secure audibility and distinctness by giving sufficient time, or “quantity” to the formation of the open vowels and a clear-cut stamp to

the consonants. Who ever heard of Wendell Phillips mar his speaking by hurry? Yet who ever heard him when he did not speak like a man *alive?* His natural sense of perfection in his art led him to conform his pronunciation to the best standards. He possessed the power of inventing significant words and phrases with a peculiarly impressive effect. Whenever he wished the audience to weigh any important thought he had just uttered, he made a most skillful use of the emphatic pause. Sometimes the pause would be made before the word; then the word came with the added value of an aroused curiosity. But when his voice stopped, his mind did not. The interval was always filled with some expressiveness of manner that enhanced the vividness of the thought.

The dramatic expression of emotion he almost never indulged in. There was no "start theoretic" in his sincere manner. There was no tears in this beautiful voice. His was a nature full of tenderness, but not of pathos.

His Gestures Who could lodge a witticism or tell a story with more deftness, point, and refinement of manner? This melodious tongue had not only the honey of the bee, it had also its sting. In his most pitiless invective—and Edmund Burke was no great master of this terrible weapon—his eyes were half closed in withering scorn, and his voice smooth, steady, and low.

His action was characterized by a manly force, un-studied grace, significance, and just precision. His gesture was neither vehement nor redundant. No speaker ever better understood or more finely illustrated than he did the famous dictum concerning action,—"In the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a *temperance* that may give it smoothness." Nor did he enfeeble his delivery by too much action, any more than he weakened his vocal expression by over emphasis. The effectiveness of his action resided in its significance and its comparative rarity, neither overdoing the significant nor multiplying the insignificant movements. And yet, it was managed with so much ease and propriety that his auditors were deceived as to its frequency. He made many more gestures than he was supposed to have made.

The difficult art of gracefully standing still before an audience he observed to perfection. The hands either hung quietly by the side, or were clasped behind or in front of him; a gesture made with one hand would sometimes be finished by allowing it to rest upon the body, or action with both hands would occasionally terminate with hands clasped and gently resting upon the body. He had no favorite mode of rest, but used all modes in a self-forgetful way. His changes of position were few, and in a narrow space. He never walked the platform. No man could be more perfectly at home upon the stage. All was animation, grace, energy, and self-possession. He was artistic with unpremeditated art. Every look, motion, and attitude seemed demanded by the sentiment being uttered, and was an integral element of the thought itself. He had that mastery of art by which he instinctively regulated all impulses to the law of beauty in attitude and movement.

His public speaking was his part of a public conversation addressed, as it were, to the farthest auditor. He instinctively modified his natural voice in pitch, force, and movement to suit the size of the audience-room and the local circumstances of delivery. The great master's colloquial simplicity and naturalness never could be successfully imitated. There were no tricks, eccentricities, or artifices for copyists to catch and appropriate. Many speakers consciously cultivate his repressed style, and fondly suppose that they are impressing people by their quiet manner. As disciples of "culture" they aim at being calm and "classical," but succeed only in realizing the description of the face of Tennyson's Maud:

"Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null."

Their moderation is mediocrity, their delicacy is weakness, because they copy only the repose of his outward manner, and possess little or nothing of the white heat of his inward fire.

Here we touch upon the moral part of his delivery. With perfect power over voice and action, his speaking, when actually confronting an audience, was entirely an affair of the soul. The character of the speaker—his sincerity, sympathy, uprightness, and intense moral earnestness—came to the front. He completely realized

**His
Message**

Cato's ideal of an orator—"A good man who understands speaking." Mr. Phillips's audience felt that he was not merely a man of brilliant talents, but a man of moral power. They saw before them a good man inspired by a profound moral passion, with the power to *communicate* his inspiration. His fire kindled their fire. As Emerson finely puts it, "The essential thing in eloquence is heat, and heat comes of sincerity." But in Phillips's case it was heat held in perfect mastery. He never lost his self-possession by allowing himself to be carried away. He impressed his audience with the influence of reserved power, but he had an abundance of mental, emotional and moral power to reserve.

The interesting question concerning his method of oratorical training and habits of preparation it is to be hoped, will be fully answered in his authorized biography. In response to a remark complimentary to his easy power of extemporaneous address, he said it was the result of hard work, the joint product of temperament and experience, the fruit of close self-scrutiny and study of audiences while on his feet, and *incessant practice* in public speaking. "The chief thing that I am at," he said once, "is to master the subject I wish to speak about, and then earnestly try to get the audience to think and feel as I do about it." What is this but the secret of persuasion? The school-houses and town-halls of New England were his early training-schools. He *once* modestly styled himself "a caucus-speaker." After his Phi Beta Kappa oration at Cambridge, a friend asked him if the address was extemporaneous. "It is already in type," he replied.

**His
Preparation**

"You will see it in the morning papers to-morrow." Without doubt, his power of address was the result of brooding over ideas rather than words, the general cultivation of mental powers, especially by reflecting upon the great events and characters of English and American history, and the renewal of his moral sympathies by frequent spiritual contact with the keen realities of life as he saw them in the mass of men. He doubtless knew his own points of oratorical power, and cherished a single-hearted, disinterested love and care for his precious birth-gift. He could self-forgetfully trust his native and acquired

resources of language and gifts of voice and action. That he was studiously interested in delivery is manifest in his generous criticisms of the qualities of manner in great orators whom he had heard, and in the frequent counsel he gave to young speakers to avail themselves of the best advantages for systematic rhetorical study and practice. He was often an enthusiastic observer of actual training in vocal culture and expressive delivery, and took delight in assisting his young kinsman in preparing their tasks in declamation. "Be yourself," he said, in golden voice to Frederick Douglass in 1845, as the colored orator was starting for a speaking tour in England. "Never use a word in private you would not use in public. Be yourself, and you will succeed."

The Scholar in a Republic

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS

[Though famous as an anti-slavery leader, Wendell Phillips did not withdraw from active life with the success of this movement. Whatever there was that seemed wrong to him claimed him as its champion. Nor did he, as a champion, come for naught. A scholar of wide reading he ranked as an orator with Everett, Clay, and Webster, and used this skill with such effect that he swayed vast audiences and held hostile crowds in check. Unsurpassed in invective, he possessed a wit equalled by no other American orator. "The Scholar in a Republic," delivered at the centennial of the Phi Beta Kappa of Harvard was Phillips last great oration, but the first time he has been asked to speak by his Alma Mater. Though nearly seventy years old, "he was never more himself," said George William Curtiss, "and held an audience, not predisposed to admire, in shuddering delight by the classic charm of his manner and the brilliancy of his unsparing censure of educated men as recreant to political progress."]



 STANDING on Saxon foundation, and inspired, perhaps, in some degree by Latin example, we have done what no race, no nation, no age, had before dared even to try. We have founded a republic on the unlimited suffrage of the millions. We have actually worked out the problem that man, as God created him, may be trusted with self-government. We have shown the world that a church without a bishop, and a state without a king, is an actual, real, everyday possibility. Look back over the history of the race; where will you find a chapter that precedes us in that achievement? Greece had her republics, but they were the republics of a few free-men and subjects and many slaves; and "the

battle of Marathon was fought by slaves, unchained from the door-posts of their masters' houses." Italy had her republics; they were the republics of wealth and skill and family, limited and aristocratic. The Swiss republics were groups of cousins. Holland had her republics, a republic of guilds and landholders, trusting the helm of state to property and education. And all these, which at their best held but a million or two within their narrow limits, have gone down in the ocean of time.

A hundred years ago our fathers announced their sublime, and, as it seemed then, foolhardy declaration,—that God intended all men to be free and equal: all men, without restriction, without qualification, without limit. A hundred years have rolled away since that venturesome declaration; and to-day, with a territory that joins ocean to ocean, with fifty millions of people, with two wars behind her, with the grand achievement of having grappled with the fearful disease that threatened her central life and broken four millions of fetters, the great republic, stronger than ever, launches into the second century of her existence. The history of the world has no such chapter in its breadth, its depth, its significance, or its bearing on future history.

What Wycliffe did for religion, Jefferson and Sam Adams did for the state,—they trusted it to the people. He gave the masses the Bible, the right to think. Jefferson and Sam Adams gave them the ballot, the right to rule. His intrepid advance contemplated theirs as its natural, inevitable result. Their serene faith completed the gift which the Anglo-Saxon race makes to humanity. We have only established a new measure of the possibilities of the race; we have laid on strength, wisdom, and skill a new responsibility. Grant that each man's relation to God and his neighbor are exclusively his own concern, and that he is entitled to all the aid that will make him the best judge of these relations, that the people are the source of all power, and that their measureless capacity the lever of all progress; their sense of right the court of final appeal in civil affairs; the institutions they create the only ones any power has a right to impose that the attempt of one class to prescribe the law, the religion, the morals, or the trade of another is both unjust and harmful,—and the Wycliffe and Jefferson of

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history mean this if they mean anything,—then, when in 1867 Parliament doubled the English franchise, Robert Lowe was right in affirming, amidst the cheers of the House, "Now the first interest and duty of every Englishman is to educate the masses—our masters." Then, whoever sees farther than his neighbor is that neighbor's servant to lift him to such higher level. Then, power, ability, influence, character, virtue, are only trusts with which to serve our time.

We all agree in the duty of scholars to help those less favored in life, and that this duty of scholars to educate the mass is still more imperative in a republic, since a republic trusts the state wholly to the intelligent and moral sense of the people.

Shakespeare

BY ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL

[Extract from a lecture under this title, delivered many times throughout the United States.

"Judged solely by his power as an orator, it is doubtful if any nation can to-day produce Robert G. Ingersoll's equal," says Major J. B. Pond, who had an intimate knowledge of all American speakers of his day. "But his creed, in direct opposition to the Christian Church, was a great drawback to his obtaining a just acknowledgement of his powers. Whatever may be said of his teachings no one can deny that the poetry, wit, humor, sarcasm and tender pathos of his oratory should entitle him to rank him among American orators."]



HERE was nothing within the range of human thought, within the horizon of intellectual effort, that he did not touch. He knew the brain and heart of men—the theories, customs superstitions, hopes, fears, hatreds, vices, and virtues of the human race.

He knew the thrills and ecstacies of love, the savage joys of hatred and revenge. He heard the hiss of envy's snakes and watched the eagles of ambition soar. There was no hope that did not put its star above his head, no fear he had nor felt, no joy that had not shed its sunshine on his face. He experienced the emotions of mankind. He was the intellectual spendthrift of the world. He gave with the generosity the extravagance of madness.

Read one play, and you are impressed with the idea that the wealth of the brain of a good man has been exhausted; that there are no more comparisons, no more passions to be expressed, no more definitions, no more philosophy, beauty or sublimity to be put in words; and yet, the next play opens as fresh as the dewy gates of another day.

Shakespeare was the greatest of poets. What Greece and Rome produced was great until his time. "Lions make leopards tame." The great poet is a great artist. He is painter and sculptor. The greatest pictures and statues have been painted and chiseled with words. They outlast all others. All the galleries of the world are poor and cheap compared with the statues and pictures in Shakespeare's book. Language is made of pictures represented by sounds. The outer world is a dictionary of the mind, and the artist called the soul uses this dictionary of things to express what happens in a noiseless and invisible world of thought. First a sound represents something in the outer world, and afterwards something in the inner, and this sound at last is represented by a mark, and this mark stands for a picture, and every brain is a gallery, and the artists—that is to say, the souls—exchange pictures and statues.

All art is of the same parentage. The poet uses words, makes pictures and statues of sounds. The sculptor expresses harmony, proportion, passion, in marble; the composer, in music; the painter in form and color. The dramatist expresses himself not only in words, not only paints these pictures, but expresses his thought in action. Shakespeare was not only a poet, but a dramatist, and expressed the ideal, the poetic, not only in words, but in action. There are the wit, the humor, the pathos, the tragedy of situation, of relation. The dramatist speaks and acts through others—his personality is lost. The poet lives in the world of thought and feeling, and to this the dramatist adds the world of action.

Types are puppets, controlled from without; characters act from within. There is the same difference between characters and types that there is between springs and water-works, between canals and rivers, between wooden soldiers and heroes. In most plays and in most novels the characters are so shadowy that we have to piece them out with the imagination.

The dramatist lives the lives of others, and in order to delineate character must not only have imagination but sympathy with the character delineated. The great dramatist thinks of a character as an entirety, as an individual. In the delineation of character Shakespeare

has no rivals. He creates no monsters. His characters do not act without reason, without motive. Iago had his reasons. In Caliban, nature was not destroyed; and Lady Macbeth certifies that the woman still was in her heart, by saying:—

“Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done’t.”

Shakespeare's characters act from within. They are centers of energy. They are not pushed by unseen hands, or pulled by unseen strings. They have objects, desires. They are persons real, living beings.

In making the frame of a great picture Shakespeare was often careless; but the picture is perfect. In making the sides of the arch he was negligent; but when he placed the keystone it burst into blossom. Of course there are many lines in Shakespeare that never should have been written. In other words, there are imperfections in his plays. But we must remember that Shakespeare furnished the torch that enables us to see these imperfections.

He lived all lives, and through his blood and brain there crept the shadow and the chill of every death, and his soul, like Mazeppa, was lashed naked to the wild horse of every fear and love of hate. The imagination had a stage in Shakespeare's brain, wherepon was set all scenes that lie between the morn of laughter and the night of tears, and where his players bodied forth the false and true, the joys and griefs, the careless shallows and the tragic deeps of universal life.

From Shakespeare's brain there poured a Niagara of gems spanned by fancy's seven-hued arch. He was as many-sided as clouds and many-formed. To him giving was hoarding, sowing was harvest; and waste itself the source of wealth. Within his marvelous mind were the fruits of all thought past the seeds of all to be. As a drop of dew contains the image of earth and sky, so all there is of life was mirrored forth in Shakespeare's brain.

Shakespeare was an intellectual ocean, whose waves touched all the shores of thought; within which were

all the tides and waves of destiny and will; over which swept all the storms of fate, ambition and revenge; upon which fell the gloom and darkness of despair and death and all the sunlight of content and love, and within which was the inverted sky, lit with the eternal stars—an intellectual ocean—towards which all rivers ran, and from which now the isles and continents of thought receive their dew and rain.

John Ruskin

BY NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

[Extract from a lecture frequently delivered on the Lyceum platform, and published in "Great Books as Life Teachers." The Macmillan Co.]



MONG the heroic souls who have sought to recover the lost paradise and recapture the glory of an undefiled and blessed world stands John Ruskin, oft an apostle of gentle words that heal like medicines, and sometimes a prophet of Elijah-like sternness and grandeur, consuming man's sins with words of flame. "There is nothing going on among us," wrote Carlyle to Emerson, "as notable as those fierce lightning bolts Ruskin is copiously and desperately pouring into the black world of anarchy around him. No other man has in him the divine rage against iniquity, falsity, and baseness that Ruskin has, and every man ought to have."

What he taught in theory he first was in character and did in practice. Rich with great wealth, inherited and acquired, he refused interests upon his loans, and having begun with giving away his income, he ended by giving away much of his capital. Unlike that rich young man who went away from Christ sorrowful, John Ruskin gladly forsook all possessions to follow Jesus. The child of leisure, he chose to earn to-morrow's bread by to-day's labor and toil.

Going every whither seeking for pictures and marbles that represented ideal beauty, he used these art treasures not so much for enriching his own life, and happiness, as for diffusing the beautiful and furnishing models to laborers who worked in iron, steel and stone. If other rich men have given money to found working-men's clubs, Ruskin gave himself also, and lent the toilers independence and self-reliance. It is said that through his favorite pupil, Arnold Toynbee, he developed the germ of the social settlements. But his fame rests neither upon his work as an art critic, nor his skill as a prose

author, nor his work as a social reformer; it rests rather upon his unceasing emphasis of individual work as the secret of happiness and progress. If Mazzini preached the gospel of social rights, and Carlyle the gospel of honest work and Matthew Arnold the gospel of culture, and Emerson the gospel of sanity and optimism, John Ruskin's message, repeated in a thousand forms, is one message—never altered and never retreated from—goodness is more than gold and character outweighs intellect. Because he stood for fine, high heroic regimen, he conquered confidence, and has his place among the immortals.

If we search out the fascination of Ruskin's later works, we shall find the secret in their intense humanity. Loving nature, Ruskin's earliest, latest, deepest enthusiasm was for man. With eager and passionate delight, in "Modern Painters" he sets forth the claim of rock and wave, of herb and shrub, upon man's higher life. But the white clouds, the perfumed winds, the valleys covered with tended corn and cattle, the mountains robed in pine as with the garments of God, seemed as nothing compared to man, who goes weeping, laughing, loving through his pathetic career. One morning, crossing the field toward Matterhorn, he met a suffering peasant, and in that hour the mountain became as nothing in the presence of his brother man. In all his later books, therefore, he is a light-bearer seeking to guide men into happiness and virtue. He reminds the weary king and tormented slave alike that the secrets of happiness are in "drawing hard breath over the chisel, or spade, or plow, in watching the corn grow and the blossom set, and after toil, in reading, thinking, in hoping and praying." Would any man be strong, let him work; or wise, let him observe and think; or happy, let him help; or influential, let him sacrifice and serve. Does some youth deny beauty to the eye, books to the mind, and friendship to the heart, that he may gather gold and daily eat stalled ox in a place? Such a one is a prince who hath voluntarily entered a dungeon to spend his time gathering the rotting straw from the damp stones to twist it into a filthy wreath for his forehead. Does some Sansom of industry use his superior wisdom to gather into his hands all the

lines of some branch of trade while others starve? He is like unto a wrecker, who lures some good ship upon the rocks that he may clothe himself with garments and possess purses unwrapped from the bodies of brave men slain by deceit. Wealth, he asserts, is like any other natural power in nature—divine if divinely used. In the hands of a miserly hand wealth is clogged by selfishness and becomes the rivers that “overhelm the plains, poisoning the winds, their breath pestilence, their work famine,” while honest and benevolent wealth is like those rivers that pass softly from field to field, moistening the soil, purifying the air, giving food to man and beast, bearing up fleets of war and peace.

For John Ruskin the modern Pharisee was the man who prayed “God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are; I feast seven days a week, while I have made other men fast.” And against every form of selfishness and injustice he toiled, ever seeking to overthrow the kingdoms of Mammon and Belial, laboring to make his land a “land of royal thrones for kings, a sceptered isle for all the world, a realm of light, a center of peace, a mistress of arts, a faithful guardian of great memories, in the midst of irreverence and ephemeral visions.” But from the first volume of “Modern Painters” to the last pages of the “Praeterita” his own message is, doing is better than seeming, giving is better than getting, and stooping to serve better than climbing toward the throne to wear an outer crown and scepter.

Eulogy of Garfield

BY JAS. G. BLAINE



N the morning of Saturday, July 2, the President was a contented and happy man—not in an ordinary degree, but joyfully, almost boyishly happy. On his way to the railroad station, to which he drove slowly, unconscious enjoyment of the beautiful morning, with an unwonted sense of leisure and a keen anticipation of pleasure, his talk was all in the grateful and gratulatory vein. He felt that after four months of trial his administration was strong in its grasp of affairs, strong in popular favor and destined to grow stronger; that grave difficulties confronting him at his inauguration had been safely passed; that trouble lay behind him and not before him; that he was soon to meet the wife whom he loved, now recovering from an illness which had but lately disquieted and at times almost unnerved him; that he was going to his Alma Mater to renew the most cherished associations of his young manhood, and to exchange greetings with those whose deepening interest had followed every step of his upward progress from the day he entered upon his college course until he had attained the loftiest elevation in the gift of his countrymen.

Surely if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence, and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantoness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death—and

he did not quail. Not alone for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage, he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell—what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendships, what bitter rendering of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic. the fair young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demand. Before him, desolation and great darkness! And his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the centre of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails, whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday

sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

[James G. Blaine was a man worthy of the highest honor his country could bestow, but like Clay, this honor was withheld him. Attacks on his character, afterwards found to be only the slanders of politicians, caused his defeat at more than one convention, and when finally his chance came three words uttered by an injudicious friend caused him the State of New York and the Presidency. At the Republican Convention of 1876, Robert G. Ingersoll said: "Our country asks for a man who is the grandest combination of heart, conscience and brains beneath the flag. That man is James G. Blaine."

At the next convention Garfield received the nomination over Blaine, and upon Garfield's election and inauguration Blaine became Secretary of State. Then came the second great tragedy. The nation was again plunged in grief. Upon James G. Blaine, the martyred President's friend, devolved the duty of pronouncing the eulogy to the nation. Assembled in the Chamber of the House of Representatives were the members of both Houses, The President and Cabinet, the Supreme Court, representatives of foreign governments and many distinguished men. As Blaine ended a solemn hush fell upon the great assembly which deepened the impression of every one present that he had listened to one of the finest and most pathetic orations ever delivered in America.]

Social Responsibilities

BY JOHN BARTHOLOMEW GOUGH

[Extract from a popular lecture as first delivered in Exeter Hall, London, in 1857, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association.]



HERE is a social responsibility that is recognized by society everywhere. The law of the land holds men responsible for the loss or injury to life or limb or property by malice, carelessness, or ignorance. If a chemist gives poison instead of the right prescription through ignorance, you hold him responsible for the results. If a man throws a stone at a passing railway train, it will not do for him to say: "I did not think." It is every man's duty to think what may be the consequences of his acts. If a sentry sleeps at his post, and owing to his carelessness and want of watchfulness mischief ensues, that sentry is held responsible. But there is a social responsibility recognized and enforced by the higher laws of God: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." It is of this responsibility that I would speak.

A slave once stood up before his brethren and said: "Bredren, dis poor ole body ob mine is Massa Carr's slave; de bones an' blood an' sinews an' muscles belong to my massa; he bought dem in de market place, paid a price for 'em,—yes, bredren, dis poor ole body ob mine is Massa Carr's slave—but, glory to God, my soul is de free man ob de Lord Jesus." There is not a poor slave to vice in this metropolis who can say that; and the most pitiful slave on the face of God's footstool is the man "that is bound by the curse of his own sin," that has sold himself for naught.

There are many of your brethren in this city that are festering in the moral pool of degradation, and the question is, what shall we do for them?

They are your brothers. Aye, see that poor miserable creature staggering through your street, the image of God wiped out of the face and the die of the devil

stamped there; the body smitten with disease from head to heel, until he is as loathsome as Lazarus when he lay at the rich man's door. Though you gather your garments about you as you pass him, he is your brother, and you have a responsibility resting upon you in reference to him and his degradation. See that heap of rags living near that corner, with the bonnet pressed upon the face, covered with the mire of the streets; there lies your sister. "But," you may say, "She is drunk." Ah! madam, I do not say it would not be so, but, perhaps, if you had been brought up with all the horrible surroundings that she has, if you had been exposed to the temptations that she has, you would be drunk too.

I ask you, is there not something noble and glorious in the fact of seeking out our brother, not amid the circle of society in which we move, not looking at our visiting list to find him, not looking around the pews in our places of worship to see him, not seeking for him among the Young Men's Christian Associations; but seeking for him in the midst of the haunts of vice and misery, making inquiries not only as to the fact of his degradation but as to our responsibility in reference to that degradation? The most glorious men and women on the face of the earth have sought for their neighbors and their brothers out of their own circle. A poor cobbler in Portsmouth that used to go down upon the warf to find his neighbors among the ragged miserable children, and bribe them with two or three roasted potatoes to come into his little shop, eighteen feet by six, that he might teach them to read and mend their clothes, and cook their food—he was a noble man, and John Pounds was the founder of the Ragged Schools. John Howard found his neighbors in lazarus-houses in Europe. William Wilberforce and his glorious compeers found their neighbors among the negroes of the West Indian plantations; Elizabeth Fry found her neighbors among the half-mad women of Newgate; and she, the heroine of the nineteenth century, found her neighbors among the bruised battered soldiers of the Crimea, and many a soldier in the hospitals of Scutari died with his glazed eyes fixed with love and reverence on the angel face of Florence Nightingale. These are your noble men and women—these are God's heroes.

In 1853 when I first visited this country I was giving an address in a certain place and two persons came up to sign the pledge—the worst specimens I ever saw at a public meeting in my life, though I have seen such in the streets. I can hardly attempt to describe them: the man looked as if the drink had scorched up his neck; he was bowed down, crooked in back, a sort of shiftless creature, as they would say in America, his limbs hanging as if they were half-paralyzed—a perfect victim. And the wife was a horrible looking creature. With all my respect for womankind I felt that an eternity of companionship with such as she with no change, would be hell with no other punishment. She was ragged and her clothes hung loosely about her. She had a thing that might be called a shawl that should have covered her shoulders and neck, but was twisted around one shoulder and came under the arm; she looked as if she would like a fight—a perfect virago—her eye as cold as a piece of grey granite. But she with her husband signed the pledge. Some of the officers with myself watched the whole operation. The secretary was making out certificates of membership for those who were entitled to them by paying sixpence for a beautifully embossed card. The man looked on and said to the woman: "I should like to join the society and get a certificate." She said: "There's sixpence to pay for them things; come along wi' me." "No, no," said her husband: "I want to join the 'ciety and get a ce'tificate and be a member." "There's sixpence to pay," repeated the woman. "no, no, come along."

And there they were one pulling one way and the other the other, when a gentleman came up and said cheerfully: "Well, good people, are you going to sign the pledge?" "We have signed the pledge, sir," said the man; "me and my missus, and we want to join the 'ciety and get a ce'tificate." "Well, why don't you?" Then the man fumbled in his rags as if he had left his pocketbook at home, and said: "There's sixpence to pay." "That need make no difference at all; here's a shilling; make these people out a couple of certificates." The effect of the words was as plain and palpable as the effect of sunlight when its first gleam touches the top of a hill. The man looked before half-idiot and half-beast; and

now he looked half-idiot and half-man. His back seemed to straighten out a little, and there was more appearance of humanity about him. He was called to give his name and he walked up straighter than ever and gave it. I watched the woman. She was working her fingers about her gown as if she would tie it in knots, and looked fiercer than before. The secretary said: "Now, madam, your name if you please." She looked straight before her and was perfectly still. "Come, ma'am, we are waiting; others want to be served; we are waiting for you to sign, if you please." Then one hand went up so quick and dashed away one big drop, and then another, and then she gathered the wretched shawl and held it close over her shoulders and bosom, and then put her naked arm to her face, and the tears and dirt mingled to the tips of her fingers. The one word of kindness and sympathy had stirred the white ashes that covered the last spark of the woman, and she stood, sobbing like a little child as she went and gave her name.

This noble man's work was not done. He came and laid his hand on the shoulder of that filthy creature—did he defile his fingers? No;—and he said to him: "Now, my friend, remember you are one of us." "One of us, sir!" "To be sure. You and your good woman have signed the pledge and have got a certificate saying that you belong to our society, and are one with us." "Did you hear that, ole woman? Did you hear that? Come along; the gen'leman says we are 'one of us.' Come along." And away they went. Twenty-two months afterwards I was introduced to that man by a minister of the Gospel, who said: "He wants to shake hands with you before you go to America." I took the man by the hand—"I am glad to see you, sir," said he. "Mr. Gough, I have been to hear you a great many times and I wanted to bid you God-speed across the water before you go." I said: "Have you ever seen that gentlemen who laid his hand on your shoulder that night?" "No, sir," said he; "never, God bless him! I have never seen him since. It seems to me sometimes, sir, that if I should never see him again in this world but meet him in heaven, I should never get tired of telling him that the words he said to me that night nerved me as no man's words ever nerved me yet. God bless him! My wife, sir, is a changed

woman. We have got children, and we teach them their prayers, and we have got a little bit put in that God Almighty may bless him. Good-bye, Mr. Gough; God bless you!" Is that not worth something? Is it not worth a sacrifice? Is it not worth meeting with all the scorn and contempt of the circle of society in which you move if, by self-denial and self-sacrifice, the blessing of one man ready to perish shall come upon you? It is worth something.

America's Uncrowned Queen

BY HOMER T. WILSON

[Extract from a popular lecture with the above title.]



HE triumphant march of woman began when she held in her arm the infant King in the star-lit manger of Bethlehem. The age preceding the coming of Christ, a period of five hundred years, noted in literature as the golden age of thought, was the most brilliant of all ages of antiquity. Philosophic thought had almost reached its zenith. It was an age of statesmen, philosophers, poets, and artists. An age that gave the world Plato; that heard the thundering eloquence of Demosthenes, and saw the Olympian Jupiter fresh from the hands of the immortal Phidias. But with all its glory and its gifted men, woman was but a slave, groping her way in darkness, until the star of Bethlehem arose and the pathetic voice of a world's Redeemer broke the silence, and His word of love unchained the captive soul when He said, "Son, behold your mother."

Had I the power of an artist I would place on canvas my conception of the most marvelous event in the life of the Compassionate One. I have gazed with rapture upon the greatest paintings of the world's gifted artists. The scene of the crucifixion, by the great master, is so real, so perfect that it seems as if the world's chief tragedy were being acted again. The very earth on which we stand seems to tremble; the rocks of the everlasting hills break from their places and roll to the valley beneath; while the mantle of darkness veils the sun's fair face as he refuses to look upon a scene so cruel. So vivid was the rich delineation, that listening love could hear the expressed agony of the Saviour when the last dark billow rolled over his soul and he said, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

But the picture I would paint is that of Christ in the temple. A wicked, motley group of men approach him, and in the midst of them is a poor, defenceless woman.

One of the wicked group points the finger of scorn at the wounded soul and says, "Master, this woman is guilty." Another voice exclaims, "Yes, Master, I know she is guilty;" and another, speaking with authority, says, "Master, she ought to be stoned according to the law." The calm, clear voice of the Saviour is heard above the clamoring throng as he replies, "You that are without sin may throw the first stone;" and turning from them, he writes a sentence upon the ground, while the wicked wretches hang their heads and skulk like demons away. What a picture! The world's Redeemer in tenderest compassion looking into the face of a broken-hearted woman! Were I an artist I would paint the picture of that helpless victim in Satin's snare. My brush would paint her with colorless cheeks; eyes with the luster of hope and beauty faded; a sunken breast, beneath which you could almost hear the throbs of her broken heart. The Master speaks, and the very fountains of his sympathetic nature flood her benighted soul with light and liberty, when he says, "Go and sin no more." The artists who have painted the "baptismal scene" and "the ascending Christ" placed above His brow a halo of glory, but could I paint the picture just described I would place above his brow a halo of exceeding glory as He breaks the fetters of woman's bondage and proclaims her free.

From the time woman bathed the feet of the Compassionate One with her tears and wiped them with the tresses of her hair, her march has been onward and upward.

Eulogy of Robert E. Lee

BY JOHN WARWICK DANIEL



OLONEL LEE was emphatically a Union man; and Virginia, to the crisis of dissolution, was a Union State. He loved the Union with a soldier's ardent loyalty to the government he served, and with a patriot's faith and hope in the institution of his country. His ancestors had been among the most distinguished and revered of its founders; his own life from youth upward had been spent and his blood shed in its service, and two of his sons, following his footsteps, held commissions in the army.

Unlike the statesmen of the hostile sections, who were constantly thrown into the provoking conflicts of political debate, he had been withdrawn by his military occupations from scenes calculated to irritate or chill his kindly feelings toward the people of the North; and on the contrary—in camp, and field, and social circle—he had formed many ties of friendship with its utmost esteemed soldiers and citizens. There were naught on earth that could swerve Robert E. Lee from the path where, to his clear comprehension, honor and duty lay. To the statesman, Mr. Francis Preston Blair, who brought him the tender of supreme command of the Union forces, he answered: "Mr. Blair, I look upon secession as anarchy. If I owned the four millions of slaves in the South, I would sacrifice them all to the Union. But how can I draw my sword against Virginia?" As the news of Virginia's secession reached him, he resigned his commission in the army of the United States, and thus wrote to his sister who remained with her husband on the Union side: "With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have therefore resigned my commission in the army, and save in the defense of my native State (with the sincere hope that

my poor services may never be needed) I hope I may never be called upon to draw my sword."

A great revolution need never apologize for nor explain itself. There it is!—the august and thrilling rise of a whole population! And the fact that it is there is the best evidence of its right to be there. None but great inspirations underlie great actions. None but great causes can ever produce great events. A people is its own judge. Under God there can be no higher judge for them to seek or court or fear. In the supreme moments of national life, as the lives of individuals, the actor must resolve and act within himself alone. The Southern States acted for themselves, the Northern States for themselves. Virginia for herself. And when the lines of battle formed, Robert Lee took his place in the line beside his people, his kindred, his children, his home. Let his defense rest on this fact alone. Nature speaks it. Nothing can strengthen it. Nothing can weaken it. The historian may compile; the casuist may dissect; the statesman may expatiate; the advocate may plead; the jurist may expound; but, after all, there can be no stronger or tenderer tie than that which binds the faithful heart to kindred and to home. And on that tie—stretching from the cradle to the grave, spanning the heavens, and riveted through eternity to the throne of God on high, and underneath in the souls of good men and true—on that tie rests, stainless and immortal, the fame of Robert E. Lee.

At the bottom of all true heroism is unselfishness. Its crowning expression is sacrifice. The world is suspicious of vaunted heroes. But when the true hero has come, and we know that here he is, in verity, ah! how the hearts of men leap forth to greet him! how worshipfully we welcome God's noblest work,—the strong, honest, fearless upright man. In Robert Lee was such a hero vouchsafed to us and to mankind, and whether we behold him declining command of the federal army to fight the battles and share the miseries of his own people; proclaiming on the heights in front of Gettysburg that the fault of the disaster was his own; leading charges in the crisis of combat; walking under the yoke of conquest without a murmur of complaint; or refusing fortunes to come here and train the youth of his country in the paths of duty,—he

is ever the same meek, grand, self-sacrificing spirit. Here he exhibited qualities not less worthy and heroic than those displayed on the broad and open theatre of conflict, when the eyes of nations watched his every action. Here in the calm repose of civil and domestic duties, and in the trying routine of incessant tasks, he lived a life as high as when, day by day, he marshalled and led his thin and wasting lines, and slept by night upon the field that was to be drenched again in blood upon the morrow. And now he has vanished from us forever. And is this all that is left of him—this handful of dust beneath the marble stone? No! the ages answer as they rise from the gulfs of time, where lie the wrecks of kingdoms and estates, holding up in their hands as their only trophies the names of those who have wrought for man in the love and fear of God, and in love-unfearing for their fellow-men. No! the present answers bending by his tomb. No! the future answers as the breath of the morning fans its radiant brow, and its soul drinks in sweet inspirations from the lovely life of Lee. No! methinks the very heavens echo, as melt into their depths the words of reverent love that voice the hearts of men to the tingling stars.

Come we then to-day in loyal love to sanctify our memories, to purify our hopes, to make strong all good intent by communion with the spirit of him who, being dead yet speaketh. Come, child, in thy spotless innocence; come, woman, in thy purity; come, youth, in thy prime; come, manhood, in thy strength; come, age, in thy ripe wisdom. come, citizen, come soldier; let us strew the roses and lilies of June around his tomb, for he, like them, exhaled in his life Nature's beneficence, and the grave has consecrated that life and given it to us all; let us crown his tomb with the oak, the emblem of his strength, and with the laurel, the emblem of his glory, and let these guns, whose voices he knew of old, awake the echoes of the mountains, that nature herself may join in his solemn requiem. Come, for here he rests, and

On this green bank, by this fair stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may his deeds redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

[John Warwick Daniel, lawyer, politician, orator, was born in Lynchburg, Virginia, 1842. He fought for the Confederacy, and rose to the rank of Colonel. After the war he studied law and soon became active in politics. He spent some years in the State Legislature and since 1885 has been United States Senator from Virginia. In the Senate he has always been recognized as a capable and forceful speaker. His style is unusually passionate and florid. An ex-Confederate himself it is only natural that his heart should be deeply moved and his emotions greatly stirred in this oration delivered at the unveiling of the recumbent figure of General Robert E. Lee, at Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia, 1883.]

The Race Problem in the South

BY HENRY W. GRADY

[An extract of the speech delivered at the annual banquet of the Boston Merchant's Association, December, 1889. "It was his last, as it was best, contribution to the higher politics of the country."—Joel Chandler Harris.]



AR to the south lies the fairest and richest domain of this earth. It is the home of a brave and hospitable people. There, is centered all that can please or prosper humankind. A perfect climate above a fertile soil yields to the husbandman every product of the temperate zone. There, by night the cotton whitens beneath the stars, and by day the wheat locks the sunshine in its bearded sheaf. In the same field the clover steals the fragrance of the wind, and the tobacco catches the quick aroma of the rains. There, are mountains stored with exhaustless treasures; forests vast and primeval; and rivers, that tumbling or loitering, run wanton to the sea. Why is it, sir, though the sectional line be now but a mist that the breath may dispel, fewer men of the North have crossed it over to the South than when it was crimson with the best blood of the republic, or even when the slave-holder stood guard every inch of its way?

There can be but one answer. It is the very problem we are now to consider. The key that opens that problem will unlock to the world the fairer half of this republic, and free the halted feet of thousands whose eyes are already kindled with its beauty. Better than this, it will open the hearts of brothers for thirty years estranged, and clasp in lasting comradeship a million hands now withheld in doubt. My people, your brothers in the South—brothers in blood, in destiny, in all that is best in our past and future—are so beset with this problem that their very existence depends upon its right solution. Nor

are they wholly to blame for its presence. The slave ships of the republic sailed from your ports, the slaves worked in our fields. You will not defend the traffic nor I the institution. But I do hereby declare that in its wise and human administration, in lifting the slave to heights of which he had not dreamed in his savage home, and giving him a happiness he has not yet found in freedom, our fathers left their sons a saving and excellent heritage. In the storm of war this institution was lost. I thank God as heartily as you do that human slavery is gone from the American soil.

But the freedman remains. With him a problem without precedent or parallel. Note its appalling conditions, Two utterly dissimilar races on the same soil, with equal political and civil rights, almost equal in numbers, but terribly unequal in intelligence and responsibility, each pledged against fusion, one for a century in servitude to the other, and freed at last by a desolating war, the experiment sought by neither, but approached by both with doubt,—these are the conditions. Under these, adverse at every point, we are required to carry these two races in peace and honor to the end. Never, Sir, has such a task been given to mortal stewardship. Never before in this republic has the white race divided on the rights of an alien race. The red man was cut down as a weed, because he hindered the way of the American citizen. The yellow man was shut out of this republic because he is an alien and inferior. The red man was owner of the land, the yellow man highly civilizable and assimilable, but they hindered both sections and are gone!

But the black man, affecting but one section, is clothed with every privilege of government and pinned to the soil, and my people commanded to make good at any hazard and at any cost, his full and equal heirship of American privilege and prosperity. It matters not what wherever the blacks and whites have touched, in any era or any clime, there has been irreconcilable violence. It matters not that no two races, however similar, have lived anywhere at any time on the same soil with equal rights in peace. In spite of these things we are commanded to make good this change of American policy which has not perhaps changed American prejudice—to make certain here

what has elsewhere been impossible between whites and blacks—and to reverse, under the very worst conditions, the universal verdict of racial history. And driven, sir, to this super-human task with an impatience that brooks no delay, a rigour that accepts no excuse, and a suspicion that discourages frankness and sincerity. We do not shrink from this trial. It is so interwoven with our industrial fabric that we cannot disentangle it if we would—so bound up in our honorable obligation to the world that we would not if we could. Can we solve it? The God who gave it into our hands, He alone can know. But this the weakest and wisest of us do know: we cannot solve it with less than your tolerant and patient sympathy—with less than the knowledge that the blood that runs in your veins is our blood, and that when we have done our best, whether the issue be lost or won, we shall feel your strong arms about us and hear the beating of your approving hearts.

The resolute, clear-headed, broad-minded men of the South, the men whose genius made glorious every page of the first seventy years of American history, whose courage and fortitude you tested in five years of the fiercest war, whose energy has made bricks without straw and spread splendor amid the ashes of their war-wasted homes,—these men wear this problem in their hearts and their brains, by day and by night. The President of the United States in his late message to Congress, discussing the plea that the South shoud be left to solve this problem, asks: "Are they at work upon it? What solution do they offer? When will the black man cast a free ballot? When will he have the civil rights that are his?"

When will the black man cast a free ballot? When ignorance anywhere is not dominated by the will of the intelligent; when the laborer anywhere casts a vote unhindered by his boss; when the vote of the poor anywhere is not influenced by the power of the rich; when the strong and the steadfast do not everywhere control the suffrage of the weak and shiftless,—then and not till then will the ballot of the negro be free.

Meantime we treat the negro fairly, measuring to him justice in the fulness the strong should give to the weak, and leading him in the steadfast ways of citizenship that

he may no longer be the prey of the unscrupulous and the sport of the thoughtless. We open to him every pursuit in which he can prosper, and seek to broaden his training and capacity. We seek to hold his confidence and friendship, and to pin him to the soil with ownership, that he may catch in the fire of his own hearth-stone that sense of responsibility the shiftless can never know.

The love we feel for that race you cannot measure nor comprehend. As I attest it here the spirit of my old black mammy from her home up there looks down to bless, and through the tumult of this night steals the sweet music of her croonings as thirty years ago she held me in her black arms and led me smiling into sleep. This scene vanishes as I speak, and I catch a vision of an old Southern home, with its lofty pillars, and its white pigeons fluttering down through the golden air. I see women with strained and anxious faces and children alert yet helpless. I see night come down with its dangers and its apprehensions, and in a big homely room I feel on my tired head the touch of loving hands—now worn and wrinkled, but fairer to me yet than the hands of mortal woman, and stronger yet to lead me than the hand of mortal man—as they lay a mother's blessing there while at her knees, the truest altar I yet have found, I thank God that she is safe in her sanctuary, because her slaves, sentinel in the silent cabin or guard at her chamber door, put a black man's loyalty between her and danger.

I catch another vision. The crisis of battle—a soldier struck, staggering, fallen, I see a slave, scuffling through the smoke, winding his black arms about the fallen form, reckless of the hurtling death, bending his trusty face to catch the words that tremble on the stricken lips, so wrestling meantime with agony that he would lay down his life in his master's stead. I see him by the weary bed side, ministering with uncomplaining patience, praying with all his humble heart that God will lift his master up, until death comes in mercy and in honor to still the soldier's agony and seal the soldier's life. I see him by the open grave, mute, motionless, uncovered, suffering for the death of him who in life fought against his freedom. I see him when the mound is heaped and the great drama of that life is closed, turn away and with downcast eyes

and uncertain step start out into new and strange fields, faltering, struggling, but moving on, until his shambling figure is lost in the light of this better and brighter day. And from the grave comes a voice saying: "Follow him! Put your arms about him in his need, even as he puts his about me. Be his friend as he was mine." And out into this new world—strange to me as to him, dazzling, bewildering, both—I follow! And may God forget my people when they forget him.

The Puritan and the Cavalier

BY HENRY WATTERSON

[An extract from his response to the toast "The Puritan and the Cavalier," at the annual dinner of the New England Society of New York City, December, 1897.]



HAVE been to Boston; and when I declare that I found there many things that suggested the Cavalier and did not suggest the puritan, I shall not say I was sorry. But among other things, I found there a civilization perfect in its union of the art of living with the grace of life; an Americanism ideal in its simple strength. Grady told us and told us truly, of that typical American, who, in Dr. Talmage's mind's eye, was coming, but who, in Abraham Lincoln's actuality, had already come. In some recent studies into the career of that great man I have encountered many startling confirmations of this judgment; and from that rugged trunk, drawing its sustenance from gnarled roots, interlocked with Cavalier sprays and Puritan branches deep beneath the soil, shall spring, is springing, a shapely tree—symmetric in all its parts—under whose sheltering boughs this nation shall have the new birth of freedom Lincoln promised it, and mankind the refuge which was sought by the forefathers when they fled from oppression. Thank God, the axe, the gibbet, and the stake have had their day. They have gone, let us hope, to keep company with the lost arts. It has been demonstrated that great wrongs may be redressed and great reforms be achieved without the shedding of one drop of human blood; that vengeance does not purify, but brutalizes; and that tolerance, which in private transactions is reckoned a virtue, becomes in public affairs a dogma of the most far-seeing statesmanship. Else how could this noble city have been redeemed from bondage? It was held like a castle of the Middle Ages by robber barons who levied tribute right and left. Yet have the mounds and dikes of corruption been carried—from buttress to bell tower the walls of

crime have fallen—without a shot out of a gun, and still no fires of Smithfield to light the pathway of the victor, no bloody assizes to vindicate the justice of the cause; nor need of any.

So I appeal from the men in silken hose who danced to music made by slaves and called it freedom, from the men in bell-crown hats who led Hester Prynne to her shame and called it religion, to that Americanism which reaches forth its arms to smite wrong with reason and truth, secure in the power of both. I appeal from the patriarchs of New England to the poets of New England; from Endicott to Lowell; from Winthrop to Longfellow; from Norton to Holmes; and I appeal in the name and by the rights of that common citizenship—of that common origin, back both of the Puritan and the Cavalier, to which all of us owe our being. Let the dead past, consecrated by the blood of its martyrs, not by its savage hatreds, darkened alike by kingcraft and priestcraft—let the dead past bury its dead. Let the present and the future ring with the song of the singers. Blessed be the lessons they teach, the laws they make. Blessed be the eye to see, the light to reveal. Blessed be tolerance, sitting ever on the right hand of God to guide the way with loving word, as blessed be all that brings us nearer the goal of true religion, true republicanism, and true patriotism, distrust of watchwords, labels, shams and heroes, belief in our country and ourselves. It was not Cotton Mather, but John Greenleaf Whittier, who cried

Dear God and Father of us all,
Forgive our faith in cruel lies,
Forgive the blindness that denies.

Cast down our idols—overturn
Our Bloody altars—make us see
Thyself in Thy humanity!

Abraham Lincoln

BY HENRY WATTERSON

[From a lecture given on many Lyceum courses.]



LONG before the guns of Beauregard opened fire upon Fort Sumter, and fulfilling the program of extremism, "blood was sprinkled in the faces of the people," the hustings in America had become a battle-ground, and every rod of debatable territory a ring for controversial mills, always tumultuous, and sometimes sanguinary. No sooner had the camp-fires of the Revolution—which warmed so many noble hearts and lighted so many patriotic lamps—no sooner had the camp-fires of the Revolution died out, than there began to burn, at first fitfully, then to blaze alarmingly in every direction, a succession of forest fires, baffling the energies and resources of the good and brave men who sought to put them out. Mr. Webster, at once a learned jurist and prose poet, might thunder expositions of the written law, to quiet the fears of the slave-owner and to lull the waves of agitation. Mr. Clay, by his resistless eloquence and overpowering personality, might compromise first one and then another of the irreconcilable conditions that obstructed the pathway of conservative statesmanship. To no purpose, except to delay the fatal hour.

There were moving to the foreground moral forces which would down at no man's bidding. The still small voice of emancipation, stifled for a moment by self-interest playing upon the fears of the timid, recovered its breath and broke into a cry for abolition. The cry for abolition rose in volume to a roar. Slowly step by step, the forces of freedom advanced to meet the forces of slavery. Gradually, these mighty, discordant elements approached the predestined line of battle; the gains for a while seeming to be in doubt, but in reality all on one side. There was less and less of middle ground. The middle men who ventured to get in the way were struck

down or absorbed by the one party or the other. The Senate had its Gettysburg; and many and many a Shilo was fought on the floor of the House. Actual war raged in Kansas. The mysterious descent upon Harper's Ferry, like a fire-bell in the night, might have warned all men of the coming conflagration; might have revealed to all men a prophecy in the lines that, quoted to describe the scene, foretold the event—

"The rick-ribbed ledges drip with a silent horror of blood,
And echo there, whatever is asked for, answers:
‘Death.’"

Greek was meeting Greek at last; and the field of politics became almost as sulphurous and murky as an actual field of battle.

Amid the noise and confusion, the clashing of intellects like sabres bright, and the booming of the big oratorical guns of the North and the South, now definitely arrayed, there came one day into the Northern camp one of the oddest figures imaginable; the figure of a man who, in spite of an appearance somewhat at odds with Hogarth's line of beauty, wore a serious aspect, if not an air of command, and pausing to utter a single sentence, that might be heard above the din, passed on and for a moment disappeared. The sentence was pregnant with meaning. The man bore a commission from God on high! He said: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half free and half slave. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided." He was Abraham Lincoln.

He was himself a Southern man. He and all his tribe were Southerners. Although he left Kentucky when but a child, he was an old child; he never was very young; and he grew to manhood in a Kentucky colony; for what was Illinois in those days but a Kentucky colony, grown since somewhat out of proportion? He was in no sense what we in the South used to call a "poor white." Ackward, perhaps; ungainly, perhaps, but inspiring; the spirit

of a hero beneath that rugged exterior, the soul of a prose-poet behind those heavy brows; the courage of a lion back of those patient, kindly aspects; and long before he was of legal age, a leader. His first love was a Rutledge; his wife was a Todd. Let the romancist tell the story of his romance. I dare not. No sadder idyl can be found in all the short and simple annals of the poor.

We know that he was a prose-poet; for have we not that immortal prose-poem recited at Gettysburg? We know that he was a statesman; for has not time vindicated his conclusions? But the South does not know, except as a kind of hearsay, that he was a friend; the one friend who had the power and the will to save it from itself. He was the one man in public life who could have come to the head of affairs in 1861 bringing with him none of the embittered resentments growing out of the anti-slavery battle. Whilst Steward, Chase, Sumner, and the rest had been engaged in hand-to-hand combat with the Southern leaders at Washington, Lincoln, a philosopher and a statesman, had been observing the course of events from afar, and like a statesman and a philosopher. The direst blow that could have been laid upon the prostrate South was delivered by the assassin's bullet that struck him down.

What was the mysterious power of this mysterious man, and whence? His was the genious of common sense; of common sense in action; of common sense in thought; of common sense enriched by experience and unhindered by fear. "He was a common man," says his friend Joshua Speed, "expanded into giant proportions; well acquainted with the people, he placed his hand on the beating pulse of the nation, judged of its disease, and was ready with a remedy." Inspired he was truly; as Shakespeare was inspired; as Mozart was inspired; as Burns was inspired; each, like him sprung directly from the people.

I look into the crystal globe that, slowly turning, tells the story of his life, and I see a little heart-broken boy, weeping by the outstretched form of a dead mother, then bravely, nobly trudging a hundred miles to obtain her Christian burial. I see this motherless lad growing to

manhood amid the scenes that seem to lead to nothing but abasement; no teachers; no books; no chart, except his own untutored mind; no compass except his own undisciplined will; no light, save light from Heaven; yet like the caravel of Columbus, struggling on and on through the trough of the sea, always toward the destined land. I see the full-grown man, stalwart and brave, an athlete in activity of movement and strength of limb; yet vexed by weird dreams and visions; of life, of love, of religion, sometimes verging on despair. I see the mind, grown as robust as the body, throw off these phantoms of the imagination and give itself wholly to the work-a-day uses of the world; the rearing of children; the earning of bread; the multiplied duties of life. I see the party leader, self-confident in conscious rectitude; original, because it was not his nature to follow; potent, because he was fearless, pursuing his convictions with earnest zeal, and urging them upon his fellows with the resources of an oratory which was hardly more impressive than it was many-sided. I see him, the preferred among his fellows, ascend the eminence reserved for him, and him alone of all the statesmen of the time, amid the derision of opponents and the distrust of supporters, yet unawed and unmoved, because thoroughly equipped to meet the emergency. The same being, from first to last; the poor child weeping over a dead mother; the great chief sobbing amid the cruel horrors of war, flinching not from duty, nor changing his life-long ways of dealing with the stern realities which pressed upon him and hurried him onward. And, last scene of all, that ends this strange eventful history, I see him lying dead there in the capitol of the nation, to which he had rendered "the last, full measure of his devotion," the flag of his country around him, the world in mourning, and, asking myself how could any man have hated that man, I ask you, how can any man refuse his homage to his memory? Surely he was one of God's elect; not in any sense a creature of circumstance, or accident.

Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman, and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these

were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence, no drama, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling than that which tells the story of his life and death.



[Ballard Smith says of Henry Watterson that his services to the South and to the country are a part of the history of our time. Of how many other journalists can this be said? A gentleman of the South, an ex-Confederate, he upholds the traditions of both in striving for the good of a reunited country. Southerner as he is, it could be for no other reason than that of his labor for the common good that the New England Society of New York asked him to respond to the toast "The Puritan and Cavalier."]

The Reign of the Common People

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER

[Extract from a lecture delivered in Exeter Hall, London, 1886, when making his last tour of Great Britain.]



HAT has been the result of all these influences which have been superadded to those universal stimuli to which all the civilized world outside of our land has been subject? What has been the result on our side? We have sixty million men, women and children in America; we have common schools for every living soul that is born on that continent—except the Chinese. Now in the States where twenty-five years ago it was a penitentiary offense to teach a slave how to read, we are sending out a thousand educated colored teachers to teach schools, to practice law and medicine through the colored population of the South; the Government is enlisted in their behalf, and the States are proud of their colored schools that a little time ago would have burnt a man who dared to advocate the education of a slave. We are the harbor to which all the sails of the world crowd with emigrants, and we bless God for it. Their letters go back thicker than leaves in autumn to those that are left behind; and we have a vast population from Spain, from Portugal, from Italy, from Hungary, from Austria, from Germany, from Russia; we have a vast population from all the Scandinavian lands, from Scotland, from England, and occasionally from Ireland. Let them come; if you don't want them, we do. It takes a little time, you know, to get them used to things; but whenever the children of foreign emigrants, of whom we have 8,000,000 born and bred in our land; whenever these children have gone through our common schools, they are just as good Americans as if they had not had foreign parents. The common schools are the stomachs

of the republic, and when a man goes in there he comes out after all, American.

I do not suppose that if you were to go and look upon the experiment of self-government in America you would have a very high opinion of it. I have not either if I just look upon the surface of things. Why, men will say: "It stands to reason that 60,000,000 ignorant of law, ignorant of constitutional history, ignorant of jurisprudence, of finance, and taxes and tariffs and forms of currency—60,000,000 people that never studied these things—are not fit to rule. Your diplomacy is as complicated as ours, and it is the most complicated on earth, for all things grow in complexity as they develop toward a higher condition. What fitness is there in these people? Well, it is not democracy merely; it is a representative democracy. Our people do not vote in mass for anything; they pick out captains of thought, they pick out the men that do know, and they send them to the Legislature to think for them, and then the people afterward ratify or disallow them.

But when you come to the Legislature I am bound to confess that the thing does not look very much more cheering on the outside. Do they really elect the best men? Yes; in times of danger they do very generally, but in ordinary time, "kissing goes by favor." You know what the duty of a regular Republican-Democratic legislator is. It is to get back again next winter. His second duty is what? His second duty is to put himself under that extraordinary providence that takes care of legislator's salaries. The old miracle of the prophet and the meal and the oil is outdone immeasurably in our days, for they go there poor one year, and go home rich; in four years they become money-lenders, all by a trust in that gracious providence that takes care of legislators' salaries. Their next duty after that is to serve the party that sent them up and then, if there is anything left of them, it belongs to the commonwealth. Someone has said very wisely, that if a man traveling wishes to relish his dinner traveling he had better not go into the kitchen to see where it is cooked; if a man wishes to respect and obey the law, he had better not go to the Legislature to see where that is cooked.

There are a great many more faults in self-government,

and yet I say that self-government is the best government that ever existed on the face of the earth. How should that be with all these damaging facts? "By their fruits ye shall know them." What a government is, is to be determined by the kind of people it raises, and I will defy the whole world in time past and in time present, to show so vast a proportion of citizens so well off, so contented, so remunerated by their toil. The average of happiness under our self-government is greater than it ever has been or can be, found under any sky, or in any period of human history. And the philosophical reason is not far to find; it belongs to that category in which a worse thing is sometimes a great deal better than a better thing. No man ever yet learned by having somebody else learn for him. A man learns arithmetic by blunder in and blunder out, but at last he gets it. A man learns to write through scrawling; a man learns to swim by going into the water, and a man learns to vote by voting. Now we are not attempting to make a government; we are attempting to teach 60,000,000 of men how to conduct a government by self-control, by knowledge, by intelligence, by fair opportunity to practice. It is better that we should have 50,000,000 of men learning through their own mistakes how to govern themselves, than it is to have an arbitrary government with the whole of the rest of the people ignorant.

Modern Chivalry

BY HENRY RUBBELL CHAPIN

[Extract from a popular lecture delivered more than three hundred times on the Lyceum platform.]



E are told that the age of chivalry has passed away, but its conditions, its characteristics and its work are existent still, and likely to exist. Let us consider the characteristics of chivalry that appear in our time. The forms of life differ, the spirit abides. We do not expect to see the old knightly character in our times. We do not expect Tennyson's modern Arthur to come out with the old paraphernalia—with the golden dragon on his breast. We may divide society into three orders—men who have bad principles; men who contrive to have principles that pay; and men who cannot afford to have any principles. We admire because we cannot help admiring heroism even in a wrong cause. Even in the conditions of old despotism, the better part of our nature gravitates to him who preserves his courage and self-respect,—in other words, the substance of manhood. There is a recognized chivalry about a man who is a man. Noble souls know each other. When the pure spirit of manhood gets diluted, and runs in a thin decoction of maple-sap and bass-wood, the case has grown alarming. Is not the cause to be found in the fact that men are not chivalric enough to stand by their own souls? Is not this the reason that they act in masses as they would not act in units? How else can the fact be accounted for, that they would do things for their party which, outside of such associations, they would not consent to have a decent dog do for them? In how many instances does it appear that high public office is sure to spoil a man! Put him in Jonathan, he comes out Judas! He enters as a respectable merchant, or lawyer, or farmer, and comes out a politician by profession and a thimble rigger by practice. The fact is the time wants men—

good men. Great men are none too plenty, but we do not want all great men, any more than we want to make up our winter's stock of exhibiton apples and potatoes. We want good and true men in the field, in the market, in the counting-room, and at home, wherever they touch the deepest life of the country or the life of coming generations. We want men, not noisy and loudmouthed, but men who are felt as electricity is felt, that lives, but makes no racket, in the summer air.

But in this age there is that which was best in the age of chivalry, and must be best in any age, or the world itself would die. Here is the spirit of generous sentiment, here is the spirit of noble performance, here is the manifestation of a love that goes out beyond self, of a faith that, looking beyond estimates, fastens on the permanent, and a heroism that bravely tries to do what should be done. God holds the world in his own hand, and keeps the springs of its vitality fresh. In every age, some men, by their faithfulness, have kept alive the core of good there was in it, and by their heroism they have conquered for it a larger good. In the paralysis of virtue, in the profligacy of crime, around their hearts its lifeblood has rallied; and when nowhere within the lives of old civilization such men could be found, see how they have started up in barren deserts and primeval forests, and among despised and unconsidered races! the Goth sweeps down, from his Northern lair; to pour his simple virtues and youthful vigor into the body that Rome had left exhausted and diseased; the Arab, carrying his one sublime truth with the sword-sweep of desolation; the Puritan, in his flight, picks up the scattered seeds of Liberty, and, standing on a bleak rock by the sea, lets the winds winnow them over a continent. If at any time we consider the spontaneous sympathies of men, we shall find that they gravitate to that which is noblest and best. Men may be found who make a great clatter with ferocious sentiments and inhuman doctrines, but they cannot assimilate them to the vital substance of their nature, any more than they can eat lignumvitæ. Thank God! the human heart can never be bought. The lips, the acts, the soul, may be bought, not the heart; and the heart beats with thunder-strokes that cannot be repressed against the base, the cruel, the despotic thing. And so, when-

ever genuine chivalry flashes out, it is always recognized, and responsive sympathy proves it to be the deepest movement of the day and time. This sympathy for that which is right and good runs through every age. King Henry "Follow my White Plume!" Sidney's draught to the soldier, Nelson's battle signal at Trafalgar, Lawrence's "Don't give up the ship!"—all such things as these jar upon chords that will vibrate while the world lasts.



Influence of Universities

BY GROVER CLEVELAND

[Delivered at the Sesqui-Centennial of the Signing of the Charter of the College of New Jersey (Princeton University), October 22, 1896. An extract.]



BVIOUSLY a government resting upon the will and universal suffrage of the people has no anchorage except in the people's intelligence. While the advantages of a college education are by no means necessary to good citizenship, yet the college graduate, found everywhere, cannot smother his opportunities to teach his fellow-countrymen and influence them for good, nor hide his talents in a napkin, without recreancy to a trust.

In a nation like ours, charged with the care of numerous and widely varied interests, a spirit of conservatism and toleration is absolutely essential. A collegiate training, the study of principles unvexed by distracting and misleading influences, and a correct apprehension of the theories upon which our republic is established, ought to constitute the college graduate a constant monitor, warning against popular rashness and excess.

The character of our institutions and our national self-interest require that a feeling of sincere brotherhood and a disposition to unite in mutual endeavor should pervade our people. Our scheme of government in its beginning

was based upon this sentiment, and its interruption has never failed and can never fail to grievously menace our national health. Who can better caution against passion and bitterness than those who know by thought and study their baneful consequences and who are themselves within the noble brotherhood of higher education?

The activity of our people and their restless desire to gather to themselves especial benefits and advantages lead to the growth of an unconfessed tendency to regard their government as the giver of private gifts, and to look upon the agencies for its administration as the distributors of official places and preferment. Those who in university or college have had an opportunity to study the mission of our institutions, and who in the light of history have learned the danger to a people of their neglect of the patriotic care they owe the national life intrusted to their keeping, should be well fitted to constantly admonish their fellow-citizens that the usefulness and beneficence of their plan of government can only be preserved through willingness to accept in full return the peace, protection, and opportunity which it impartially bestows.

Not more surely do the rules of honesty and good faith fix the standard of individual character in a community than do these same rules determine the character and standing of a nation in the world of civilization. Neither the glitter of its power, nor the tinsel of its commercial prosperity, nor the gaudy show of its people's wealth can conceal the cankering rust of national dishonesty, and cover the meanness of national bad faith. A constant stream of thoughtful, educated men should come from our universities and colleges preaching national honor and integrity, and teaching that a belief in the necessity of national obedience to the laws of God is not born of superstition.

When the excitement of party warfare presses dangerously near our national safeguards, I would have the intelligent conservatism of our universities and colleges warn the contestants in impressive tones against the perils of a breach impossible to repair.

When popular discontent and passion are stimulated by the arts of designing partisans to a pitch perilously near to class hatred or sectional anger, I would have our

universities and colleges sound the alarm in the name of American brotherhood and fraternal dependence.

When the attempt is made to delude the people into the belief that their suffrages can change the operation of national laws, I would have our universities and colleges proclaim that those laws are inexorable and far removed from political control.

When selfish interest seeks undue private benefits through governmental aid, and public places are claimed as rewards of party service, I would have our universities and colleges persuade the people to a relinquishment of the demand for party spoils and exhort them to a disinterested and patriotic love of their government and unperverted operation it secures to every citizen his just share of the safety and prosperity it holds in store for all.

I would have the influence of these institutions on the side of religion and morality. I would have those they send out among the people not ashamed to acknowledge God, and to proclaim His interposition in the affairs of men, enjoining such obedience to His laws as makes manifest the path of national perpetuity and prosperity.

[W. G. F. Parker tells us that the oratory of Grover Cleveland, whatever other virtue it may have, is always in a style that makes the audience clearly understand what is in the speaker's mind. He fits this fact to that fact in a manner which is astonishing. Mr. Cleveland never strives for affect or show. His natural grace pleases both the eye and the ear. He appeals to the educated and to the plain people with a force that convinces both. He never wanders from his subject, but makes a direct, courageous appeal to every hearer. In short his style is that of a man who "uses speech to express his thoughts."]

Memorial Day

BY JOHN D. LONG

[Delivered before the Grand Army Posts of Suffolk County at Tremont Temple, Boston, May 30, 1882. An extract.]



N memory of the dead, in honor of the living, for inspiration to our children, we gather to-day to deck the graves of our patriots with flowers, to pledge commonwealth and town and citizen to fresh recognition of the surviving soldier, and to picture yet again the romance, the reality, the glory, the sacrifice of his service. As if it were but yesterday you recall him. He had but turned twenty. The exquisite tint of youthful health was in his cheek. His pure heart shone from frank, out-speaking eyes. His fair hair clustered from beneath his cap. He had pulled a stout oar in the college race, or walked the most graceful athlete on the village green. He had just entered on the vocation of his life. The doorway of his home at this season of the year was brilliant in the dewy morn with the clambering vine and fragrant flower, as in and out he went, the beloved of mother and sisters, and the ideal of a New England youth:—

“In face and shoulders like a god he was;
 For o'er him had the goddess breathed the charm
 Of youthful locks, the ruddy glow of youth,
 A generous gladness in his eyes: such grace
 As carver's hand to ivory gives, or when
 Silver or Parian stone in yellow gold
 Is set.”

The unreckoned influences of the great discussion of human rights had insensibly moulded him into a champion of freedom. He had passed no solitary and sleepless night watching the armor which he was to wear when dubbed next day with the accolade of knighthood. But

over the student's lamp or at the fireside's blaze he had passed the nobler initiate of a heart and mind trained to a fine sense of justice and to a resolution equal to the sacrifice of life itself in behalf of right and duty. He knew nothing of the web and woof of politics, but he knew instinctively the needs of his country. His ideal was Philip Sidney, not Napoleon. And when the drum beat, when the first martyr's blood sprinkled the stones of Baltimore, he took his place in the ranks and went forward. You remember his ingenuous and glowing letters to his mother, written as if his pen were dipped in his very heart. How novel seemed to him the routine of service, the life of camp and march! How eager the wish to meet the enemy and strike the first blow for the good cause! What pride at the commotion that came and put its *chevron* on his arm or its strap upon his shoulder! How graphically he described his sensation in the first battle, the pallor that he felt creeping up his face, the thrilling along every nerve, and then the utter fearlessness when once the charge began and his blood was up! Later on, how gratefully he wrote of the days in hospital, of the opening of the box from home, of the generous distributing of delicacies that loving ones had sent, and of the never-to-be-forgotten comfort of the gentle nurse whose eyes and hands seemed to bring to his bedside the summer freshness and health of the open windows of his and her New England homestead!

You remember, when he came home on a short furlough, how manly and war-worn he had grown. But he soon returned to the ranks and to the welcome of his comrades. They loved him for his manliness, his high bearing, his fine sense of honor. They felt the nobility of conduct and character that breathed out from him. They recall him now alike with tears and pride. In the rifle pits around Petersburg you heard his steady voice and firm command. The bullet of the sharp-shooter picked off the soldier who stood at his side and who fell dying in his arms, one last brief message whispered and faithfully sent home. It was a forlorn hope,—the charge of the brave regiment to which he belonged, reduced now by three years' long fighting to a hundred veterans, conscious that somebody had blundered yet grimly obedient to duty. Someone who saw him then fancied that he

The Speaker

seemed that day like one who forefelt the end. But there was no flinching as he charged. He had just turned to give a cheer when the fatal ball struck him. There was a convulsion of the upward hand. His eyes, pleading and loyal, turned their last glance to the flag. His lips parted. He fell dead, and at nightfall lay with his face to the stars. Home they brought him, fairer than Adonis over whom the goddess of beauty wept. They buried him in the village churchyard under the green turf. Year by year his comrades and his kin, nearer than comrades, scatter his grave with flowers. His picture hangs on the homestead walls. Children look up at it and ask to hear his story told. It was twenty years ago; and the face is so young, so boyish and fair, that you cannot believe he was the hero of twenty battles, a veteran in the wars, a leader of men, brave, cool, commanding, great. Do you ask who he was? He was in every regiment and every company.

A Young Man's Religion

BY N. McGEE WATERS

[From "A Young Man's Religion and His Father's Faith," a volume of sermons. The pulpit eloquence of our day is seen at its best in these sermons.]



LL the wisdom of any age is sorely needed to understand a young man's religion and determine its relation to his father's faith. Both the man and the boy should pray for guidance. Often they fail to understand one another. I heard an old man say, "The world isn't like it was in the olden days. People do not go to church like they used to. People do not keep Sunday like they used to. People do not read their Bible like they used to. The church does not have revivals like it used to. People do not get converted like they used to. Joining the church does not mean what it used to. Young people today are taught all sorts of strange notions and they do not believe things we used to. It is an age of worldliness and free-thinking. Religion is at ebb tide. The church is going to decay. Our young people have lost their faith." And the old man was sincere and he was sad.

I heard a young man talking, and he said: "I am glad I didn't live in the days when father was young, and Sunday began on Saturday night, and they went to church three times in one day. The gayest thing of all the week was the prayer meeting. They were credulous then and believed in the supernatural. They were always meeting miracles by the way. Their creeds were long and formal and harsh, and all they knew about God was fear. They were Bibliolaters and regarded the Bible as a magical book. I have got away from all that. I go to church when I feel like it, and play golf when I do not. I do not believe in creeds. I do not know what to think about the supernatural. As for miracles I never met any. The Golden rule is a good enough creed for me. It does not

matter much anyway what we believe. Our old minister was a dear old fossil, and father was a fogey. I cannot believe like them; but I love them. I believe in them. They had religion, if anybody ever did. I believe in their clean lives, and I wish I had their sure faith."

Now both the old man and the young one are right, and both are wrong. The old man is right when he thinks the young man lacking in respect. Irreverence is the besetting sin of youth. The old man is right when he says that the times have changed, and the customs have changed, and the creeds have changed, only we have changed more than he dreams. We live in a world of change. Every generation demands a new and larger expression. We do live in a different world from that in which our fathers lived.

We live in the days since Martin Luther. For one thousand years the priests had kept the conscience of every man. For a thousand years darkness had rested upon the earth. Then a German priest, heavy hearted with the ignorance of the people, and aflame with wrath because of the corruption in the church and the oppression of the priests, put a trumpet to his lips and blew on it such a blast that the slumbering masses of Europe were awakened as from a dream. That day the world learned that religion was larger than men had dreamed. We live in the days since Copernicus and Galileo. One of them discovered a truth and was afraid to publish it to the world; the other one published that truth and went to the prison and the rack for his deed. That day we found out that the universe was a thousand times larger than our fathers had dreamed.

Other scholars came. One, a little while ago, was a student of books, and lands, and seas. He read God's handwriting upon the rocks and stars. Gathering up bits of wisdom from field and mountain, mica-flake and ocean ooze, he pieced together the great story of God's creation. And lo! the world was not made in a week and man in a moment, but instead—

"I doubt not through the ages an increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process
of the suns."

Evolution is a larger story of divine providence than any of the fathers dreamed.

Other scholars came. And these began to study the Bible and lo! instead of a book, a library; instead of a proof text, a literature; instead of dictation, an experience; instead of a typewriter for an inspired man, a poet, a seer, a martyr. And the Bible became greater and grander than ever before. Revelation instead of being a tiny lake, crystal in depth, and lost amid the hills, was like the boundless ocean, thundering on all shores and refreshing all lands. The Bible took on a new splendor and a new dignity that day.

Aye, the old man was right, we do live in a new world. Things have changed and the boy cannot think as his father thought. Look at him a moment. He was reared in a Christian home, and learned to pray when he learned to talk. His mother taught him whole chapters of the Bible by heart. He was taught to believe that the Bible was literal prose, a dry-as-dust history. He grows up and he goes to college. He finds out that there was not one flood, but many floods. He finds out that the sun always stood still. He finds out that the earth was made through a long process of millions of years and is still being made. Now what is he to say? "Lost my faith?" "I must throw away my mother's Bible?" Not at all. Those opinions were not faith; mere credulity is not faith. For a thousand years the universities taught and the church taught that the sun revolved around the earth, now because we have found out that the earth revolves around the sun, astronomy is not destroyed, and we do not say that we will have to give up the sun. We have simply found out more about it than our fathers knew.

On every side we hear prophets, Jeremiahs, moaning and sighing, "For the faith once delivered to the Saints," and their cry is, let us get back to the old gospel. I wonder where they can find the old gospel they seek. If they go back to Jonathan Edwards, he was driven out of Northampton because he was a heretic. If they go back to John Wesley, he was stoned out of the English Church because he was unsound. If they go back to John Calvin, they have gone back to the Prince of new theologies. If they go back to Paul, they will find that he was hated by the Jewish nation for his heresy; and if they go back to Christ they will find that he was crucified on account of his doctrine.

The Speaker

Nay! in every age the great leader has always proclaimed a new theology. We have a new astronomy. We have a new education. We have a new geology and we must always have a new theology. Truth grows. To keep faith in astronomy is not to go back to the days of Copernicus. To keep faith in education is not to go back to the days of Erasmus. To keep faith in Methodism is not to go back to the time of Wesley; it is like Wesley to be in the very front of progress. To keep faith with the Puritans is not to go back to the days of John Robinson: but it is to keep firm hold of his great saying, "God has yet more light to break out of his word."

What is Religion?

BY N. McGEE WATERS

[From "A Young Man's Religion and His Father's Faith."]



JOHN RUSKIN says that "In three books the story of any race is writ—the book of their Art; the book of their Words, and the book of their Deeds."

Let us open the book of their Art. We can no more understand a people's art until we understand their religion, then we can read Homer without knowing Greek. It is their religion that makes Egyptian temples so vast and so full of gloom. Their nature worship is what made the Greek temples low and earth-loving. It is their worship of a transcendent God, "whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain," that made the cathedral builders pile stone upon stone until the turrets of their Gothic temples seem to reach the very sky. All great art is symbolic of religion. Oriental rugs are prayers woven upon the loom. Their tapestries and their ceramic arts all bear the autograph of religion. The painting of the world is a litany of the world. Religion is the theme of the world's art.

Open the book of their words.

In literature, as in man, only the spiritual is immortal. Books without religion do not live. Ancient literatures are ancient liturgies. Even the novelist gets his best hearing when he writes about the problems of the soul. What are the great philosophies? Definitions men have attempted of God and His handiwork. What are the great histories? They that tell of the rise and flower of the human soul. What are the great orations? Those on the sacred themes. What is poetry? All great poets are first prophets, and their verse brings to us visions and harmonies of the spiritual world. Of literature, religion is both spring and stream. As Emerson says:

The Speaker

Up from the burning core below—
 “Out of the heart of Nature rolled
 The burden of the Bible old,
 The litanies of nations came,
 Like the volcano’s tongue of flame,
 The Canticles of love and woe.”

Religion is the inspiration of literature.

What do you find written in the books of their deeds? Look at the great migrations of the World, and follow them back to their first cause. We read, “Abram went out from Haran not knowing whither he went”—why? For religion’s sake. Moses led the Israelites away from the flesh-pots of Egypt—why? For religion’s sake. The Hebrew people, long captives, left rich Babylon for Judean wastes to take up the hardship of the pioneer—why? For religion’s sake. Providence allowed Alexander the Great to conquer the world, and in the wake of his phalanxes the Greek tongue followed everywhere—why? For religion’s sake. That Providence, in His own good time, permitted Cæsar to build up the greatest empire of history, and from his imperial capital to rule the world—why? For religion’s sake. We are fond of telling of the Pilgrim, who “moored his bark on the wild New England shore,” and we are just as proud to tell that he did it for religion’s sake.

We have been reading only from one page of the world’s deeds, and religion is written all over it. In all the book “there is no speech nor language where its voice is not heard.” Religion is the mainspring of the world’s action.

What is this universal and deep thing which men have named their religion? That is our question—What is religion?

Orthodoxy is made the test of faith, and the unorthodox man is set down as an infidel. But the saints of to-day were all heretics yesterday. Busy are we to-day building the monuments of those whom our fathers stoned. John Milton was not orthodox, but is he not the grandest poet of Puritan faith? Has our age had any prophet of more inspiration than James Martineau? Who in our time has sung such hymns as Whittier?

Where is there a statesman with more Christian vision than Senator Hoar? These men are not orthodox, but are they irreligious? Have not their voices sounded for the freedom of the race? Have not their songs thrilled and stilled the hopes and fears of men? Have they not lifted the hearts of multitudes into touch with the Infinite Father? If they are not religious, what is religion?

A creed is not a religion—it is only some man's description of religion. Religion has its churches and rituals—they are its schools. It has its great historic creeds—they are the registers of Christian experience. They tell of victories won and measure the heights and depths of faith. They are the psalms of the Saints. Then let us not confound them with religion itself, lest they become stumbling-blocks and burdens too heavy for men to bear. Rather let us think of them as the rich tapestries of our faith, which, like trophies, we would hang upon our altars. Religion makes creeds; creeds do not make religion. Back of all churches, and all worship, and all faiths, and all creeds, and in them all, there is religion itself—the life and soul of them all.

The Sympathies of Religion and Art*

BY FRANK W. GUNSALUS



ART reaches its finest successes, when it realizes and is faithful to the truth of beauty and the beauty of truth. Ugliness is untruth. An ugly-looking house is a house which has been made in entire untruth to symmetry, fitness, and form. It is unfaithful to the relation which big things ought to have to small things, and right things to wrong things. That is, it is built on the untruth of ugliness, yet it has only the ugliness of untruth. So in religion, a character is a beautiful character, when it is true. Hegel said: "Beauty is only a particular mode of utterance and representation of the true." Art's smallest success came from the adherence which some soul had to the beauty of truth; and people, when they looked at the result, found what the artist unconsciously sought, namely, the truth of beauty. It is the unsymmetrical that wrecks art and human life. It is the beauty of holiness that saves human life, and it is the holiness of beauty that saves art.

What is truth, but universal harmony, universal symmetry—and is not that universal beauty? Art of the masters and art of the good, who are working on character—both are aiming at that. The first and last great thing that art has felt, was the truth of an Infinite. It tried to build Jupiter Olympus, to get to that Infinite. It has tried to bring the Infinite down from above. These two phases of that one great aspiration after the Infinite have made art. The truth of an infinite has raised art from a mere cave into the Milan cathedral. It had so dominated man's mind that when Jesus came, art had the subject for which it had been longing. In Jesus,

*From "Paths to the City of God." Copyright, 1906, by Fleming H. Revell Company.

God seemed finite; in Jesus, man seemed infinite. Art and truth, like religion and truth, have been seeking for one another. All discord is untruth, and great art is concord between thought and fact. Genuine art, therefore, is always true and harmonious. So harmonious is great art that music is called the universal art. It has been said, that if music is fluid, architecture is solid. We hear the truth of music and call it *harmony*; we look at the truth of architecture and call it *symmetry*. Architecture has been called "frozen music," and music is the dissolving architecture of sounds. All of these go to show that art is the soul's story of its visions of truth. If the story is told truly, it is great art. So, no one is truer than a great artist. He will not lie, else he will ruin his production. A Raphael, therefore, when he is called to paint an allegorical picture representing theology, for the palace of the Pope, cannot afford to lie, and so he puts Savonarola in the picture to represent Religion. Though the portrait was that of a martyr-reformer, the Pope had to take it or get another Raphael.

This is not only the story of the art of painting, but of the art of manhood and womanhood. The true is the fit. And truth and fitness must reign supreme.

Let us look clearly at the matter. Here is an artist. The universe is surging through him. Life is tingling its tumultuous music in his every vein. Above him is the fathomless sky with its weird tracery of cloud, wrought by the invisible fingers of the sea. He is riding along, through skies unnamed, on a globe called earth which has blossomed and shall blossom again, which has its crystal lakes in summer, and in winter its dells half musical with silent beauty, its foaming oceans which divide the continents, its unfound heights towering into the upper abyss; its zephyrs, its cyclones, its thunder-clouds, its mellow sunshine; its greatest wonder, *man*, with a face holding an immortal soul, with head and heart striving together to say what the Infinite says unto them. As such our artist stands. This Infinite speaks through all the ten thousand phases of these ten thousand wonders, and the poor artist—O, how weak!—strives to tell other people what is thus told to him. That is his work. How shall he do this work? Why, he takes *sound* and pours his experience into tones, and lo, our

artist is a musician, and his name is Mozart. He takes *words* and pours his experience into these symbols, and if he uses a pen he is a poet; if he uses his tongue he is an orator; our artist has thus become a Milton or a Burke. He takes *stone* or *brick* and pours his experience into them, and he becomes an architect, and his name is Bramante. He takes *light* and divides it into colors and pours his experience into them, and he becomes a painter, and his name is Leonardo Da Vinci. He takes *marble* and pours his experience into this, and he is a sculptor, and his name is August Rodin. So that is just to say that "Raphael paints wisdom; Händel sings it; Phidias carves it; Shakespeare writes it; Wren builds it; Columbus sails it; Luther preaches it; Washington arms it; Watt mechanizes it." Painting was called "silent poetry," and poetry, "speaking painting." All this is to say that the arts are the ways in which the various minds of great men have chosen to express experiences of the Universal and the Infinite. Now, look to religion, and we see that to loyally use the experiences which man has with the Infinite is the essence of religion. The conscious touch of the conscious Infinite upon the conscious finite soul is the awakening of the religious sentiment, and the inspiration of the religious life is the impulse which the Infinite gives unto the finite to which it speaks, to tell, by a loyal life, what the Infinite whispered unto it.

That is what Raphael did. The Infinite seemed to show himself in a sweet face. It struggled for expression. Raphael had to do it—and a Madonna came. Every man who is doing the manly part has already felt that the God who shines in the face of a dying Jesus must be pictured. Oh, what an impulse comes! And it is the great art of life to make the convincing portrait of God for others who have dimly seen Him elsewhere, and especially for those who have not seen Him as yet. Every humble disciple of Jesus is doing it in lines that shall not fade, in glory that cannot pass away.

Robert Browning

BY FRANK W. GUNSALUS

[From "The Higher Ministries of Recent English Poetry." Copyright 1907 by Fleming H. Revell Company.]



BROWNING was like his own Paracelsus, who says:

"God's intimations rather fail
In clearness than in energy,"

as Tennyson was more like his own King Arthur, simply

"Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

Tennyson, as an artist, with his faultless harmony, his delicate purity, his fine color, and his serene certainty of stroke, teaches the holiness of beauty; Browning, if he may be called an artist, with his rugged force, his intense passion for movement, his nervous splendor, his abrupt change from an old to a new purpose, teaches the holiness of power. As a religious teacher, Tennyson helps us to learn from his weary sinners and his lovely saints, the beauty of holiness; Browning, from his wretched ruins and his sublime devotees, the power of holiness.

Walter Savage Landor probably was never more careful of the value of his praise than when he sang:

"Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's;
Therefore on him no speech! and brief for thee,
Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
No man hath walked along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse. But warmer climes
Give brighter plumage, stronger wing; the breeze
Of Alpine heights thou playest with, borne on
Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where
The Siren waits thee, singing song for song."

And it was not love at all, but her critical instinct simply, which led Elizabeth Barrett to expect

“From Browning, some ‘Pomegranate’ which, if cut deep down the middle,
Shows a heart within, blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity.”

“Humanity”—that always it is—a “blood-tinctured, veined humanity”—that alone it is, by which one man may understand and reveal men to themselves and to others; that it is by which even the Eternal God has revealed Himself in us and in the Incarnation, Jesus Christ,—“a blood-tinctured, veined humanity.” Robert Browning has appeared in a time when a scientific psychology has felt about fearlessly in human nature for its foundations; and while scalpel and anatomist have been going together along through the mysteries of mind and brain, this many-sided man has put his very soul so close to throbbing human nature, in various moods and at sundry times, that his poetry is laden and inspired with the deepest history of the human spirit. He has revealed humanity, through its having told its secrets to his humanity. He has written out in those moments when it most lifted him towards the throne of the universe, these results which no unpoetic soul may ever group together in its lists of mental phenomena; he has made the portraits, for all generations, of those men and women whose features have told to him alone the circumstances of their spiritual life, the forces which have acted in their mental growth, the influences which flash out in lightning strokes of passion or compel a prophetic peace.

It is the high privilege of Browning to listen to the humanity of well-nigh all ages; and living in a somewhat questioning, often hopeless time, to bring back the gospel of hope. Like Shakespeare, the very ruins he finds in wrecked humanity need but such a fine eye and the heart of a “blood-tinctured, veined humanity” such as theirs, to disclose hope hiding there. Here is the phenomenon of our profoundest modern student of what we call “poor human nature,” all undiscouraged, singing without a note of pessimism

"Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings
And the night-raven sings."

The power in the spiritual realm upon which the hopes of this poet stand and the music which inspires his own is Christianity. It furnishes a perpetually true, because growing revelation to the reason of God and humanity; it supplies the human heart with an affection which strengthens and refines it, and whatever other value real Christianity has, its chief value lies in the gift it has made of motive-power for a motiveless world. It came when the hands of man were hanging down, and the knees were feeble; it somehow stirred the latest forces of human nature as nothing else has ever done; it put a new sky over the intellect; it recreated the human heart by a new and attractive love; but it also sent along the nerves of the purposeless humanity which it touched, a thrill divine; and the will of man, slinging to the will of God, began again its all-conquering career. To Robert Browning that great power which came to the world in Christ Jesus is as yet unspent. It is a revelation of God and man in Christ—the revelation of the fact that they belong to each other by nature—and for him, this revelation coming upon the human soul, upon the intellect, sensibilities, and will, makes the new humanity.

Death of Lafayette

BY S. S. PRENTISS

[Extract from a speech delivered at Jackson, Mississippi, 1835.]



EATH who knocks with equal hand at the door of the cottage and the palace gate, has been busy at his appointed work. Mourning prevails throughout the land, and the countenances of all are shrouded in the mantle of regret. Far across the wild Atlantic, amid the pleasant vineyards in the sunny land of France, there, too, is mourning; and the weeds of sorrow are alike worn by prince and peasant. Against whom has the monarch of the tomb turned his remorseless dart that such widespread sorrow prevails? Hark, and the agonized voice of Freedom, weeping for her favorite son, will tell you in strains sadder than those with which she "shrieked when Kosciusko fell," that Lafayette—the gallant and the good—has ceased to live.

The friend and companion of Washington is no more. He who taught the eagle of our country, while yet unfledged, to plume his young wings and mate his talons with the lion's strength, has taken his flight far beyond the stars, beneath whose influence he fought so well. Lafayette is dead! The gallant ship, whose pennon has so often bravely streamed above the roar of battle and the tempest's rage, has at length gone slowly down in the still and quiet waters. Well highest thou, O Death, now recline beneath the laurels thou hast won; for never since, as the grim messenger of Almighty Vengeance, thou camest into this world, did a more generous heart cease to heave beneath thy chilling touch, and never will thy insatiate dart be hurled against a nobler breast! Who does not feel at the mournful intelligence, as if he had lost something cheering from his own path through life; as if some bright star, at which he had been accustomed frequently and fondly to gaze, had been suddenly extinguished in the firmament?

How came he here? Born to a high name and a rich inheritance, educated at a dissipated and voluptuous court, married to a young and beautiful woman,—how came he to break through the blandishments of love and the temptations of pleasure and thus be found fighting the battles of strangers, far away in the wilds of America? It was because, from his infancy, there had grown up in his bosom a passion more potent than all others; the love of liberty. Upon his heart a spark from the very altar of Freedom had fallen and he watched and cherished it with more than vestal vigilance. He heard that a gallant people had raised the standard of revolt against oppression and he hastened to join them. It was to him the crusade of Liberty; and like a knight of the Holy Cross, he had enlisted in the ranks of those who had sworn to rescue her altars from the profane touch of the tyrant.

More congenial to him by far were the hardships, the dangers, and the freedom of the American wilds than the ease, the luxury, and the slavery of his native court. He exchanged the voice of love for the savage yell and the hostile shout; the gentle strains of the harp and lute for the trumpet and drum, and the still more terrible music of clashing arms. Nor did he come alone or empty-handed. The people in whose cause he was about to peril his life and his fortune were too poor to afford him even the means of conveyance, and his own court threw every obstacle in the way of the accomplishment of his wishes. Did this dampen his ardor? Did this chill his generous aspiration? No; it added new vigor to each.

Here we can not but pause to contemplate two wonderful men, belonging to the same age and to the same nation: Napoleon and Lafayette. Their names excite no kindred emotions; their fates no kindred sympathies. Napoleon—the child of Destiny—the thunderbolt of war—the victor in a hundred battles—the dispenser of thrones and dominions; he who scaled the Alps and reclined beneath the pyramids, whose word was fate and whose wish was law. Lafayette—the volunteer of Freedom—the advocate of human rights—the defender of civil liberty—the patriot and the philanthropist—the beloved of the good and the free. Napoleon—the van-

quished warrior, ignobly flying from the field of Waterloo, the wild beast, ravaging all Europe in his wrath, hunted down by the banded and affrighted nations and caged far away upon an ocean-girded rock. Lafayette—a watchword by which men excite each other to deeds of worth and noble daring; whose home has become the mecca of freedom, toward which the pilgrims of Liberty turn their eyes from every quarter of the globe. Napoleon was the red and fiery comet, shooting wildly through the realms of space and scattering pestilence and terror among the nations. Lafayette was the pure and brilliant planet, beneath whose grateful beams the mariner directs his bark and the shepherd tends his flocks. Napoleon died and a few old warriors—the scattered relics of Marengo and Austerlitz—bewailed their chief. Lafayette is dead and the tears of a civilized world attest how deep is the mourning for his loss. Such is, and always will be, the difference of feeling toward a benefactor and a conqueror of the human race.

[Sergeant S. Prentiss was a northern man transplanted to the South and inspired with all the charm of the Southern nature. Being a lawyer and living in the South during the years before the war it was inevitable that he should enter more or less into public life. Thus his local fame as an orator spread till we find such famous men as Edward Everett and Daniel Webster listening with admiration to his speeches. Perhaps the magnetism of the orator was most effective, for of it Wendell Phillips said, "I have melted beneath the magnetism of Sergeant S. Prentiss, of Mississippi, who wielded a power few men ever had."]

The People in Art, Government and Religion

BY GEORGE BANCROFT

[Abridged from an oration delivered before the Adelphia Society, Williams College, 1835.]



HE material world does not change in its masses or in its powers. The stars shine with no more lustre than when they first sang together in the glory of their birth. The flowers that gemmed the fields and the forests before America was discovered, now bloom around us in their season. The sun that shone on Homer shines on us in unchanging lustre; the bow that beamed on the patriarch still glitters in the clouds. Nature is the same. For her no new forces are generated, no new capacities are discovered. The earth turns on its axis and perfects its revolutions, and renews its seasons without increase or advancement.

But a like passive destiny does not attach to the inhabitants of the earth. For them expectations of social improvement are no delusion; the hopes of philanthropy are more than a dream. The five senses do not constitute the whole inventory of our source of knowledge. They are the organs by which thought connects itself with the external universe; but the power of thought is not merged in the exercise of its instruments. We have functions which connect us with heaven, as well as organs which set us in relation with earth. We have not merely the senses to open to us the external world, but an internal sense, which places us in connection with the world of intelligence and the decrees of God. There is a spirit in man—not in the privileged few, not in those of us only who, by the favor of providence, have been nursed in public schools; it is in man; it is the attribute of the race. The spirit, which is the guide to truth, is the gracious gift to each member of the human family.

Demosthenes of old formed himself to the perfection

of eloquence by means of addresses to the crowd. The great comic poet of Greece, emphatically the poet of the vulgar mob, is distinguished above all others for the incomparable graces of his diction; and it is related of one of the most skillful writers in the Italian that when inquired of where he had learned the purity and nationality of his style, he replied, from listening to country people as they brought their produce to market.

In like manner the best government rests on the people and not on the few, on persons and not on property, on the free development of public opinion and not on authority; because the munificent Author of our being has conferred the gifts of mind upon every member of the human race without distinction of outward circumstances. The public happiness is the true object of legislation, and can be secured only by the masses of mankind, themselves awakened to a knowledge and care of their own interests. Our free institutions have reversed the false and ignoble distinctions between men, and, refusing to gratify the pride of caste, have acknowledged the common mind to be the true material for a commonwealth. Everything has hitherto been done for the happy few. It is not possible to endow an aristocracy with greater benefits than they have always enjoyed; there is no room to hope that individuals will be more highly gifted or more fully developed than the greatest sages of past times. The world can advance only through the culture of the moral and intellectual powers of the people. To accomplish this end by means of the people themselves is the highest purpose of government. If it be the duty of the individual to strive for a perfection like the perfection of God, how much more ought a nation to be the image of duty. The common mind is the true Parian marble fit to be wrought into the likeness of a God. The duty of America is to secure the culture and the happiness of the masses by their reliance on themselves.

It is the uniform tendency of the popular element to elevate and bless humanity. The exact measure of the progress of civilization is the degree in which the intelligence of the common mind has prevailed over wealth and brute force; in other words, the measure of the progress of civilization is the progress of the people. Every great object connected with the benevolent exertions of

the day has reference to the culture of those powers which are alone the common inheritance. For this the envoys of a religion cross seas and visit remotest isles; for this the Press in its freedom teems with the productions of maturest thought; for this the philanthropist plan new schemes of education; for this halls in every city and village are open to the public instructor.

It is alone by infusing great principles into the common mind that revolutions in human society are brought about. They never have been, they never can be secured by superior individual excellence. The irresistible tendency of the human race is to advancement, for absolute power has never succeeded and can never succeed in suppressing a single truth. An idea once revealed may find its admission into every living breast and live there. Like God, it becomes immortal and omnipresent. The movement of the species is upward, irresistibly upward. The individual is often lost; providence never disowns the race. No principle once promulgated has ever been forgotten. No "timely tramp" of a despot's foot ever trod out one idea. The world cannot retrograde; the dark ages cannot return. Dynasties perish, seeds are buried, nations have been victims to error, martyrs for right; humanity has always been on the advance, gaining maturity, universality, and power.

No truth can perish, no truth can pass away; the flame is undying, tho' generations disappear. Wherever moral truth has struck into being, humanity claims and guards the greatest bequest. Each generation gathers together imperishable children of the past, and increases them by new sons of light alike radiant with immortality.

The American Scholar

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON



HE planter, who is *man* sent out into the field to gather food, is seldom cheered by any idea of the true dignity of his ministry. He sees his bushel and his cart and nothing beyond, and sinks into the farmer instead of the *man* on the farm. The tradesman scarcely ever gives an ideal worth to his work, but is ridden by the routine of his craft and the soul is subject to dollars. The priest becomes a form; the attorney, a statute book; the mechanic, a machine; the sailor, a rope of a ship. In this distribution of functions the scholar is the delegated intellect. In the right state he is *man thinking*. In the degenerate state, when the victim of society, he tends to become a mere thinker, or, still worse, the parrot of other men's thinking.

In this view of him, as *man thinking*, the theory of his office is contained. Him nature solicits with all her placid, all her monitory pictures; him the past instructs; him the future invites. Is not, indeed, every man a student, and do not all things exist for the student's behoof? And finally is not the true scholar the only true master? But the old oracle said: "All things have two handles; beware of the wrong one." In life too often the scholar errs with mankind and forfeits his privilege. Let us see him in his school and consider him in reference to the main influences he receives.

The first in time and the first in importance of the influences upon the mind is that of nature. Every day, the sun; and after sunset, night and her stars. Ever the winds blow; ever the grass grows. Every day men and women conversing, beholding and beheld. The scholar is he of all men whom this spectacle most engages. He must settle its value in his mind. What is nature to him? There is never a beginning, there is never an end to the inexplicable continuity of this web of God, but always circular power returning into itself. Therein it resembles his own spirit, whose beginning, whose ending, he never

can find—so entire, so boundless. Far, too, as her splendors shine, system on system shooting like rays, upward, downward, without center, without circumference—in the mass and in the particle, nature hastens to render account of herself to the mind.

The next great influence into the spirit of the scholar is the mind of the past—in whatever form, whether of literature, of art, of institutions, that mind is inscribed. Books are the best type of the influence of the past, and perhaps we shall get at the truth—learn the amount of this influence more conveniently—by considering their value alone.

The theory of books is noble. The scholar of the first age received into him the world around; brooded thereon; gave it the new arrangement of his own mind and uttered it again. It came into him, life; it went out from him, truth. It came to him, short-lived actions; it went out from him, immortal thoughts. It came to him, business; it went from him, poetry. It was dead fact; now, it is quick thought. It can stand and it can go. It now endures, it now flies, it now inspires. Precisely in proportion to the depth of mind from which it issued, so high does it soar, so long does it sing.

Each age, it is found, must write its own books; or, rather, each generation for the next succeeding. The books of an older period will not fit this.

Yet hence arises a grave mischief. The sacredness which attaches to the act of creation—the act of thought—is transferred to the record. The poet chanting was felt to be a divine man; henceforth the chant is divine also. The writer was a just and wise spirit; henceforth it is settled the book is perfect. As love of the hero corrupts into worship of his statue, instantly the book becomes noxious; the guide is a tyrant. The sluggish and perverted mind of the multitude, slow to open to the incursions of reason, having once so opened, having once received this book, stands upon it and makes an outcry if it is disparaged. Colleges are built on it. Books are written on it by thinkers, not by *man thinking*; by men of talent—that is, who start wrong; who set out from accepted dogmas, not from their own sight of principles. Meek young men grow up in libraries believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero,

which Locke, which Bacon have given, forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books.

Hence, instead of *man thinking*, we have the book-worm. Hence, the book-learned class who value books as such; not as related to nature and the human constitution, but as making a sort of third estate with the world and the soul. Hence, the restorers of readings—the emendators, the bibliomaniacs of all degrees.

Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst. What is the right use? What is the one end, which all means go to effect? They are for nothing but to inspire, I had better never see a book than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit and made a satellite instead of a system. The one thing in the world of value is the active soul. This every man is entitled to; this every man contains within him, altho, in almost all men, obstructed, and as yet unborn. The soul active sees absolute truth, and utters truth, or creates. In this action, it is genius; not the privilege of here and there a favorite, but the sound estate of every man. In its essence it is progressive. The book, the College, the school of art, the institution of any kind, stop with some past utterance of genius. That is good, say they—let us hold by this. They pin me down. They look backward and not forward. But genius looks forward; the eyes of man are set in his forehead, not in his hindhead; man hopes, genius creates. Whatever talents may be, if the man create not, the pure efflux of the Deity is not his; cinders and smoke there may be, but not yet flame. There are creative manners, there are creative actions, and creative words; manners, actions, words—that is, indicative of no custom or authority, but springing spontaneous from the mind's own sense of good and fair.

In self-trust all the virtues are comprehended. Free should the scholar be—free and brave. Free even to the definition of freedom, “without any hindrance that does not arise out of his own constitution.” Brave; for fear is a thing which a scholar by his very function puts behind him. Fear always springs from ignorance. It is a shame to him if his tranquillity, amid dangerous times, arise from the presumption that, like children and women,

his is a protected class; or if he seek a temporary peace by the diversion of his thoughts from politics or vexed questions, hiding his head like an ostrich in the flowering bushes, peeping into microscopes, and turning rhymes, as a boy whistles, to keep his courage up. So is the danger a danger still; so is the fear worse. Manlike, let him turn and face it. Let him look into its eye and search its nature, inspect its origin—see the whelping of this lion which lies no great way back; he will then find in himself a perfect comprehension of its nature and extent; he will have made his hands meet on the other side and can henceforth defy it and pass on superior. The world is his who can see through its pretension. What deafness, what stone-blind custom, what overgrown error you behold is there only by sufferance—by your sufferance. See it to be a lie, and you have already dealt it its mortal blow.

[“The American Scholar” was delivered by Emerson before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge on August 31st, 1837. This oration was our intellectual Declaration of Independence. James Russell Lowell says its delivery “was an event without any former parallel in our literary annals, a scene to be always treasured in the memory for its picturesqueness and its inspiration. What crowded and breathless aisles, what windows clustering with eager heads, what enthusiasm of approval, what grim silence of foregone dissent.” Nothing like it had been heard at Harvard since Samuel Adams participated in his famous debate. It was easy to find fault with it, but no listener ever forgot that address, and it is questioned if one ever contained more truth in language more like that of immediate inspiration.]

Welcome to Kussuth

BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT



ET me ask you to imagine the contest, in which the United States asserted their independence of Great Britain, had been unsuccessful; that our armies, through treason or a league of tyrants against us, had been broken and scattered; that the great men who led them, and who swayed our councils—our Washington, our Franklin, and the venerable president of the American Congress—had been driven forth as exiles. If there had existed at that day, in any part of the civilized world, a powerful Republic, with institutions resting on the same foundations of liberty, which our own countrymen sought to establish, would there have been in that Republic any hospitality too cordial, any sympathy too deep, any zeal for their glorious but unfortunate cause, too fervent or too active to be shown toward these illustrious fugitives? Gentlemen, the case I have supposed is before you. The Washingtons, the Franklins, the Hancocks of Hungary, driven out by a far worse tyranny than was ever endured here, are wanderers in foreign lands. Some of them have sought a refuge in our country—one sits with this company our guest to-night—and we must measure the duty we owe them by the same standard which we would have had history apply, if our ancestors had met with a fate like theirs.

I have compared the exiled Hungarians to the great men of our own history. Difficulty, my brethren, is the nurse of greatness—a harsh nurse, who roughly rocks her foster-children into strength and athletic proportion. The mind grappling with great aims and wrestling with mighty ingredients, grows, by certain necessity, to their stature. Scarce anything so convinces me of the capacity of the human intellect for indefinite expansion in the different stages of its being, as this power of enlarging itself to the compass of surrounding emergencies. These men have been trained to greatness by a quicker and

surer method than a peaceful country and a tranquil period can know.

But it is not merely or principally for their personal qualities that we honor them; we honor them for the cause in which they failed so gloriously. Great issues hang upon that cause, and great interests of mankind are crushed by its downfall. I was on the continent of Europe when the treason of Gorgey laid Hungary bound at the feet of the Tsar. Europe was at that time in the midst of the reaction; the ebb-tide was rushing violently back, sweeping all that the friends of freedom had planned into the black bosom of the deep. In France the liberty of the Press was extinct—Paris in a state of siege—the soldiery of that Republic had just quenched in blood the freedom of Rome—Austria had suppressed liberty in northern Italy—absolutism was restored in Russia along the Rhine, and in the towns and villages of Wurtemberg and Bavaria, troops withdrawn from the barracks and garrisons filled the streets and kept the inhabitants quiet with the bayonet at their breast. Hungary at that moment alone upheld—and upheld with a firm hand and dauntless heart, the blazing torch of liberty. To Hungary were turned the eyes, to Hungary clung the hopes of all who did not despair of the freedom of Europe.

I recollect that while the armies of Russia were moving like a tempest from the North upon the Hungarian host, the progress of events was watched with the deepest solicitude by the people of Germany. I was at that time in Munich, the splendid capital of Bavaria. The Germans seemed for the time to have put off their usual character, and scrambled for the daily prints, wet from the press, with such eagerness that I almost thought myself in America. The news of the catastrophe at last arrived; Gorgey had betrayed the cause of Hungary and yielded to the demands of the Russians. Immediately a funeral gloom settled like a noonday darkness upon the city. I heard the muttered exclamations of the people, "It is all over—the last hope of European liberty is gone."

Russia did not misjudge. If she had allowed Hungary to become independent, or free, the reaction in favor of absolutism had been incomplete; there would have been one perilous example of successful resistance to despotism

—in one corner of Europe a flame would have been kept alive, at which the other nations might have rekindled, among themselves, the light of liberty. Hungary was subdued; but does anyone who hears me believe that the present state of things in Europe will last? The despots themselves fear that it will not; and made cruel by their fears, are heaping chain on chain around the limbs of their subjects.

And you, our guest, fearless, eloquent, large of heart and mind, whose one thought is the salvation of oppressed Hungary, unfortunate but undiscouraged, struck down in the battle of liberty, but great in defeat, and gathering strength for future triumphs, receive this at our hands, that in this great attempt of man to repossess himself of the rights which God gave him, tho the strife be waged under a distant belt of longitude, and with the mightiest despotism of the world, the Press of America takes part with you and your countrymen. I give you—
“Louis Kossuth.”

* *

[The literary career of William Cullen Bryant lasted almost two-thirds of a century. Known more widely as a poet yet for fifty years he edited the “New York Evening Post,” one of the fairest, most straight-forward and vigorous papers of the time. Edited by Bryant it could not fail to impress upon the country his patriotism, love of liberty and the institution of freedom, and his undying hatred of slavery. With his great love of liberty we can but imagine the scenes of his welcome to Kossuth who fought as bravely for the freedom of his own country. How natural that he should compare the patriots of Hungary with the patriots of our revolution, and with pride grown of a sure faith anticipate the welcome of the American people to the brave Kossuth. The Press of New York City gave a banquet to Kossuth, December 15th, 1851. The above is abridged from the welcome by the toastmaster, Wm. Cullen Bryant.]

On Withdrawing from the Union

BY JEFFERSON DAVIS



RISE, Mr. President, for the purpose of announcing to the Senate that I have satisfactory evidence that the State of Mississippi, by a solemn ordinance of her people in convention assembled, has declared her separation from the United States. Under these circumstances, of course, my functions are terminated here. It has seemed to me proper, however, that I should appear in the Senate to announce that fact to my associates.

It is known to Senators who have served with me here that I have for many years advocated, as an essential attribute of State sovereignty, the right of a State to secede from the Union. I hope none who hear me will confound this expression of mine with the advocacy of a State to remain in the Union, and to disregard its constitutional obligation by the nullification of the law. Such is not my theory. Nullification and secession, so often confounded, are indeed antagonistic principles. Nullification is a remedy which it is sought to apply within the Union, and against the agent of the States. Secession belongs to a different class of remedies. It is to be justified upon the basis that the States are sovereign. I therefore say I concur in the action of the people of Mississippi, believing it to be necessary and proper, and should have been bound by their action if my belief had been otherwise; and this brings me to the important point which I wish on this last occasion to present to the Senate. A State finding herself in the condition in which Mississippi has judged she is, in which her safety requires that she should provide for the maintenance of her rights out of the Union; surrenders all the benefits (and they are known to be many), deprives herself of the advantages (they are known to be great), severs all the ties of affection (and they are close and enduring),

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which have bound her to the union; and thus divesting herself of every benefit, taking upon herself every burden, she claims to be exempt from any power to execute the laws of the United States within her limits.

I well remember an occasion when Massachusetts was arraigned before the bar of the Senate, and when then the doctrine of coercion was rife and to be applied against her because of the rescue of a fugitive slave in Boston. My opinion then was the same that it is now. I then said, if Massachusetts, following her through a stated line of conduct, chooses to take the last step which separates her from the Union, it is her right to go, and I will neither vote one dollar nor one man to coerce her back; but will say to her, Godspeed, in memory of the kind associations which once existed between her and the other States.

I find in myself, perhaps, a type of the general feeling of my constituents toward yours. I am sure I feel no hostility to you, Senators from the North. I am sure there is not one of you, whatever sharp discussion there may have been between us, to whom I cannot now say, in the presence of my God, I wish you well; and such, I am sure, is the feeling of the people whom I represent toward those whom you represent. I therefore feel that I but express their desire when I say I hope, and they hope, for peaceful relations with you, tho we must part. They may be mutually beneficial to us in the future, as they have been in the past, if you so will it. The reverse may bring disaster on every portion of the country; and if you will have it thus, we will invoke the God of our fathers, who delivered them from the power of the lion, to protect us from the ravages of the bear; and thus, putting our trust in God, and in our firm hearts and strong arms, we will vindicate the right as best we may.

In the course of my service here, associated at different times with a great variety of Senators, I see now around me some with whom I have served long; there have been points of collision; but whatever of offense there has been to me, I leave here; I carry with me no hostile remembrance. Whatever offense I have given which has not been redressed, or for which satisfaction has not been demanded, I have, Senators, in this hour of our parting, to offer you my apology for any pain which,

in heat of discussion, I have inflicted. I go hence unencumbered of the remembrance of any injury received, and having discharged the duty of making the only reparation in my power for any injury offered.

Mr. President and Senators, having made the announcement which the occasion seemed to me to require, it only remains for me to bid you a final adieu.

* * *

[According to Edward A. Pollard in "The Life of Jefferson Davis," it was in the Senate of the United States, the highest school of eloquence in America, that Mr. Davis formed his style. His was the oratory delivered to the few and cultivated. He had a wealth of words that were both forceful and polished, coupled with a rich, manly eloquence." He spoke very deliberately, "sometimes with majestic slowness pouring out his wealth of eloquence." Mr. Davis had above all else that which constitutes the highest art of oratory, "self-countenance in the expression of passion." A part of the speech delivered in the United States Senate, January 21st, 1861.]

At His Brother's Grave

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

[Delivered at the funeral of Ebon C. Ingersoll, in Washington, June 3d, 1879.]



Y FRIENDS: I am going to do that which the dead oft promised he would do for me.

The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, 'died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west.

He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point, but, being weary for a moment, lay down by the wayside, and, using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust.

Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken ship. For, whether in mid-sea or 'mong the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck at last must mark the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death.

This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock, but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of the grander day.

He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form, and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, and with a willing hand gave alms; with loyal heart and with purest hands he faithfully discharged all public trusts.

He was a worshiper of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote

these words: "For justice all place a temple, and all seasons, summer." He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy; and were every one to whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unrepenting dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his last breath, "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, and tears and fears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.

And now to you who have been chosen, from among the many men he loved, to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust. Speech can not contain our love. There was, there is, no greater, stronger, manlier man.

Subjugation of the Philippines

BY GEORGE F. HOAR



N the Philippines you are fighting for sovereignty. You are fighting for the principle of eternal dominion over that people, and that is the only question in issue in the conflict. We said in the case of Cuba that she had a right to be free and independent. We affirmed in the Teller resolution, I think without a negative voice, that we would not invade that right and would not meddle with her territory or anything that belonged to her. That declaration was a declaration of peace as well as of righteousness; and we made the treaty, so far as concerned Cuba, and conducted the war and have conducted ourselves ever since on that theory—that we had no right to interfere with her independence; that we had no right to her territory or to anything that was Cuba's. So we only demanded in the treaty that Spain should hereafter let her alone. If you had done to Cuba as you have done to the Philippine Islands, who had exactly the same right, you would be at this moment, in Cuba, just where Spain was when she excited the indignation of the civilized world and we compelled her to let go. And if you had done in the Philippines as you did in Cuba, you would be to-day or would soon be in those islands as you are in Cuba. But you made a totally different declaration about the Philippine Islands. You undertook in the treaty to acquire sovereignty over her for yourself, which that people denied.

What has been the practical statesmanship which comes from your ideals and your sentimentalities. You have wasted nearly six hundred millions of treasure. You have sacrificed nearly ten thousand American lives—the flower of our youth. You have devastated provinces. You have slain uncounted thousands of the people you desire to benefit. You have established reconcentration camps. Your generals are coming home from their

harvest bringing sheaves with them, in the shape of other thousands of sick and wounded and insane to drag out miserable lives, wrecked in body and mind. You make the American flag in the eyes of a numerous people the emblem of sacrilege in Christian churches, and of the burning of human dwellings, and of the horror of the water torture. Your practical statesmanship which disdains to take George Washington and Abraham Lincoln or the soldiers of the Revolution or of the Civil War as models, has looked in some cases to Spain for your example. I believe—nay, I know—that in general our officers and soldiers are humane. But in some cases they have carried on your warfare with a mixture of American ingenuity and Castilian cruelty.

Your practical statesmanship has succeeded in converting a people who three years ago were ready to kiss the hem of the garment of the American and to welcome him as a liberator, who thronged after your men when they landed on those islands with benediction and gratitude, into sullen and irreconcilable enemies, possessed of a hatred which centuries cannot eradicate.

The practical statesmanship of the Declaration of Independence and the Golden Rule would have cost nothing but a few kind words. They would have bought for you the great title of liberator and benefactor, which your fathers won for your country in the South American Republics and in Japan, and which you have won in Cuba. They would have bought for you undying gratitude of a great and free people and the undying glory which belongs to the name of liberator.

Another price we have paid as the result of your practical statesmanship. We have sold out the right, the old American right, to speak out the sympathy which is in our hearts for people who are desolate and oppressed everywhere on the face of the earth.

This war, if you call it war, has gone on for three years. It will go on in some form for three hundred years, unless this policy be abandoned. You will undoubtedly have times of peace and quiet, or pretended submission. You will buy men with titles, or office, or salaries. You will intimidate cowards. You will get

pretended fawning submission. The land will smile and seem at peace. But the volcano will be there. The lava will break out again. You can never settle this thing until you settle it right.

Gentlemen tell us that the Filipinos are savages, that they have inflicted torture, that they have dishonored our dead and outraged the living. That very likely may be true. Spain said the same thing of the Cubans. We have made the same charges against our own countrymen in the disturbed days after the war. The reports of committees and the evidence in the documents in our library are full of them. But who ever heard before of an American gentleman, or an American, who took as a rule for his own conduct the conduct of his antagonist, or who claimed that the Republic should act as savages because she had savages to deal with? I had supposed, Mr. President, that the question whether a gentleman shall lie or murder or torture, depended on his sense of his own character, and not on his opinion of his victim. Of all the miserable sophistical shifts which have attended this wretched business from the beginning, there is none more miserable than this.

Mr. President, this is the eternal law of human nature. You may struggle against it, you may try to escape it, you may persuade yourself that your intentions are benevolent, that your yoke will be easy and your burden will be light, but it will assert itself again. Government without the consent of the governed—authority which heaven never gave—can only be supported by means which heaven never can sanction.

The American people have got this one question to answer. They may answer it now; they can take ten years, or twenty years, or a generation, or a century to think of it. But it will not down. They must answer it in the end: Can you lawfully buy with money, or get by brute force of arms, the right to hold in subjugation an unwilling people, and to impose on them such constitution as you, and not they, think best for them?

We have answered this question a good many times in the past. The fathers answered it in 1776, and founded the Republic upon their answer, which has been the

corner-stone. John Quincy Adams and James Monroe answered it again in the Monroe Doctrine, which John Quincy Adams declared was only the doctrine of the consent of the governed. The Republican party answered it when it took possession of the force of government at the beginning of the most brilliant period in all legislative history. Abraham Lincoln answered it when, on that fatal journey to Washington in 1861, he announced that the doctrine of his political creed, and declared, with prophetic vision, that he was ready to be assassinated for it if need be. You answered it again yourselves when you said that Cuba, who had no more title than the people of the Philippine Islands had to their independence, of right ought to be free and independent.

The question will be answered again hereafter. It will be answered soberly and deliberately and quietly as the American people are wont to answer great questions of duty. It will be answered, not in any turbulent assembly, amid shouting and clapping of hands and stamping of feet, where men do their thinking with their heels and not with their brains. It will be answered in the churches and in the schools and in the colleges; and it will be answered in fifteen million American homes; and it will be answered as it has always been answered. It will be answered right.

* *

[For three hours Senator Hoar held his hearers spell-bound on the "Subjugation of the Philippines." His theme was that propounded by America's greatest statesman several years before, "A house divided against itself cannot stand." The chief Republican organ said it was chiefly refreshing old straw. "But why speak of Thermopylæ or Lexington or any other deed of self-sacrifice and valor for the country's freedom if all have been in vain." Few men have the power to gather a great mass of argument and formulate it so that all can comprehend its force. Fewer men have the ability to take this weapon, use it to seize upon the conscience and heart of the multitude, and teach them that moral greatness is

above self and power. Senator Hoar shows himself a master of both in this oration. It will live as long as this controversy shall last, and shall never become stale so long as human sympathy reigns in the American bosom." Extract from a speech in the United States Senate, May, 1902.]

Gettysburg Address

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

[Delivered at the dedication of the National Cemetery
on the Battlefield, November 19, 1863.]



OURSscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

[“There are three sources of authority for Lincoln’s Gettysburg speech or three versions of it, all identical in thought but differing somewhat in the wording. 1. The original autograph-draft written by Mr. Lincoln partly

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at Washington and partly at Gettysburg. 2. The version made by the shorthand reports on the stand at Gettysburg when the President delivered it, which was telegraphed and was printed in the leading newspapers the next morning. 3. The revised copy made by the President a few days after his trip to Washington, upon a careful comparison of his original draft and the printed newspaper version with his own recollections of the exact form in which he delivered it. Mr. Lincoln had little more than two weeks in which to prepare the remarks he intended to make. It was a time when he was extremely busy, not alone with the important military affairs in the various armies, but also with his annual message to Congress which was to meet early in December. Lincoln's position as an orator and master of the English language in its strength and simplicity is unquestioned. No man of the century could state a proposition with more exactness and completeness. His clarity of expression, the constant building up of his argument, his brilliantly apt comparisons, his illuminating wit, his merciless pursuit of illogic in his opponent, his reserve and his dignity would be remarkable in a mind highly trained and in this untaught son of the wilderness become phenomenal. The Gettysburg speech marks his genius."]

Last Days of the Confederacy

BY JOHN BROWN GORDON

[Extract from a lecture given many times on the Lyceum platform. General Gordon was born in Georgia, 1832, served throughout the war, in the Confederate Army, and was afterward elected to various positions of trust by the people of his State.]



WANT to give one or two incidents illustrative of the life of a private in that war. My countrymen, I must be pardoned for saying that when I recall the uncomplaining suffering, the unbought and poorly-paid patriotism of those grand men, the American volunteers, who had no hope of personal honors, no stripes on their coats, nor stars on their collars, who wore the knapsacks, trudged in the mud, leaving the imprint of their feet in their own blood on Virginia's snows—when I recall those men who stood in the forefront of the battle, fired the muskets, won the victories, and made the generals, I would gladly write their names in characters of blazing stars that could never grow dim.

I want to illustrate the life of a private. It will be remembered that that little stream of which I have spoken, the Rapidan, was for a long time the dividing line between those two great armies. It was so near that the pickets of the two armies refused to fire at each other by common consent. When they did shoot, they shot jokes instead of rifles across the river at each other, and where the water was shallow they waded in and met each other in the middle and swapped Southern tobacco for Yankee coffee; and where the water was too deep to wade in, they sent those articles across in little boats, loaded on this side with Southern tobacco, and sailed across. Then those little ships were unloaded on the opposite bank and reloaded and sailed back with Yankee coffee for the Johnnies. Thus those two fighting armies kept up for a long time their friendly and international commerce. So great was that commerce that the com-

manders of both armies ordered it to stop. As a matter of course, the privates ignored the orders and went on trading. General Lee sent for me and said: "I want you to take charge of my picket line, sir, and break up that trading." I rode along the picket lines and as I came suddenly around the point of a hill, on one of my picket posts, before they dreamed I was in the neighborhood I found an amount of confusion such as I had never witnessed. I asked, "What is the matter here, boys? What does all this mean?" "Nothing at all, sir; it is all right here; we assure you it is all right." I thought there was a good deal of a showing about it, and said so, when a bright fellow, who saw I had some doubt on my brain, stepped to the front to get his comrades out of the scrap, and he began—he was a stammering fellow—and he began: "Oh, yes, g-g-g-general; it is all r-r-r-right; we were just getting r-r-ready, so we could present arms to you if you should come along after awhile." Of course I knew there was not a word of truth in it, but I began to ride away. Looking back suddenly, I saw the high weeds on the bank of this little river shaking. I asked this fellow: "What is the matter with the weeds, sir? They seem to be in confusion, too?" Badly frightened now, he exclaimed: "Oh, g-g-g-general, there is nothing the matter with the weeds; the weeds are all right." I ordered: "Break down these weeds;" and there flat on the ground among those weeds was at least six feet of soldier, with scarcely any clothing on his person. I asked. "Where do you belong?" "Over yonder," he said, pointing to the Union army, "on the other side." "What are you doing here, sir?" "Well," he said, "General, I didn't think there was any harm in my coming over here and talking to the boys a little while." "What boys?" I asked. "These Johnnies," he said. I asked: "Don't you know we are in the midst of a great war, sir?" "Yes, General; I know we are having a war, but we are not fighting now." The idea of this Union boy, that because we were not this minute shooting each other to death, it was a proper occasion to lay aside the arms and make a social visit, one army to the other, struck me as the most laughable kind of war I had ever heard of; and I could scarcely keep my face straight enough to give an order. But I summoned all the sternness of my nature, and

said, "I will show you, sir, that this is war; I am going to march you through the country and put you in prison." At that announcement my boys rushed to this fellow's defense. They gathered round me and said, "General, wait a minute; let us talk about it. You say you are going to send this Union boy to prison. Hold on, General; that won't do; that won't do at all; we invited this fellow over here, and we promised to protect him. Now, General, don't you see, if you send him off to prison, you will ruin our Southern honor." What could a commander do with such boys? I made the Union man stand up and said to him, "Now, sir, if I permit you to go back at the solicitation of these Confederates, will you solemnly promise me, on the honor of a soldier—" And he did not wait for me to finish my sentence. With a loud "Yes, sir," he leaped like a great bull-frog into the river and swam back.

Now my countrymen, I allude to that little incident for a higher purpose than mere amusement or entertainment. I want to submit a question in connection with it. Tell me, my countrymen, where else on earth could you find a scene like that in the midst of a long and bloody war between two hostile armies? Where else could you find it? Among what people would it be possible except among this glorious American people, uplifted by our free institutions and by that Christian civilization which was born in Heaven?

The Rapidan suggests another scene to which allusion has often been made since the war, but which is illustrative also of the spirit of both armies, I may be permitted to recall in this connection. In the mellow twilight of an April day the two armies were holding their dress parades on the opposite hills bordering the river. At the close of the parade a magnificent brass band of the Union army played with great spirit the patriotic airs, "Hail Columbia," and "Yankee Doodle." Whereupon the Federal troops responded with a patriotic shout. The band then played the soul-stirring strains of "Dixie," to which a mighty response came from ten thousand Southern troops. A few moments later, when the stars had come out as witnesses and when all nature was in harmony there came from the same band the old melody, "Home, Sweet Home." As its familiar and pathetic notes rolled

over the water and thrilled through the spirits of the soldiers, the hills reverberated with a thundering response from the united voices of both armies. What was there in this old, old music, to so touch the chords of sympathy, to thrill the spirits and cause the frames of brave men to tremble with emotion? It was the thought of home. To thousands, doubtless, it was the thought of that Eternal Home to which the next battle might be the gateway. To thousands of others it was the thought of their dear earthly homes, where loved ones at that twilight hour were bowing round the family altar, and asking God's care over the absent soldier boy.

The Speaker

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HE practical value of recent psychological study is nowhere more in evidence than in public speaking. Teaching of this subject must hereafter follow many different lines than it has hitherto. Conditions have changed, and we have learned new and better methods of doing the old things. The printing press gives information, so that is no longer an essential part of a speaker's business. His place, as always, but pre-eminently so now, is to vitalize all this flood of miscellaneous information that the press is pouring into our minds. He must be clear visioned enough to see things in their relation; he must select those essential things that belong together and so give them a greater significance. He must be in such sympathy with truth, and right, and beauty, that he is able to redeem the ugly, the sordid, the commonplace, and make it lift men upward. He must have such skill that he is able to go far beyond the printing press, must reach farther toward the emotions that lie behind words and reveal the soul of things. This is a new problem only in its methods and in its intensity. The printing press has superseded mediocre speaking, but it has only prepared the way for the effective speaker. When people come to hear the public speaker now they have all the information necessary, though they may not have it in the required relation. Thus much of the speaker's work is done for him: his business then is largely specialized. He must rouse to action, as did the speakers in the olden times, but a new province of public speaking has developed with our intense civilization. He may quiet, soothe, and calm people so that they become normal, and are thus more receptive to the normal things of life. No small mission of many speakers in our day is to help

The Speaker

men to let go the tension at which they live. New methods have been put at the service of the public speaker and of the teacher, and because of the specialization of his work new necessities have arisen. As always the great privilege, and the great opportunity of the public speaker is his personal influence with those whom he addresses. Without a highly developed personality this influence amounts to nothing. In an hour before an audience a speaker must live as much of life as he would otherwise live in a day. This great expenditure of nervous energy working through intellect, imagination, will, and manifold sympathies, this intense, creative activity commands the attention, imagination, and the

Personality will of those who hear. Can the speaker's personality be developed? Not by the quacks who advertise to do it at so much per letter, but it can be developed. The first class of people to begin a study of this matter in a scientific practical way is the business men. They have schools for developing scientific salesmanship. Their first instruction has to do with the personality of the salesman. Great results are obtained, results that must shame most teachers of public speaking. This is great, important, invaluable work for students of public speaking, and teachers should not let another year go by without making the most of it.

* * *

Scientific salesmanship also studies the man to whom the commodity is to be sold, and plans to reach him personally. Then it studies the qualities of the commodity to be sold, discovers its talking points, and then develops methods of presenting it to all the various classes of possible purchasers. This is all done in the **Developed** most practical way, and with the most intimate knowledge of modern psychology. In these matters the public speaker has the same problem. He has to deal with himself, the salesman, with a speech, the commodity, and with the audience, the people to be influenced. Most speakers leave results to chance, as most commercial salesmen did five years ago. But

haphazard methods are now inexcusable; scientific methods are to be had for the trouble of mastering them.

Let us consider first the case of a professional reader. First of all the personality must be so developed that she will make a successful program more probable. Her entrance must not be left to chance: her dress must be chosen so as not to clash with the bright red carpet and parlor set to be found in most opera houses. What beyond that? It is difficult to change a set program to suit different audiences, but I believe every prominent reader will make such a provisional arrangement, and that, too, before many seasons have passed. The custom now is to begin the program at once, trust that the audience will become interested. That would do very well if all audiences were alike, then one could plan a program to meet the needs of the case. But in the splendid phrase of ex-President Cleveland, "it is condition not a theory" which one has to meet night after night.

There are many professional readers who hold the lofty position that the program they present for the literary hour at Chautauqua, New York, or at some college must please everywhere, and they find fault with the audience that does not like it. Such readers continually deal with a theory, not a condition. I contend that a speaker's business is first of all to make good. He must take an audience where he finds it and lead it toward where he would like to have it, not expect to find it on the plane of literary appreciation where he thinks it ought to be. Such readers are trying to present college courses in literature to kindergarten or intermediate classes. Such work must be changed to suit the audience, or it is time wasted.

* * *

But to return to the direct question asked. Suppose a reader is to present a play of Shakespeare, which has been advertised. She is prepared to read the play to an audience that is familiar with it, but she sees at a glance that the audience before her has had no time for reading of any kind. They may respond to moral precepts, but they have nothing by which to judge literary

values. What is she to do? The play will probably fall flat. Can she save the situation? Should she?

She should. The reader must be master of more than one kind of an audience. She can't change her program "**A Condition**" to suit the condition of the audience, then **not a Theory** change the substance of it. That is, she should be able to present the same program more than one way. An audience that would find an involved plot uninteresting or would grow drowsy in listening to the delineation of subtle characters, would probably be interested in the simple moral question involved in the story, or would be interested in a snappy biographical sketch of the writer. After a few minutes spent in establishing relations with her audience, then she may spend a little time in attracting attention to her theme. Until these two things are accomplished the reader should not proceed. In many places these preliminary things have fortunately been done in advance. But when they have not been it is fatal to leave them go undone.

* * *

The lecture presents the same problems, except that the structure of a lecture makes it easier to meet them.

Speaker Yet the fact remains that nearly every **and Audience** lecturer begins in the same way with every audience. This accounts for many of the failures. It is next to impossible for an experienced lecturer to fail if he takes sufficient time and tries sufficient devices for getting into sympathy with his audience. If nothing else is done this must be accomplished. Instead of one beginning the lecturer should have at least three for each lecture. If he studies his audiences he can guess pretty well at first glance what kind of introduction to give. He can tell the instant the audience becomes a unit. Happily it is sometimes a unit when he appears. The audience has been well prepared for him and has its expectations high. At such times the smallest attention should be given to establishing a relation between audience and speaker, and he may go at once to the second preliminary, attracting attention to his theme. But when the audience is five hundred individual units,

the business of the speaker is to make them come together, make them act with one mind, as one unit.

Establishing a Relation Evangelists well understand this psychological principle, and employ it effectively, even if they do no more than to ask the people to stand up, sit down, or sing together. The commonest manifestation of an audience becoming a unit is the clapping of hands, but that is by no means the only evidence. One reader who uses "A Man Without a Country" for her opening number says that if the audience has not become a unit earlier in the story she can safely calculate on the defiant utterance of Philip Nolan, "Damn the United States," to bring the audience together with a gasp.

If one device employed does not establish the relation where the audience has yielded to the speaker, then another must be employed, and still another until this has been established. A man had as well keep shooting with a broken gun as to try to deliver his message before he has won his audience. Few audiences are hostile; most of them are indifferent, so that the problem is generally reduced to the one consideration, how to establish the relation between the speaker and an apathetic people.

* * *

A very common complaint is that great preachers, who are brought out from their metropolitan pulpits to lecture to audiences in small towns, do not give satisfaction. The chief cause of failure is that they do not take cognizance of the fact that the audiences elsewhere may not be the same as their home congregations. Their lectures are too often made for one kind of people and delivered to another kind. But another difficulty is that they forget that time must be spent in getting audience and speaker acquainted with each other. Unconsciously

Devices they think of themselves before their home congregation, where a sympathetic relation has existed for years, and they make no attempt to bind the new audience to them. Plunging thus into the subject failure is almost inevitable.



THE following extract from a circular sent out by the new honor fraternity is of interest. Address all inquiries to the Secretary, Gustavus Loevinger, New York Life Building, Minneapolis.

On April 13th, 1906, there was organized at Chicago, a new intercollegiate honor society under the name of Delta Sigma Rho. The organizing convention was composed of delegates from the Universities of Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, Nebraska, Chicago and Northwestern University. The call for the meeting had been issued by Prof. Eugene E. McDermott of the University of Minnesota after a correspondence covering several years with the heads of the departments of public speaking in the institutions above named during which the idea was fully discussed and universally approved. In nearly all the institutions the organization became popular at once and membership therein a much desired prize. The convention of 1906 adopted the present name and motto of the society and some of the distinctive features of the present constitution. In May, 1907, the first General Council met, composed of one delegate from each chapter. This conven-

An Oratorical Fraternity changed very materially the constitution of the society, increasing the number of officers, providing for working committees, elaborating methods of dealing with applications and the like. At present the officers of the society are: President, Merton L. Ferson, University of Iowa; Vice-President, Max Leob, University of Wisconsin, and Secretary and Treasurer, Gustavus Loevinger, University of Minnesota. The legislative functions of the society are now lodged in the General Council, which meets annually, and in the Executive Committee when the Council is not in session. The chapter roll at present includes the institutions above named and Ohio Wesleyan University, which was granted a charter in 1907. The society has for its emblem a diamond-shaped key on which the Greek letters Delta Sigma Rho and the date of the organization of the society appear in relief.

The object of Delta Sigma Rho is succinctly stated in the preamble to its Constitution to be "to encourage

sincere and effective public speaking." Such is indeed its primary purpose and if it had no other this would justify its creation, continuance and expansion. In accomplishing this purpose it has a wide and far-reaching effect upon many collateral interests. To encourage effective and sincere public speaking in college it must influence not only the mind of the collegian, but his character as well. It must teach not only high standards of oratory but of conduct and of purpose for, after all, great oratory is the product of great men.

Dignified and utilitarian in its purposes, high in its standards of oratory, but of conduct and of purpose be Rho composed of picked men, tested and proved. No person is eligible to Delta Sigma until he has actually participated in an intercollegiate contest of debate or oratory. Preparation for such contests requires many sacrifices of social and personal pleasures; asks for the exercise of much will power in frequent self-denials; demands health and endurance to stand the strain of long continued effort and excitement; requires reliability; asks for more than a mere modicum of talent; must be grounded on an indomitable determination to win by more extended research, and by display of superior skill and power, qualities and characteristics that make for the highest, most efficient and most progressive type of citizenship.

Twiggs and Tudens*

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

(Arranged by Betha Kunz Baker.)



OW, who'd want a more cozier little home than me an' Tude's got here? This hain't no princely hall, with all its gorgeous paraphanalay, as the playbill says; but it's what I calls a 'hinterior,' which for meller comfort and cheerful surroundin's ain't to be ekelled by no other flat on the boundless, never-endin' stage of existence," and Mr. Twiggs smiled and bowed to his *imaginary* audience, for he was quite alone, except for a great, green parrot, that called from its perch on the mantel, "Hooray for Twiggs and Tuden!" "Tude's a queer girl—Tude's a queer girl, a wery queer girl, and nothink short. Now, sposin' a pore chap like me, as ain't no property—only this here 'crooked little house,' as Tude calls it, and some o' the properties I handles at the Drury—as I was saying—sposin' now a rough old chap like me was jes' to tell her all about herself—and who she is an' all, and not no kith or kin o' mine, let alone a daughter, as *she* thinks, what do you reckon now 'ud be the upshot eh?—And Tude's a-comin' of a age, too, when a more tenderer protector than a father, so to speak, wouldn't be out o' keepin' with the nat'r'al order of things. And it's a question in my mind if it ain't my bounden duty as her father—(or ruther who has been a father to her all her life), to kinder tell her jest how things is—an' all—and how I am—an' everythink—an' how I feel as tho' I orto stand by her—how I allus—orto kindo—"

"—Orto kindo—orto kindo—"

"Blow me—blow me—if the knowin' impidence of that 'ere bird ain't astonishin'!—

"Ah!—it were just scrumptious to see Tude in 'The Iron Chest' last night. Now I ain't no hactor myself—

*From "Armazindy." Copyright 1894, by James Whitcomb Riley. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

I've been on, of course, a thousand times as fillin'—‘sogers’ and ‘peasants’ an’ the like, where I never had no lines, and in the ‘choruses,’—but if I don’t know nothing but ‘All hail! all hail’—I’ve had the experience o’ bein’ under the baleful hinfluence of the hoppery-glass, and I’m free to say it air a ticklish position an’ no mistake— But Tude, why bless you, she warn’t the first bit flustered. ‘Peared like she just felt perfectly at home —like her mother afore her!

“It were tryin’, tho’, it were a tryin’ thing, an’ it air a tryin’ thing to see them lovely arms o’ hern, a-twinin’ so lovin’ like around that ere *Stanley’s* neck an’ a-kissin’ of him—as she’s obligeed to do, of course, and as the properties of the play demands—but I’m blowed if she didn’t do it so nat’ral like, I’d feel easier—Blow me—I’m about comin’ to the conclusion I ain’t no more courage ‘n a blasted schoolboy! Here am I, old enough to be her father—mighty nigh it—an’ yet I actually afear’d to speak up and tell her jest how things is, an’ all, and how I feel like I—like I—”

“Orto kindo—orto kindo!” shrieked the parrot from under the table. “Tude’s come home—Tude’s come home”—and as if in proof of this latter assertion the gentle Mr. Twiggs found his chubby neck encircled by a pair of rosy arms and felt upon his cheek the sudden pressure of a pair of lips that thrilled his old heart to the core—while the noisy bird marched pompously out from his place of biding, still repeating, “Tude’s come home.”

“Shet up! will you—why a feller can’t hear his ears for your infernal squawkin’—

“Well—there—Tudens—I beg parding—I do, indeed. Don’t look at me that-a-way. I know I’m a great, rough, good-for-noth”— but a warm, swift kiss cut short the utterance, and as the girl drew back, still holding the bright old face between her tender palms, he said simply, “You’re a queer girl, Tudens—a queer girl.”

“Ha! am I?” she replied, with mock heroic flourish. “Troth, I am sorry for it; me poor father’s heart is bursting with gratitude, and he would fain ease it by pouring out his thanks to his benefactor.”

“Weery good, weery good! you’re a-growin’ more wonderful clever in your ‘presence’ every day, Tude. You

don't think o' nothink but your hactin', do you, now?"—
(Sigh).

"Why! listen, then, ah, ha! Why, you melancholy old Dame, you! You are actually sighing—But, believe me, Wilford, I would not question you but to console you; I would scorn to pry into any one's grief, much more yours, Wilford, to satisfy a busy curiosity."

"O don't, Tude; don't rehearse like that at me! I can't a-bear it."

"Why, Pop'm, I didn't mean to vex you; forgive me. I was only trying to be happy, as I ought, although my own heart is this very minute heavy—very heavy—no—no—I don't mean that—but—father, father, I have not been dutiful."

"Why, yes, you have—you ain't been ondutiful nor nothink else—just all an' everythink that heart could wish. It's all my own fault. You see, I get to thinkin' sometimes, like I was a-goin' to lose you, an' now that you're a-comin' on in years, and gittin' such a fine start, an' all, an' position, an' everythink, I'm that proud of you an' all, an' that selfish, that its onpossible I could ever, ever give you up!"

Tudens made no reply, but stooped again to kiss the kind old face, and turned with feigned gayety to the simple task of arranging supper, and a few minutes later the two sat smilingly down, Mr. Twiggs remarking that if he only knew a blessing, he'd ask it.

"For, only look at these 'ere 'am an' heggs. I'd like to know if the Queen herself could cook 'em to a nicer turn, or serve 'em up more tantalizener to the palate," and Mr. Twiggs glanced inquiringly at his companion and found her staring vacantly at her plate.

"I was just a-sayin', Tudens,—"

"Yes, Pop'm, I heard you; we really ought to have a blessing, by all means."

"Tudens, I'm mostafeared you didn't grasp that last remark o' mine. I was a-sayin'—"

"Well?"

"I was a-sayin' that you was a-gittin' now to be quite a young woman."

"Oh—so you were."

"Well, if I wasn't a-sayin' it, I was a-thinkin' it—and I've been a-thinkin' it fer days an' days, ever sence you

left the balley an' went in fer chambermaids, an' at last fer leadin' roles. Maybe you ain't noticed it, but I've had my eyes on you from the 'flies,' and jest betwixt us, Tudens, an' it's not fer me, or orto know better, an' does know better to go a-flatterin' anybody—but, as I said—you're a-gittin to be a young woman—an' what's more, a mighty 'ansome young woman—"

"Why, Pop'm—"

"Yes, you are, Tudens, an' I mean it, every word of it; an', as I was a-goin' on to say, I've been a-watchin' of you, an' a-layin' off a long time jes' to tell you sommat that'll make yer eyes open wilder'n that! What I mean—what I mean is, you'll soon be old enough to be settin' up fer yerself—an' marry—why! Tudens, what ails ye?

"Nothing serious, Pop'm—nothing serious—it just flashed on me all at once that I had clean forgotten poor Dick's supper. But whatever made you think of such a thing, father? Hey, old Dickey-bird, do you think Tudens is a handsome young woman? And do you think Tudens is old enough to marry?"

"Yes, sir, Tudens, have your laugh out over it, now, but it's a werry serious fact, for all that."

"I know, father, I know it—and many, many times, when I have thought of it, and then again of your kindly old faith; all the warm wealth of your love; our old home here, and all the happiness it ever held for me and you alike—I have tried, oh, I have tried hard to put all other thought away, and live for you alone! But, Pop'm, dear old Pop'm—"

"Couldn't live without her old Pop'm, could her? Couldn't live without old Pop'm?"

"Never!—Never! Oh! may I always live with you, Pop'm? Always? Forever and a day—even after I'm—"

"Even after what, Tudens?"

"After I'm married?"

"Nothink short—perwidin', of course, that your man is a honest, straightforward feller as ain't no lordly notions, nor nothink o' that sort"—

"Nor rich?"

"Well, I aint so p'ticklar about his bein' pore, adzactly—say a feller as works fer his livin' an' knows 'ow to 'usband his earnin's, thriftylike—an' a good perwider—

I'll blow me if I didn't see a face, then, a-peerin' in the winder—”

“Oh, no you didn't; there's nobody there—go on—you were saying, ‘a good provider’—”

“Yes, a good perwider, an' a feller, of course, as has a eye out fer the substantials o' life, an' ain't afeared o' work—”

“And that's all old Pop'm asks?”

“Why, certainly; ain't that all an' everythink to make home happy;” and he caught her face between his great brown hands and kissed her triumphantly.

“And you would be willing to have me marry such a man?”

“Wouldn't I?”

“God bless you, Pop'm, and forgive me!” and Tudens made a signal toward the window, and then, as the door opened and Mr. Stanley entered, said, “This is my husband, father.” Mr. Stanley rushed forward and grasped the hand of Mr. Twiggs—fervidly—but the face—he will never forget the face he looked on then. Yet happy, some day, when the Master takes the selfsame hand within His own and whispers, “Tude's come home,” the old smile will return.



To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars

BY RICHARD LOVELACE

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

The King's Great Victory*

BY LEE ANDERSON



HE King was ill! And when a king is ill, it is unseemly, very, for any but royalty to intrude. Yet into the King's apartment came one who was a Very Common Person. She tiptoed cautiously to the monarch's bed, little knowing that his great, black-ringed eyes were following her every move; then she as cautiously returned to the door, poked out her head, and whispered,

"He's sleeping!"

To whomever she spoke, the answer seemed satisfactory, for the King heard a pleased chuckle. Then he was once more alone in the silent chamber, alone with the fearful creations of his fever-heated brain. He stirred uneasily and muttered unintelligibly, then nestled his head on a fresh, cool spot of the pillow and, still muttering, commended himself to sleep. But when a king is ill the vigil is never-ceasing. As the muttering from the big bed continued, the Very Common Person again tiptoed to the King's side.

"Sleeping?" she whispered.

"Um-m!" answered the King.

"In pain?"

"Um-m!"

"Do you want the Doctor?"

"Um-m!"

The answer was not convincing, but the Very Common Person poked her head out of the door again and motioned to some one. Then there was the sound of a heavy tread, and a man entered the royal chamber. Stooping over the bed, he firmly grasped the burning royal wrist.

"Um-m!" grumbled the King.

"What! Going to be cross with the Doctor?" asked the Very Common Person in a grieved tone.

"No, he's not going to be cross with me—are you?"

whispered the Doctor, close to the King's ear.

"Um-m!" still grumbled His Majesty.

"Let me see those bottles," said the Doctor, and reached for a number of vials which lay on a little table by the bedside. "We'll increase this to three every hour. Stop this." Then he turned to the fevered monarch. "I'll be going now. Will Your Majesty be able to do without me for a few hours?"

"Um-m-ump!" muttered the King petulantly, and the Doctor and the Very Common Person left the royal chamber abashed. Outside, the Doctor shook his head soberly.

"Pretty bad," he said slowly. "Pretty bad; but I'll come again after lunch."

In the big bed the King was still muttering. When he did finally succeed in getting to sleep, great monsters came tramping out of the dim infinity, threatening him with destruction. Vainly he ran from them, and vainly he pleaded for mercy; they always dragged him toward an awful, bottomless abyss. With a smothered scream he made one last effort to escape—and then woke up to find the Very Common Person coaxing him to swallow three nasty pills.

The whole affair was entirely beyond the King's comprehension. For an eternity he had been kept in that darkened room with all those hideous creatures. Why was he not allowed to be out of doors? True, he did feel a little weak at times; true, his legs and arms didn't always go just where they should, but were those any fair reasons for keeping him locked up? At times, when the shadowy beings were not too insistent, he thought tragically that a Most Beautiful Lady, who came to see him twice each day, had put him there to be rid of him. He was the King, but his enemies had overpowered him. And he was such a harmless King. All he wanted was to be out in the sunshine. He had never hurt anyone. He had even tried to love the Most Beautiful Lady, but she seemed not to want him. She had even deprived him of his Prime Minister. To be sure, that worthy friend and adviser had gone before the King was shut in the dungeon, but to His Majesty's fevered perception it was all one great conspiracy to break him, spirit and body.

And they had succeeded, so far as his body was con-

cerned. His spirit was still firm. He would defeat his enemies yet. He would live on and on, and some day—who knew?—some day the Prime Minister might come back to release him. That big man would not fear the shadow creatures. If only they had left the Prime Minister! As the fiendish cruelty of this act forced itself upon His Majesty, he sobbed with great, dry gulps which brought the Very Common Person again to the royal bedside.

"Dearie," she asked, "is it worse?"

"Um-m!" replied the King.

"Here, take this. It will be better presently."

The King continued to sob softly. He was frightened. The vague figures were creeping upon him from all sides. Over his body swarmed little imps. From the dark corners peered horrible faces. Long arms reached for him out of nothingness, and great beasts, each seemingly larger than his bed, marched beneath the chairs and through the chandeliers. Vainly he buried his face against the cool shoulder of the Very Common Person: still they came. Huge tigers and great fire-belching elephants paraded out of her ears, her nose, and her eyes. When she spoke, though the voice seemed soft, hideous figures jumped from her mouth. The King shuddered convulsively and drew away.

"Do 'way! Do 'way!" he gasped. "I ain't done nuffn.' Leave me 'lone. Oh, do 'way. Make 'em do 'way." Then he was silent while the horrors continued to swarm upon him. With anxious face the Very Common Person bustled about the medicine-table. But when she offered doses to the King he would have none of them.

"Oh, do 'way," he cried petulantly. "Please do 'way." Then he added, sobbing: "Won't you please do 'way—please? I ain't done nuffin'."

Again he was silent; and then a new idea came to him. He would ask for his Prime Minister.

"I want my papa," he sobbed. "I want my pa-a-pa!"

The Very Common Person ran out of the royal chamber, forgetting to close the door.

"Mrs. Burt!" she called over the balustrade, "Mrs. Burt! Come very quickly. Master Marvin is very bad."

"Coming," answered a voice from below, and imme-

dately there were the sounds of hurried steps on the stairs. The Very Common Person telephoned to the Doctor and hurried back to His Majesty's chamber. After her came the Most Beautiful Lady, and together they bent over the delirious King. Great tears streamed over the face of the Very Common Person, and the Most Beautiful Lady sobbed tearlessly and buried her face in the short yellow curls of the stricken monarch.

"Oh, my darling, my darling," she cried. "Look! It's mama. Won't you speak to mama, darling?"

"Oh, do 'way. I want my papa!" replied the King, and twisted himself from her embrace.

"Don't die, darling; don't die. Speak to mama—say you won't die."

"I want my pa-a-pa!" cried the King. The Most Beautiful Lady clasped her hands in desperation. She begged His Majesty to speak to her, but His Majesty could not understand. The host of tormentors continued to come from the dark infinity. At times he was vaguely conscious that the Most Beautiful Lady was speaking to him, but his only definite wish was for his Prime Minister. The Doctor came, prescribed, and stood hopelessly by while the fever raged on. Still the delirious monarch cried:

"I want my papa! I want my pa-a-pa!"

It was very embarrassing for the Most Beautiful Lady. How could she explain that a solemn-looking man, seated behind a mahogany desk, had sent the Prime Minister away? How could she explain that the decree had been absolute, that she had been given the child, that the Prime Minister was a stranger to them now? She looked at the Doctor, but he was silent and turned his face away. He knew the terrible pride of the Most Beautiful Lady and he fumbled nervously among the vials on the little table. She must fight it out for herself.

"I want my pa-a-pa!" pleaded His Majesty. The Most Beautiful Lady knelt beside the bed.

"Darling," she said, "won't you speak to me—just one little word?"

"Do 'way," commanded the monarch.

"But dearie, it's mama. Can't you understand?" The Most Beautiful Lady rose from the royal bedside and faced the Doctor.

"Will it save him?" she asked.
"Yes, I believe so."
"Is there no hope without it?"
"None." The Doctor's tone was positive.
"He will—will—"
"He will die before night unless his father comes.
Nothing else will save him."

"Would—Marvin know him?"
"He would."

"I want my pa-a-pa," whined the King.
"Then it is—"

"It is the only hope," said the Doctor.

The Most Beautiful Lady passed her hand wearily across her eyes and sighed. Then she turned to the Very Common Person.

"Please telephone—Mr. Burt—at his office. Tell him—that Marvin—is—dangerously ill—and that he—that we—wish him to come—at once."

Then the Most Beautiful Lady again knelt by the King's bed, and buried her face in the yellow curls. She spoke neither to His Majesty nor to the Doctor, but sobbed softly. This time the tears came, and she was strangely happy.

The minutes dragged on. The Doctor paced up and down the room solemnly, and the Most Beautiful Lady did not move. The King lay quiet as though he knew that his Prime Minister would soon be with him. The door opened, and the Very Common Person entered the room. The Doctor stopped his pacing, and the figure by the bed raised her head inquiringly. The Prime Minister was also proud, and the two watchers anxiously awaited his answer.

"Mr. Burt is coming at once," said the Very Common Person.

Then came an eternity of waiting. Every minute or two the Doctor looked at his watch. The Very Common Person played restlessly with the bottles and spoons. Even His Majesty grew restive under the strain. The shadow creatures began to come from the corners again, and he asked impatiently for his Prime Minister. At last those who waited by the royal bedside heard a door slam. A deep voice sounded in the lower vestibule, and some one leaped the stairs three at a time. The door was

swung violently open, and the Prime Minister entered. He went directly to the King's bed, but seeing the Most Beautiful Lady kneeling there, walked around to the other side.

"Great God," he sobbed, "let him live. It is my only prayer." Then he cried cheerfully to the stricken monarch:

"What, the King ill—sick in bed! Come, come, this will never do. Here, you little beggar, speak to the Prime Minister. The case is urgent. The army of the Enemy is without our gates. To arms! Let us be up and at them. Shall they take our Castle without a fight? Come, are you going to allow them to carry away the—the Most Beautiful Lady without a struggle?"

The King turned toward the voice.

"Pa-a-pa!" he said; then continued, "How many—men—have we?"

"One million, Your Majesty. What are Your Majesty's orders?"

"Papa, tiss me! Den send some to fight—the—E'my—an'—den tiss me again. I dess we won't fight—to-day."

"Oho But we must," cried the Prime Minister. "See, the Commander-in-Chief is impatient to begin the battle. And there is the Most Beautiful Lady, sobbing with fear of the Enemy. Shame! Let us give them battle."

"Den tiss me," said the King, and put out a shaky and fever-wasted arm. The Prime Minister stooped to kiss the drawn mouth, and the arm closed tenderly about his neck.

"My papa—is tum," said the Monarch.

"But Your Majesty musn't pet the Prime Minister. See, there is the Most Beautiful Lady, weeping in distress."

The King slowly turned his head toward the sobbing figure on the other side of the bed.

"Mama," he said, "tis me."

With a glad cry the Most Beautiful Lady bent over the King, and the other royal arm clung feebly about her neck.

"I'se tired. I dess I'll do to sleep."

With their heads touching over the fevered monarch, the Most Beautiful Lady and the Prime Minister knelt

silently. The Doctor tiptoed across the room, and laid his hand on the royal brow.

"The climax has passed," he whispered. "I think you need fear no longer."

The Most Beautiful Lady and the Prime Minister looked at each other over the little body between them. Their eyes were full of tears, but they smiled happily.

"It's no use, Marion," whispered the Prime Minister. "The Royal Family can't be broken up. Shan't we begin again? Won't you name the day—a day that will be happier than the first one was? Won't you, Marion?"

"Yes, Phil, some time—when he is well."

The King stirred, and drew the two heads closer in his weak arms. "I dess we won't fight—to-day," he whispered wearily.



The Pilot

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

They both came aboard there, at Cairo
From a New Orleans boat, and took passage with us for
Saint Louis.

She was a beautiful woman, with just enough blood from
her mother,
Darkening her eyes and her hair, to make her race known
to a trader:
You would have thought she was white. The man that
was behind her—you see such—

Weakly good natured and kind, and weakly good natured
and vicious.

Slender of body and soul, fit neither for loving nor
hating.

I was a youngster then, and only learning the river,
Not over-fond of the wheel. I used to watch them at
monte,

Down in the cabin at night, and learned to know all of
the gamblers.

So when I saw this weak one staking his money against
them,

Betting upon the turn of the cards, I knew what was coming:

They never left their pigeons a single feather to fly with.

Next day I saw them together—the stranger and one of the gamblers:

Picturesque rascal he was, with long black hair and moustaches,

Black slouch hat drawn down to his eyes from his villainous forehead.

On they moved together still earnestly talking in whispers, On toward the forecastle, where sat the woman alone by the gangway.

Roused by the fall of feet, she turned, and beholding her master,

Greeted him with a smile that was more like a wife's than another's,

Rose to meet him fondly, and then, with the dread of apprehension

Always haunting the slave, fell her eye on the face of the gambler,

Dark and lustful and fierce and full of merciless cunning.

Something was spoken so low that I could not hear what the words were;

Only the woman started, and looked from one to the other,

With imploring eyes, bewildered hands, and a tremor.

All through her frame; I saw her from where I was standing, she shook so.

"Say, is it so?" she cried. On the weak white lips of her master

Died a sickly smile, and he said, "Louise, I have sold you."

God is my judge. May I never see such a look of despairing,

Desolate anguish, as that which the woman cast on her master,

Gripping her breast with her little hands, as if he had stabbed her.

Standing in silence a space, as fixed as the Indian woman, Carved out of wood, on the pilot-house of the old Pocohontas.

Then, with a gurgling moan, like the sound in the throat
of the dying,
Came back her voice, that, rising, fluttered, through wild
incoherence,
Into a terrible shriek that stopped my heart while she
answered:
"Sold me? sold me? sold—And you promised to give me
my freedom.—
Promised me for the sake of our little boy in St. Louis.
What will you say to our boy when he cries for me there
in Saint Louis?
What will you say to our God? Ah you have been joking,
I see it.
No. God, God, He shall hear it—and all of the angels
in heaven,—
Even the devils in hell,—and none will believe when
they hear it.
Sold me,"—Fell her voice with a thrilling wail, and in
silence
Down she sank on the deck, and covered her face with
her fingers.
Instantly all the people with looks of reproach and com-
passion
Flocked round the prostrate woman. The children cried,
and their mothers
Hugged them tight to their breasts, but the gambler said
to the captain:
"Put me off there at the town that lies round the bend of
the river.
Here, you, rise at once, and be ready to go with me."
Roughly he seized the woman's arms and strove to
uplift her.
She—she seemed not to heed him, but rose like one that
is dreaming,
Slid from his grasp, and fleetly mounted the steps of
the gangway.
Up to the hurricane-deck, in silence, without lamentation.
Straight to the stern of the boat, where the wheel was,
she ran, and the people
Followed her fast till she turned and stood at bay for
a moment,
Looking them in the face, and in the face of the gambler.

Not one to save her,—not one of all the compassionate people.

Not one to save her, of all the pitying angels in heaven.

Not one bolt of God to strike him dead there before her,
Wildly she waved him back, and we waited in silence
and horror.

Then she turned—and leaped—in mid-air fluttered a
moment,—

Down there, whirling, fell, like a broken-winged bird
from a tree-top,

Down on the cruel wheel, that caught her and hurled her
and crushed her,

And in the foaming water plunged her, and hid her
forever.



Wages

BY LORD TENNYSON

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless
sea—

Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—
Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she:
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

The wages of sin is death: if the wages of Virtue be dust,
Would she have heart to endure for the life of the
worm and the fly?

She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the
just,

To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky:
Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

Finnigan to Fannigan

BY STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN



EW pieces of verse have had as wide a publicity as Strickland W. Gillilan's account of the Finnigan-Flannigan transaction which was first published in "Life," but has since been printed and reprinted, quoted and re-quoted. In 1897, Mr. Gillilan was doing daily newspaper work as city editor of the "Richmond (Ind.) Palladium," and, getting this jingle into his head, he was obliged in self-defense to write it and "get it out of his system." He declares that the story had no foundation in fact, and further adds that he wrote the verses more as a feat in rhyme and rhythm than anything else. However that may be, he wrote them, and must to his own surprise, achieved a trancontinental hit.

Superintendent wuz Flannigan;
Boss av th' siction wuz Finnigin.
Whiniver th' cars got offen th' thrack,
An' muddled up things t' th' devil an' back,
Finnigin writ it t' Flannigan
Afther th' wrick wuz all on a'gin—
Thot is, this Finnigin
Repoorted t' Flannigan.

Whin Finnigan furst writ t' Flannigan
He writed tin pages—did Finnigin—
An' he tould jist how th' smash occurred.
Full minny a tajus, blunderin' wur-rd
Did Finnigan write t' Flannigan
Afther th' cars had gone on ag'in.
Thot wuz how Finnigin
Repoorted t' Flannigan.

Now Flannigan knowed more than Finnigin—
He'd more idjucation, had Flannigan;
An' it wore 'im clane an' completely out
T' tell what Finnigin writ about

In his writin' t' Mister Flannigan.
 So he writed back t' Finnigin:
 "Don't do sich a sin ag'in;
 Make 'em brief, Finnigin!"

Whin Finnigin got this from Flannigan,
 He blushed rosy red, did Finnigin;
 An' he said: "I'll gamble a whole month's pa-ay
 Thot it will be minny an' minny a da-ay
 Befoor sup'rintindint—that's Flannigan—
 Gits a whack at this very same sin ag'in.
 From Finnigin to Flannigan
 Repoorts won't be long ag'in."

Wan da-ay, on the siction av Finnigin
 On th' road sup'rintinded by Flannigan,
 A rail give way on a bit av a curve
 An' some cars wint off as they made th' swerve.
 "There's nobody hurted," sez Finnigin,
 "But repoorts musht be made t' Flannigan."
 An' he winked at McCorrigan,
 As married a Finnigin.

He wuz shantyin' thin, wuz Finnigin,
 As minny a railroader's bin ag'in,
 An' th' shmokey ould lamp wuz burnin' bright
 In Finnigin's shanty all that night—
 Bilin' down his report, wuz Finnigin!
 An' he writed this here: "*Muster Flannigan*—
 Off ag'in, on ag'in,
 Gone ag'in.—FINNIGAN.



Parting at Morning

BY ROBERT BROWNING

Round the cape of a sudden came the sea,
 And the sun looked over the mountain's rim;
 And straight was a path of gold for him,
 And the need of a world of men for me.

Da Sweeta Soil

BY T. A. DALY

'All weenter-time I work for deeg
 Da tranch een ceety street,
 An' I am looka like da peeg
 An' smal jus' 'bout at sweet,
 Baycause my han's, my face, my clo'es
 Ees dirty as can be.
 An' sewer-gas ees een my nose
 An' steeck all ovra me.
 More dirty an' more mean I feel
 Dan I am look to you;
 My soul eenside ees seeck, but steehl,
 W'at am I gona do?
 Eees notheeng sweet een ceety street
 For mak' me better man.
 All men an' theengs dat I am meet
 Mak' meanness all dey can,
 An' all dey speak ees ogly words
 An' do som ogly theeng.
 So even, too, does leetla birds,
 Dat ought be glad an' seeng,
 Dey fight each other een da dirt
 For dirty food dey eat.
 Ah! so my soul eenside ees hurt
 For work een ceety street.

But yestaday! O! yestaday,
 I leeve, I breathe again!
 Da boss ees sand me far away
 For work een countra lane.
 How can I mak' you ondrastand—
 You are so grand, so reech—
 To know da joy I feel, my frand,
 For deeg, dees countra deetch?
 I sweeng my spade, an' O! da smal,
 W'en first I turn da sod!
 So sweet! Escuse me eef I tal
 Eees like da breath of God.
 So Pure da soil, like Italy,

The Speaker

I stoop an' taka piece
 An' den O! don't a laugh at me—
 I talk to eet an' kees!
 An' while I do dees foola theeng
 An' weep so seely tears,
 Fes com' a pritta bird an' seeng
 Hees music een my ears.
 You know dees 'Mericana bird,
 Weeth breast so lika flame,
 So red; I do not know da word
 You say for call hees name,
 But w'at he seeng ees plain to me,
 An' dees ees part of eet;
 "Ees spreeng, ees spring een Italy,
 So sweeta, sweeta, sweet!"

O! eef you weesh de Dagoman,
 Dat com' for leeve weeth you,
 To be da goody 'Merican
 An' love dees contra, too,
 I ask you tak' heem by da hand,
 Away from ceety street,
 An' show heem first dees granda land
 Where eet ees pure an' sweet.



Over Hill, Over Dale

BY SHAKESPEARE

Over hill, over dale,
 Through bush, through brier,
 Over park, over pale,
 Through flood, through fire,
 I do wander everywhere,
 Swifter than the moon's sphere;
 And I serve the fairy queen,
 To dew her orbs upon the green:
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
 In their gold coats spots you see;
 Those be rubies, fairy favours,
 In those freckles live their savours:
 I must go seek some dew-drops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

In Willard's Shoes*

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD



HE man who sat beside Beck Durant climbed over him nervously in the manner of a habitual local passenger, and in his awkward movements he trod upon the toe of Beck Durant's new patent leather shoes. Beck thrust this toe out in the aisle to see what damage had been done; then his eyes rolled back in dismay and disgust, while a clerk across the aisle grinned impishly. This was not a patent leather covering upon his foot; on the contrary the shoe which peeped from beneath the leg of his dress trousers was conspicuously a tan shoe!

It may be pointed out that Beck had come to the apartments from his office with only five minutes left in which to dress, but the easier way to account for the fact that he had gone out to dine with one black shoe and one tan shoe, is to say that this was just such a thing as would happen to Beck Durant. At the age of seven he had put a plate of ice cream on a chair just before Matilda Blake's mother, who was the managing hostess at Matilda's party, had chosen to sit on it; last year, at the age of twenty-seven, he had appeared at the Dicey's small dance with a large piece of tissue paper on his face which had gone beyond its proper usefulness as a healer of razor cuts. Briefly, Beck, who was endlessly popular and charmingly at ease among men, hated the thing they call society and eschewed it when he could.

He would not have been going out to the Halloways' country place at Menelik Fells to dine if it had not been for the Best Reason in the World. During the fall there had been a hunt 'way down among the Virginia hills, in which there figured much fashion and a real fox, streaking across the yellow stubble and through the ruddy maples; and Miss Julia Bocklin, who had ridden all over Bocklin County without an accident from the time she

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could hold reins in her little fingers, got separated from the rest in the woods, and was unseated by a low branch. When Beck, who was hunting grouse on foot, found her, she was sitting on the ground, all red and pink and much surprised; and she smiled up at him, although he knew, because she was picking up handfuls of dead leaves and tossing them about nervously, that she was suffering pain. After she had thanked him at the quaint portico of her own home and had fainted away and had recovered her senses, she had drawn her sister Melaine's head close to her own lips and said very confidentially, "He has such ridiculous, long legs." As if that were his only fault. He was not likely to forget the other two times that he had seen her or her promise to allow him to see her again when she came North to visit the Holloways.

Certainly, it would not do to appear before her in mixed footwear. He knew very well that there would be no shoe stores open in Menelik Fells, after six o'clock, because there were no shoe stores open in Menelik Fells at any time. To appeal to the Holloway's coachman who would meet him at the station was absurd, and to stop to plead at some stranger's front door on the way to Holloway's could only result in giving some neighbor of the Holloways' a story too good to keep. Assistance must be procured before he left the train.

He reasoned that of all the passengers on the train those most able to give him the peculiar help he needed must be those who wore nine and a half shoes. Such he started to find, and walked slowly down the aisle between the commuters and their newspapers, searching the sizes of men's feet. Every time he caught sight of his own, which he had not noticed in the cab to the ferry or in the misty, electric-pricked gloom of the trip across North River, the difference in their colors outraged his eyes, and from the difference in color there grew an imagined difference in size, and from this an imagined difference in weight, so that he had to exert a conscious effort not to walk with a limp. He had already examined thirty pair with covert scrutiny and certainly not one of them was over eight and a half. The thirty-second pair looked large enough, so Beck stopped, ceased his pedal gaze and peered into the owner's face. Seeing Beck towering above him, the stranger dropped his newspaper.

"Heh?" he said, and tipped his hat back from his forehead, impressively.

"Do you wear a nine and a half shoe?" asked Beck.

"Perhaps," replied the stranger. "Have you got one to sell?" he added flippantly.

Durant pointed silently to his feet. For a moment the other gazed in wonder at the irreconcilable footwear, and then slapping his knee with the newspaper laughed heartily, sympathetically, and understandingly. "Well, you are in a fix!" said he. "Tell us some more. My name's Willard." He moved over to give Beck room to sit down.

"It's an awful box, old chap," said Willard feelingly. "But perhaps we can fix it up all right. You see I live very near the station at Carbon Hills—that's the next stop beyond Menelik Fells."

"But I can't go there," exclaimed Durant in greater agony as the time grew shorter. "I would be late to dinner by an hour or more."

"Keep calm," interrupted the other, importantly. "Come to Carbon Hills with me, get a shoe, and I'll take you in my new tonneau—she's a beauty—she's faster than a cablegram—over to the 'Calloways'."

"Holloways," corrected Durant.

"Well, the Holloways' at Menelik. You say dinner at seven thirty; you'll have time to do it on a squeak."

"Oh, I say, I'm more than grateful!" cried Beck looking at the other like a stray dog that has been allowed to come in out of the cold.

"I'll leave you at the station and come back with my machine." So after a time Willard returned with his car as he had said, "Jump in; I've got the shoes, and an extra cape for you. We've just time. I'm not a man to be beaten," he cried above the whiz of the car. "I'll get you there at seven thirty no matter where it is."

After a silence—"We're in Menelik now, and it hasn't taken us eighteen minutes, I'll guarantee." He gently eased their flight until they came to a stop in front of a dark driveway leading to the house with the lights.

"See here, it's just a step to the door, and I can't tell whether I'll have a place to turn around up there. You don't mind walking up, do you?"

"Not at all."

Beck started quickly toward the house, and in the

glow from the glass in the door he consulted his watch. It was twenty-five minutes past seven. He pushed the bell button. "Where do the Holloways live?" he asked the maid who answered the bell.

"Here, sir," answered she, as calmly as if the matter were not of the greatest importance.

From some room at the end of the hall came a man's laugh, and the supremely melodious laughter of Miss Julia Bocklin. At the sound Beck's heart jumped against the inner walls of his broad chest like a frantic grasshopper inside a pasteboard box. He calmly walked inside and placed his overcoat on the settee.

"Did you want to see anybody in particular?" asked the maid looking at him suspiciously.

"Why, I come—" Beck began, but in the change of position he found himself where he could see through a crack in the door, and his tongue hung silent in his astonishment. In the room at the end of the hall the Holloways were already at dinner.

"How long have the family been at the table," exclaimed he in an awe-inspiring whisper.

"Good gracious, sir, they're about through, sir."

Beck suddenly realized the truth; he had come to dinner on the wrong night—he was twenty-four hours ahead of time.

Out of the first panic which took possession of him came the resolve not to be discovered. If he revealed himself, Julia must certainly come to the conclusion that he was the champion of bunglers.

"Who shall I say, sir?" asked the maid timidly.

An inspiration came to Durant, not through any process of reasoning, but rather as if some guardian spirit had whispered it in his ear.

"Tell them I'm an agent, and that I am selling a History of the Civil War in twenty volumes," said he. His own words surprised him. It was a master stroke! Who would consent to leave dinner to see a book peddler? No one! He could make his exit quietly, undiscovered and unashamed. As he watched the maid disappear in the direction of the dining room, he stepped around the corner of the stairs where he would not be seen through the open door, and indulged in a grin of vanity and self-approbation.

In the midst of his satisfaction, however, there came

the voice of Mr. Holloway: "A book agent in a dress suit? That's a new one! Of course, I'll see him." Durant heard the scrape of a chair being pushed back, and knew that the only refuge left for his dignity was in flight. There was no time to reflect upon the wisdom of this course. He seized the opportunity and his overcoat, flung open the front door, slammed it after him, and started on a dog trot down the driveway, the lights from the house casting fearful shadows of his long legs upon the snow-clad path before him. Unfortunately, though he did not know it at the time, the garment which he had seized from its hook on the rack was not his own, but Mr. Holloway's new and expensive overcoat with a Persian lamb collar and a luxurious fur lining. This hung over Durant's arm as he ran.

Mr. Holloway had played tackle on his university football team and was now beginning to have a good reputation in the trial of jury cases. He was both physically and mentally alert. The precipitate departure of the mysterious book agent suggested to his mind the departure of other things to which the stranger had no claim of right save that of sudden and informal possession. Seeing that his overcoat had disappeared, he seized a heavy walking stick from the corner and leaped down the steps after Durant.

As Beck looked over his shoulder he could see that a pursuit had begun in earnest. He realized that they could not know his identity and that he had been taken for a sneak thief. This did not cause him regret, however. He found himself intoxicated with the joy of the chase. He was thankful that Holloway had produced no revolver, and that Holloway was short and stocky while he was wiry and long. Leaving the harder footing of the driveway, he turned his course down the lawn which was covered with soft sticky snow where he, with his long bounding stride had a greater advantage over his short-legged pursuer, and he yelled taunting. "Come ahead, old ice-wagon!"

At this moment a new character appeared in the cast; both Durant and Holloway saw him at the same moment. It was the Holloway's coachman, walking toward the house.

"Stop him, James!" bellowed Holloway. "Stop thief! Stop thief! Head him off!"

It seemed as if he would be cornered and captured, and he almost decided to give himself up. But the coachman, looking up, had seen two men in evening clothes coming toward him, and it did not occur to his dull wits that the one in the lead was the fugitive. Beck noticed just in time that he was turning this way and that, as if looking for a third runner, and resorted to an old but clever strategem to take advantage of the groom's dilemma.

"Out the gate, James!" he cried. "Out the gate! He's gone out the gate!"

"Ay, ay!" answered the groom, wheeling about and bounding clumsily down the driveway. "I'm after him, sir."

"No! No! Behind you! Oh, you fool!" Holloway roared in chagrin and rage, but Durant was able with his own wild yells to prevent the master's voice reaching the poor mistaken servant in any intelligible form. Holloway became silent and tried to overtake Beck with a sudden burst of speed.

Durant easily answered to this faster pace, but he could see that the groom in front of him would not long continue to maintain his inglorious position; already the fellow's breath showed on the frosty air at more rapid intervals. Beck foresaw that soon he and Holloway would have gained so much on James that Holloway would be able to make the groom understand the situation, and then the two would close on him from both sides. He determined to try the uncertain fortunes of the dark, low bushes that lined the road.

Into them he plunged. For twenty yards or so he crashed through the thicket, then seeing what he supposed to be an open field, he started to traverse it at a pace which he hoped would shake off his pursuers. He congratulated himself that he had not even lost so much as a hat in the adventure. At that moment he went above his ankles into a mire and sprawled forward into the chilly wallow, which smelled, tasted, and was the color of black marsh mud. The fun was all over!

Beck pulled himself up to his feet, his fingers dripping and his face streaked with the nasty ooze.

"Come back here, James!" came Holloway's bellow from beyond the trees. "We've lost him. There's no use!"

When Durant knew that they were walking back to the house, the glow of which he could still see, he supposed the danger of capture was over. He must now face the problem of getting back to town. The only other house was one situated some distance away at a high bend in the road. Two unwinking lights were burning there; it looked cheerful and warm.

At last he was confronted by a sharp ascent of snow-covered slope leading up to the rise in the road where the little house was standing; he climbed this eagerly with the expectation of finding himself directly in front of some friendly doorway. On reaching the edge, however, he stopped dazedly; he had been the victim of a mirage. The two lights were the side lights of an automobile around which fluttered Willard touching the machine excitedly here and there.

"Hulloa," said Beck, "laid up?"

Upon the same second came a sharp, determined command from behind them: "Throw up your hands!"

"We've got you at last," said Holloway. "I noticed this machine waiting for you. And we've got your pal, too, see. And now take off that overcoat. I hope it isn't as dirty as your face. James, take the gentleman's new overcoat."

As the groom stepped forward, he placed himself between his master and Willard, and in that moment the latter seized his opportunity, turned on the power of the machine, and dropped down behind the seat. "Good-bye," he shouted as the car shot forward.

"Gone," cried Holloway. "But look here, James. Take the revolver, and bring this one to the house. I'm going on ahead to telephone the sheriff." He broke into a run.

"Hold on, Holloway," cried Durant. "You're making a mistake. I—ugh!"

He was stopped by a poke in the ribs by the muzzle of a revolver. "Now walk," said the groom.

"Ah," cried Holloway, as they came up the steps, "here is our friend. Step into the library with him, James. The ladies would like to see the game we've bagged." He looked Durant over critically. "Feathers rather soiled, but quite a bird just the same."

"Into the library wid ye," grunted James, while the maid who had first met Durant beamed from the dining-room door upon the heroic groom. "I thought he were

daffy when I first laid my eyes on him," she whispered with a satisfied toss of her head.

"Ye ought to have known he was a robber," sniffed James. "Ye ought to have known it. Can't ye see he has a criminal face?"

Durant walked quickly across the library, stood with his back to the bookcase, and prepared to take his medicine.

Mr. and Mrs. Holloway both entered. Beck looked straight into the eyes of Mrs. Holloway. He admired her for the tender pity which she was bestowing even on one she thought to be a criminal. "He simply reeks with bay rum," she said in an audible whisper.

"Mrs. Holloway," said he, "my name is Durant. You were good enough to invite me to dine with you, and I was foolish enough to come to the wrong dinner. I did not wish it known, and I left in a hurry. I took the wrong overcoat with me. That is my own lying there in the corner of the hall." Every one turned to look. "If you want any further proof, here is my card," he went on, awkwardly allowing a generous shower of them to fall on the floor as if to produce a superfluity of identification.

Holloway glanced at the engraved slip over his wife's shoulder with widening eyes, and finally dropped into a chair squirming with laughter; his wife turned half around and her shoulders trembled a little, mirthfully.

"You may go, James," said Holloway, gathering his breath, and the groom with his hand hiding the emotions that struggled over his features furtively whispered into Durant's ear, "I hope ye will remember, sor, 'twas I who thought ye a gentleman whin I first seen ye runnin' across the lawn."

Then he laid the revolver on the table and went out with great dignity.

"We're glad to see you, anyway. We've hardly given you a welcome. It's too bad. Can't you get things ready for him, Anne, a suit of clothes and so on?

"You see, you have rather taken our breath away," explained Mrs. Holloway sweetly. "But if I may go upstairs, we'll try to have everything ready for you."

"You're very good," answered Beck haltingly, and repeated it as she disappeared into the hall.

"I'm so glad you came," said Miss Bocklin from the

curtains. Beck raised his head quickly; she looked more beautiful and unattainable to his honest eyes than ever before. "Mrs. Holloway said your appearance was funny," she went on, giving him her hand and smiling "and I think it is. She told me all the story. She wouldn't hear of my coming down like this. She said I'd known you so little, and it would make it so hard for you. But I wanted to come, and I just ran away and came. You don't mind, do you? Even if I laugh?"

Beck shook his head sadly. "Oh, I had rather have any one else—anybody else but you—see how silly I appear. I wanted—" He had let his own thoughts wing themselves out into plain sight. He realized that he had said too much. Julia's lips were half parted, her eyes looked squarely into his, her head was bent forward expectantly. "I came here the wrong night, you see," he stammered on. "I remember you were always finding me ridiculous, but now you have found me out to be more awkward and ridiculous than ever you yourself had guessed. The fact that I came to dinner the wrong night is absurd enough in itself. I never miss an appointment with a man, and yet I came twenty-four hours before I was invited—to-night—instead of to-morrow night."

"No, no. You were twenty-four hours late," cried Julia. "The dinner was last night."

Beck spread his hands out before him helplessly.

"And we didn't know what to think," she cried, "and Mrs. Holloway made fun of me because I was disappointed, and she caught me cry—" Julia's sentence was ended in a little gasp. She seemed to blush violently, but no one but Julia knows to this day whether she meant to tell the truth or told it off her guard. At any rate, the two found themselves looking solemnly into each other's faces. So they laughed with pure glee.

A moment later Mr. Holloway and little Mrs. Holloway came in from the hall. "Come on, Durant," said his host. "The servants are getting something ready for you to eat, and I rather guess you'll want a change of clothes beforehand."

Beck laughed cheerfully and nodded. Then as if he had suddenly thought of it, he added something which only the observant and sympathetic Mrs. Holloway understood. "But for all their pinching and the trouble into which they have walked me," he said, "I wouldn't have missed being in Willard's shoes!"

The Steeple-Chase

BY OUIDA

From "Under Two Flags"

THE bell was clanging passionately, as Bertie Cecil at last went down to the weights, all his friends of the Household about him, and all standing "crushers" on their champion; for their stringent *esprit de corps* was involved, and the Guards are never backward in putting their gold down.

In the enclosure, the cynosure of devouring eyes, stood the King, with the *sang froid* of a superb gentleman, amid the clamor raging round him, one delicate ear laid back now and then, but otherwise indifferent to the din, with his coat glistening like satin.

His rivals, too, were beyond par in fitness and in condition, and there were magnificent animals among them.

Bay Regent was a huge raking chestnut, upward of sixteen hands, and enormously powerful, with very fine shoulders and an all-over-like-going head; he belonged to a colonel in the Rifles, but was to be ridden by Jimmy Delmar of the Tenth Lancers, whose colors were violet with orange hoops.

Montacute's horse, Pas de Charge, was of much the same order; a black hunter with racing blood in him.

Wild Geranium was a beautiful creature enough; she would jump the fences of her own paddock half a dozen times a day for sheer amusement, and was game to anything. She was entered by Cartouche of the Inniskillins, to be ridden by "Baby Grafton," of the same corps, a feather-weight, and quite a boy, but with plenty of science in him.

These were the three favorites; Day Star ran them close—the property of Durham Vavassour, of the Scots Greys, and to be ridden by his owner. The rest of the field, though unusually excellent, did not find so many

"sweet voices" for them, and were not so much to be feared.

Thirty-two starters were hoisted up on the telegraph board, and as the field got at last under way, uncommonly handsome they looked, while the silk jackets of all the colors of the rainbow glittered in the bright noon sun.

As Forest King closed in, perfectly tranquil still, but beginning to glow and quiver all over with excitement, knowing as well as his rider the work that was before him as he pulled at the curb and tossed his head aloft, there went up a great shout of "Favorite!"

The ladies began to lay dozens in gloves on him; not altogether for his points, which perhaps they hardly appreciated, but for his owner and rider—who, in the scarlet and gold with the white sash across his chest, and a look of serene indifference on his face, they considered the handsomest man of the field.

The thoroughbreds pulled and fretted and swerved in their impatience; one or two, over-contumacious, bolted incontinently; others put their heads between their knees in the endeavor to draw their riders over their withers.

Brilliant glances by the hundred gleamed down behind hothouse bouquets of their chosen color, eager ones by the thousand stared thirstily from the crowded course, the roar of the Ring subsided for a second, a breathless attention and suspense succeeded it.

A moment's good start was caught—the flag dropped—off they went, sweeping out for the first second like a line of cavalry about to charge.

Another moment, and they were scattered over the first field, Forest King, Wild Geranium, and Bay Regent leading for two lengths, when Montacute, with his habitual "fast burst," sent Pas de Charge past them like lightning.

The first fence disposed of half the field. They crossed the second in the same order, Wild Geranium racing neck to neck with Pas de Charge.

The King was all thirst to join the duello, but his owner kept him gently back, saving his pace and lifting him over the jumps as easily as a lapwing.

The second fence proved a cropper to several; some

awkward falls took place over it, and tailing commenced. After the third field, which was heavy plow, all knocked off but eight, and the real struggle began in sharp earnest—a good dozen who had shown a splendid stride over the grass being done up by the terrible work on the clods.

The five favorites had it all to themselves—Day Star pounding onward at tremendous speed; Pas de Charge giving slight symptoms of distress, owing to the madness of his first burst; the Irish mare literally flying ahead of him; Forest King and the chestnut waiting on each other.

In the grand stand the Seraph's eyes strained after the scarlet and white, and he muttered in his mustaches, "Ye gods, what's up? The world's coming to an end! Beauty's turned cautious!"

Cautious indeed—cautious—with two-thirds of the course un-run, and all the yawners yet to come; cautious—with the blood of Forest King lashing to boiling heat, and the wondrous greyhound stride stretching out faster and faster beneath him, ready at a touch to break away and take the lead; but he would be reckless enough by and by; reckless, as his nature was, under the indolent serenity of habit.

Two more fences came, laced high and stiff with the Shire thorn, and with scarce twenty feet between them, the heavy plowed land leading to them clotted and black and hard, with the fresh earthy scent steaming up as the hoofs struck the clods with a dull thunder.

Pas de Charge rose to the first; distressed too early, his hind feet caught in the thorn, and he came down, rolling clear of his rider; Montacute picked him up with true science, but the day was lost to the Heavy Cavalry men.

Forest King went in and out over both like a bird, and led for the first time; the chestnut was not to be beat at fencing, and ran even with him; Wild Geranium flew still as fleet as a deer—true to her sex, she would not bear rivalry; but little Grafton, though he rode like a professional, was but a young one, and went too wildly—her spirit wanted cooler curb.

'And now only, Cecil loosened the King to his full will and his full speed. Now only, the beautiful Arab head

was stretched like a racer's in the run in for the Derby, and the grand stride swept out till the hoofs seemed never to touch the dark earth they skimmed over.

Neither whip nor spur was needed. Bertie had only to leave the gallant temper and the generous fire that were roused in their might to go their way and hold their own.

His hands were low, his head a little back, his face very calm—the eyes only had a daring, eager, resolute will lighting in them: Brixworth lay before him. He knew well what Forest King could do; but he did not know how great the chestnut Regent's powers might be.

The water gleamed before them, brown and swollen, and deepened with the meltings of winter snows a month before; the brook that has brought so many to grief over its famous banks, since cavaliers leaped it with falcon on wrist, or the mellow note of the horn rang over the woods in the hunting days of Stuart reigns.

They knew it well, that long dark line, shimmering there in the sunlight—the test that all must pass who go in for the Soldiers' Blue Ribbon.

Forest King scented the water, and went on with his ears pointed and his greyhound stride lengthening, quickening, gathering up all its force and its impetus for the leap that was before; then, like the rise and the swoop of a heron, he spanned the water, and, landing clear, launched forward with the lunge of a spear darted through air.

Brixworth was passed; the scarlet and white, a mere gleam of bright color, a mere speck in the landscape, to the breathless crowds in the stand, sped on over the brown and level grass-land; two and a quarter miles done in four minutes and twenty seconds.

Bay Regent was scarcely behind him; the chestnut abhorred the water, but a finer trained hunter was never sent over the Shires, and Jimmy Delmar rode like Grimshaw himself. The giant took the leap in magnificent style, and thundered on neck and neck with the "Guards' crack."

The Irish mare followed, and with miraculous gameness landed safely; but her hind legs slipped on the bank, a moment was lost, and "Baby" Grafton scarce knew

enough to recover it, though he scoured on, nothing daunted.

Pas de Charge much behind, refused the yawner. His strength was not more than his courage, but both had been strained too severely at first.

Montacute struck the spurs into him with a savage blow over the head; the madness was its own punishment; the poor brute rose blindly to the jump, and missed the bank with a reel and a crash. Sir Eyre was hurled out into the brook, and the hope of the Heavies lay there with his breast and forelegs resting on the ground, his hind quarters in the water, and his back broken.

Pas de Charge would never again see the starting-flag waved, or hear the music of the hounds, or feel the gallant life throb and glow through him at the rallying-notes of the horn. His race was run.

Not knowing or looking or heeding what happened behind, the trio tore on over the meadow and the plowed land; the two favorites neck by neck, the game little mare hopelessly behind through that one fatal moment over Brixworth.

The turning flags were passed; from the crowds on the course a great hoarse roar came louder and louder, and the shouts rang, changing every second—

“Forest King wins!”

“Bay Regent wins!”

“Violet’s up with him!”

“Violet’s passed him!”

“Scarlet recovers!”

“Scarlet beats!”

“A cracker on the King!”

“Ten to one on the Regent!”

“Guards are over the fence first”

“Guards are winning!”

“Guards are losing!”

“Guards are beat!”

Were they?

As the shout arose, Cecil’s left stirrup-leather snapped and gave way; at the pace they were going, most men, aye, and good riders too, would have been hurled out of their saddle by the shock. He scarcely swerved; a moment to ease the King and to recover his equilibrium, then he took the pace up again as though nothing had changed.

And his comrades of the Household, when they saw this through their race-glasses, broke through their serenity and burst into a cheer that echoed over the grasslands and the coppices like a clarion, a cheer that rolled mellow and triumphant down the cold bright air, like the blasts of trumpets, and thrilled on Bertie's ear where he came down the course a mile away.

It made his heart beat quicker with a victorious, headlong delight, as his knees pressed closer into Forest King's flanks, and, half stirrupless like the Arabs, he thundered forward to the greatest riding feat of his life.

His face was very calm still, but his blood was in tumult. The delirium of pace had got on him; a minute of life like this was worth a year, and he knew that he would win or die for it, as the land seemed to fly like a black sheet under him; and in that killing speed, fence and hedge and double and water all went by him like a dream, whirling underneath him as the gray stretched, stomach to earth, over the level, and rose to leap after leap.

For that instant's pause, when the stirrup broke, threatened to lose him the race.

He was more than a length behind the Regent, whose hoofs, as they dashed the ground up, sounded like thunder, and for whose herculean strength the plow had no terrors. It was more than the lead to keep now—there was ground to cover, and the King was losing like Wild Geranium.

Certain wild blood that lay latent in Cecil, under the tranquil gentleness of temper and of custom, woke and had the mastery; he set his teeth hard, and his hands clenched like steel on the bridle.

"Oh, my beauty, my beauty!" he cried, all unconsciously half aloud as they cleared the thirty-sixth fence, "kill me if you like, but don't fail me!"

As though Forest King heard the prayer and answered it with all his hero's heart, the splendid form launched faster out, the stretching stride stretched farther yet with lightning spontaneity, every fibre strained, every nerve struggled. With a magnificent bound, like an antelope, the gray recovered the ground he had lost, and passed Bay Regent by a quarter-length.

It was a neck-to-neck race once more across the three

meadows, with the last and lower fences that were between them and the final leap of all—that ditch of artificial water, with the towering double hedge of oak rails and of blackthorn that was reared black and grim and well-nigh hopeless just in front of the grand stand.

A roar like the roar of the sea broke up from the thronged course as the crowd hung breathless on the even race. Ten thousand shouts rang as thrice ten thousand eyes watched the closing contest, as superb a sight as the Shires ever saw while the two ran together—the gigantic chestnut, with every massive sinew swelled and strained to tension, side by side with the marvelous grace, the shining flanks, and the Arabian-like head of the Guard's horse.

Louder and wilder the shrieked tumult rose:

“The Chestnut beats!”

“The gray beats!”

“Scarlet's ahead!”

“Bay Regent's caught him!”

“Violet's winning, Violet's winning!”

“The King's neck by neck!”

“The King's beating!”

“The Guards will get it!”

“The Guards' crack has it!”

“Not yet, not yet!”

“Now for it!”

“The Guards, the Guards!”

“The King has the finish!”

No, no, no, no!”

Sent along at a pace that Epsom flat never eclipsed, sweeping by the grand stand like the flash of electric flame, they ran side by side one moment more, their foam flung on each other's withers, their breath, hot in each other's nostrils, while the dark earth flew beneath their stride.

The blackthorn was in front, behind five bars of solid oak the water yawning on its farther side, black and deep, and fenced, twelve feet wide if it was an inch, with the same thorn wall beyond it; a leap no horse should have been given, no steward should have set.

Cecil pressed his knees closer and closer, and worked the gallant hero for the test; the surging roar of the throng, though so close, was dull on his ear; he heard

nothing, knew nothing, saw nothing, but that lean chestnut head beside him, the dull thud on the turf of the flying gallop, and the black wall that reared in his face. Forest King had done so much, could he have stay and strength for this?

Cecil's hands clenched unconsciously on the bridle, and his face was very pale—pale with excitation—as his foot, where the stirrup was broken, crushed closer and harder against the gray's flanks.

“Oh, my darling, my beauty—now!”

One touch of the spur—the first—and Forest King rose at the leap, all the life and power there were in him gathered for one superhuman and crowning effort. A flash of time not half a second in duration, and he was lifted in the air higher, and higher, and higher, in the cold, fresh, wild winter wind; stakes and rails, and thorn and water, lay beneath him black and gaunt and shapeless, yawning like a grave; one bound even in mid-air, one last convulsive impulse of the gathered limbs, and Forest King was over!

And as he galloped up the straight run-in, he was alone.

Bay Regent had refused the leap.

As the gray swept to the judge's chair, the air was rent with deafening cheers that seemed to reel like drunken shouts from the multitude:

“The Guards win, the Guards win!”

And when his rider pulled up at the distance, with the full sun shining on the scarlet and white, Forest King stood in all his glory, winner of the Soldiers' Blue Ribbon, by a feat without its parallel in all the annals of the Gold Vase.

The Children We Keep

BY MRS. E. V. WILSON

The children kept coming one by one,
 Till the boys were five and the girls were three;
 And the big brown house was alive with fun,
 From the basement floor to the old roof-tree.
 Like garden flowers the little ones grew,
 Nurtured and trained with tenderest care;
 Warmed by love's sunshine, bathed in dew,
 They blossomed into beauty rare.

But one of the boys grew weary one day,
 And leaning his head on his mother's breast,
 He said, "I am tired and cannot play:
 Let me sit awhile on your knee and rest."
 She cradled him close to her fond embrace,
 She hushed him to sleep with her sweetest song,
 And rapturous love still lightened his face
 When his spirit had joined the heavenly throng.

Then the eldest girl, with her thoughtful eyes,
 Who stood where the "brook and the river meet,"
 Stole softly away into Paradise
 E'er "the river" had reached her slender feet.
 While the father's eyes on the graves were bent,
 The mother looked upward beyond the skies;
 "Our treasures," she whispered, "were only lent;
 Our darlings were angels in earth's disguise."

The years flew by, and the children began
 With longings to think of the world outside,
 And as each in turn became a man,
 The boys proudly went from the father's side.
 The girls were women so gentle and fair,
 That lovers were speedy to woo and to win;
 And with orange-blooms in their braided hair,
 Their old home they left, new homes to begin.

So, one by one the children have gone—
The boys were five, the girls were three;
And the big brown house is gloomy and lone,
With but two old folks for its company.
They talk to each other about the past,
As they sit together at eventide,
And say, "All the children we keep at last
Are the boy and girl who in childhood died."



The Banks of Doon

BY ROBERT BURNS

Ye flowery bank o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause luv was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sing,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft have I roved by bonnie Doon
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love;
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my fause luver staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

A Little While

BY PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

A little while (my life is almost set!)
 I fain would pause along the downward way,
 Musing an hour in this sad sunset-ray,
 While Sweet! our eyes with tender tears are wet;
 A little hour I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger yet,
 All for love's sake, for love that cannot tire;
 Though fervid youth be dead, with youth's desire,
 And hope has faded to a vague regret,
 A little while I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger here:
 Behold! who knows what strange, mysterious bars
 'Twixt souls that love may rise in other stars?
 Nor can love deem the face of death is fair:
 A little while I still would linger here.

A little while I yearn to hold thee fast,
 Hand locked in hand, and loyal heart to heart;
 (O pitying Christ! those woeful words, "We part!")
 So ere the darkness fall, the light be past,
 A little while I fain would hold thee fast.

A little while, when light and twilight meet,—
 Behind, our broken years; before, the deep
 Weird wonder of the last unfathomed sleep,—
 A little while I still would clasp thee, Sweet,
 A little while, when night and twilight meet.

A little while I fain would linger here;
 Behold! who knows what soul-dividing bars
 Earth's faithful loves may part in other stars?
 Nor can love deem the face of death is fair;
 A little while I still would linger here.

The Lost Leader

BY ROBERT BROWNING

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
 Lost all the others she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
 So much was theirs was so little allow'd;
How all our copper had gone for his service!
 Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud!
We that had lov'd him so, follow'd him, honor'd him,
 Liv'd in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learn'd his great language, caught his clear accents,
 Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
 Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from their
 graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
 He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

We shall march prospering,—not thro' his presence;
 Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
 Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
 One task more declin'd, one more foot-path untrod,
One more devil's-triumph and sorrow for angels,
 One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins; let him never come to us!
 There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
 Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
 Menace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
 Pardon'd in heaven, the first by the throne!

The Reformation of Cinnamon

BY EDGAR WELTON COOLEY



INNAMON warn't his name, of course, but 'twas an almighty good brand and it stuck; for a cinnamon b'ar is the only thing the good Lord ever took the trouble to make that can get as savage with as little trouble as Hughes could when the juice from Windy Murphy's Straw Steer Honkatonk was a living in him, and that was twice a year anyhow.

"Some old idjit, who I used to think didn't know anything worse to lie about, onct said that every human critter has a weak spot; but I maintained that there wasn't anywhere on Cinnamon's carcass a spot as big as a pinhead that warn't tougher than one of Squaw Ann's friscassed chest protectors which the same she dealt out as flapjacks to us poor devils of the Star A outfit as couldn't help ourselves. But, pardner, I didn't know Cinnamon—not then.

"Him and me worked one winter for Delirium Jones of the Star A. Squaw Ann was the cook, and nobody but a half-breed Chinook could a held that job—we'd a killed the first week. Squaw Ann was a maiden lady when Moses was in the bullrushes, and her idee of a cake of soap was something to grease a griddle with.

"Well, pardner, if the Lord ever offers any special prizes for manufacturing the largest number of lingering deaths out of the smallest number of raw material, this here same Squaw Ann is going to have a private collection of sparklers that will sure be worth trailing over the great divide to get a squint at.

"Every time old Delirium came to Pocatello for supplies he'd spend an hour or two scoutin' to see where he could get the least for the money, and when he brought 'em home Squaw Ann would jump on 'em like she'd recognized 'em as the remains of a deadly enemy, and keep 'em sizzling in the pan till they lost every vestige of self-respect.

"This same Chinook possessed the amazing gift of making coffee that could sure stand upon its reputation.

Honest Injun, if you upset a cup of that walnut-colored beverage, it'd roll out like a hunk of jelly and you could pick it up in your fingers and bite chunks out of it.

"And biscuits! Pardner, if she'd exercised her aboriginality by whacking us with a meat-ax occasionally I wouldn't a thought anything about it, but, pardner, how any being, human, inhuman, or Chinook, could hand out biscuits like them and not succomb to the pangs of remorse is sure beyond my comprehension. Three of 'em was murder in the first degree. If so be a cold wave arriv' simultaneously with Squaw Ann's petrified pastry, and we'd get to shivering spiteful, why say, them biscuits inside of us would make so cussed much noise that we couldn't savvy whether our teeth was chattering or we were due to get bit by a rattler. If she'd a been anything but Chinook, Squaw Ann would have apologized every time she called us to our meals. If she had given us our grub in capsules it would 'uv helped some.

"Well, along in February life on the Star A ceased to be of any use whatsoever, and me and Cinnamon cashed in and set out on a quick slope for Pocatello.

"Now, Hennery,' chirruped Cinnamon, when our cayuse was hitting the dust, 'you foller me clost and you can burn a little red fire when we whacks the town.'

"Pardner, I savvied the maneuvers were due to begin as soon after we reached Windy Murphy's as it would take Cinnamon to dispose of three fingers and repeat it in quick succession, and I could foresee that the old town of Pocatello was just about to experience six months of feverish excitement crowded into about two hours and twenty minutes; but, pardner, when a feller-critter has lived for twelve continuous weeks on rations that would pass for hardware at any old custom-house, he can't be blamed for hankering after a little oil to remove the rust, now can he?

"We tied to the rail outside the Stray Steer, but just when I got my tonsils cleared for action Cinnamon spies something in the winder of a restorant across the street which the same had him hobbled in double-quick time. I reached for him, but he slipped my noose, and the next minute he's standing in front of the same restorant, his face drawing the glazing out of the glass, his vision

trained on a dish of doughnuts, and his optics protruding beyond recall.

"For a moment he shook like a colored gent at a seance, then he smacked his lips, fetched a holler sound from his chest, looked like he thought the Garden of Eden was somewhere in the immejit vicinity, and waltzed into that restorant as eager as a kiddie after a new doll.

"'You may now proceed,' says he to the quartermaster in charge of the layout—'you may now proceed to deal out them there doughnuts to your heart's content.'

"The critter passed him three on a pie-pan, but Cinnamon shoved 'em back with a look of withering contempt. 'My dear beloved,' says he, 'I've got an appetite as vicious as a she b'ar with twin cubs, and it won't never do to rub its fur the wrong way of a frosty mornin.' Just pass over all the doughnuts you've got—I'll pay the tariff on a peck of 'em.'

"Pardner, I never seen a man enjoy life like Cinnamon did for the next few moments. It certainly was the high tide of his digestive career. He throwed them doughnuts into him like it's according to invoice, and when he gets through with the supply that the Chink had made there ain't narry a crumb left big enough to appease the appetite of a two-days-old fly.

"Then I rose to remark that Windy Murphy would feel real cut up if we didn't make him a friendly call, but Cinnamon gave me an aggravating grin.

"Dear feller-critter," says he, addressing the disseminator of store grub, "when a cow-hand who the same hasn't tasted anything but galvanized bacon and ossified bread since Thanksgiving gets introduced into the society of tender-hearted viands he likes to let her rip some; so now, my dear repentant sinner," says he, "it's up to you to make a quick hike to the kitchen and whisper to that slank-eyed Chink of a cook that I'm yearning for doughnuts, and unless them chunks of twisted pastry commence a rolling in here real hot and sassy and keeps a rolling until I hollers enough, there's going to be a sign in the winder which the same will read, "Cook Wanted."

"The engineer of the pie factory gave Cinnamon a kinder keen look, then moseyed. Pretty soon he comes back. "The cook is out of dough," says he, "and ain't got no time to make none. We ain't running a doughnut factory here."

"At them words, Cinnamon rises real slow and squints at me sorrowful. 'Hennery,' says he, solemn, 'you tarry here while I steps out and arranges the corpse for a Chinese funeral.'

"Pardner, when such a tremenjus idee as that took fierce holt on Cinnamon there wasn't any use of trying to tilt him—all the mules in captivity couldn't a done it, no sir! He whooped into that kitchen like a Gatling gun going into action, me a clinging to him like grim death to a good Injun.

"But when we arriv' what do we find? Pardner, I repeat, what do we find? A Chink? Not on your life! A Chinook? No sir. Just the most angeliferous female human these optics of mine could ever stand to gaze upon. Cinnamon grew as docile as a muttonchop and as peaceful as Merry Christmas.

"'Mum,' says he, bowing low and trying desp'ret to shake himself loose from an embarrassment that was contagious—'Mum, do I understand that them lovely fingers of yourn fashioned them there doughnuts?"

"And do I understand,' she remarked, looking at him haughty, her eyes as black as two burnt holes in a blanket, "that you are the gent who had the impudence to predict that this grub-shop was about to need another cook?"

"Say, but she was queenly! She had Cinnamon suffering the worst attack of stage fright I ever see.

"'Mum,' says he finally, perspiring dreadful, 'I made that remark about a Chink; but, mum, if I'd a stop to think I'd savvied them doughnuts tasted too civilized to be made by any yaller heathen that ever needed a hair-cut. It stands to reason, mum,' says he, exuding a grin that wasn't becoming, 'that no one but an angel can cut chunks out of the heavenly gates and fricassee 'em for a hungry sinner like me.'

"He had them cheeks of hern gleaming like a Cheyenne camp-fire on a clear night. 'Oh,' says she in the prettiest voice that was ever wasted on the desert air, 'I didn't know you was hankering after 'em that bad.'

"Cinnamon bowed again and showed them pretty teeth of his'n. 'Mum,' says he, 'there are but few things on this earth a man can't do if so he makes up his mind thereto. But, mum,' says he, 'there ain't no use in my ever trying to live on pork again. No mortal being

could survive the shock after basking in the glory of your doughnuts.'

"Pardner, if you want to play a winning hand with a female critter, just praise her cooking. If you hold that lone card you can pass her over the rest of the deck and beat her to a standstill when it comes to the show-down, yes, sir.

"When Cinnamon expressed them sentiments of his'n, Miss Molly, which the same was the name bestowed upon her, smiled happy, dropped the pan of spuds she was peeling and began sifting flour in a way to do your heart good. It warn't no time till the most odoriferous doughnuts that ever made a man believe he was starving to death were sizzling real joyful.

"When at last I got Cinnamon out of that restorant he was in such a delirious state of mental excitement that he wouldn't have renigged prairie dog if so be Miss Molly had a cooked it.

"Pardner, if ever there was a miracle performed on this old earth, them same doughnuts of Miss Molly's were the innercent provocation. When I savvied that Pocatello was to be thus ruthlessly deprived of its principal excuse for numerous and spectacular productions, I wept. But it warn't any use. Cinnamon's reformation was suddent but complete.

"Well, sir, two hours later you wouldn't a known Cinnamon was one and the same individual. Store clothes, b'iled shirts, collars of real linen—he had 'em to burn. I gazed at him in mortal agony—he was such a juniper-looking cuss that I couldn't figger out how he would look on a ranch.

"'Cinnamon,' I asked anxious, 'have I time to take a chaw of tobacco before the millennium arrives?'

"But that same ombrey didn't hand me any answer. He just took the nearest trail for that restorant and began masticating pastry like 'twas good for the complexion.

"He talked of doughnuts, dreamed of doughnuts, thought of doughnuts, ate doughnuts, till you couldn't snuff the atmosphere within forty rods of him without scenting doughnuts. Why, his legs got to twisting round each other like doughnuts, till he couldn't walk. Whenever the critter in the table d' hote saw Cinnamon heading his way, he'd grin scandalous, reach for a coal

scoop and go to dishing up doughnuts like the house was afire. Say, if the galoot who invented doughnuts had a royalty a-coming to him, he'd a got rich off of Cinnamon in a week. It was worser than loaded dice at a colored camp-meeting.

"I expostulated real stern. 'Cinnamon,' says I, 'if you don't hobble that appetite of yourn, it's going to run away, and break your neck.'

"'I know it,' says he sorrerful; 'but I can't help it, Hennery. Why,' says he, 'whenever I get to thinking of Miss Molly I've just got to have another doughnut, and that's all there is to it.'

"'Cinnamon,' I cried, 'my worst fears are realized. You're in love.'

"'Yes,' he replied tearful, 'it's either that or indigestion, Hennery.'

"'Cinnamon,' I said, 'indigestion never yet converted a mortal being into a respository for deformed pastry, just because it was made by a blushing female goddess. Cinnamon, in sorrer and tears I admit the truth. You're in love?'

"'Well,' he answered, calmly resigned, 'is it fatal, Hennery, or be there hopes?'

"'How futile,' sighed I, 'is human endeavors, how fleeting is mortal dreams! Cinnamon, have you axed her?'

"'No-no,' he stammered guiltily, 'I haven't, Hennery. You see,' says he as anxious as a Brahma chicken step-mothering a brood of goslings, 'whenever I stray onto that grub ranch with the grim determination of learning what sort of brand that angel's given me, why then, Hennery, I get to eating doughnuts till I'm so cussed full that I can't think what to say, and couldn't say anything if I could think of it.'

"After them few pussonal remarks by the maverick known as Cinnamon, I savvies it's up to me to save this same individual from an ignominous grave. So I busts into the astonished presence of Miss Molly. She's kneading dough, but harkens to my song.

"'Mum,' begins I, as gentle as a spring zephyr, 'I knows a friend and brother who the same is cultivating the most outrageous crop of progressive dyspepsy that ever drove a man from drink. His name's Cinnamon

Hughes, and he was a cow-punch on the Star A before
rigis doughnutitis set in.'

"Seems to me I've heard of him before," says she smiling shy.

"Heard of him?" cries I. "Why, my dear angeliferous madam, you've been a aiding and abetting frivolous in his indigestive career."

"Oh," she answered evasive, "is he the gent who has created such a sudden demand for doughnuts around this cookery?"

"You've named the brand for right the very first try," I replied, "and he's sure a harmless kid when somebody has the drop on him. But, mum," says I, "he's afflicted with a most aggravated case of ingrowing affection for a female goddess which the same affliction he thinks there ain't no cure for except mutilating doughnuts by the gross."

"The lady laughed becoming. "And may I inquire," she asked sweetly, her eyes shining, "who the object of his most peculiar affection may be?"

"Her name's Miss Molly," I ventured hesitating, and she's sure a mathematical wonder when it comes to frying figger eights."

"For a moment the lady hid her pretty eyes behind her pretty hands, but back of her ears was sure the circumstantial evidence of a scarlet blush. When she looks up, she's biting her lips to keep from yelling 'Hip, hip, hurrah!'

"And do you," she begins, trying to act indignant—"do you think any woman is hankering for the contract of appeasing his continuous appetite? Why," says she, "he oughter to become a Mormon and marry a dozen cooks."

"Mum," I persisted desp'ret, "if you don't marry Cinnamon there sure will have to be quite some considerable addition built onto this here kitchen. For," says I, "when that same critter digs the spurs of disappointment into the flanks of his recklessness, there's no telling what the result will be. Why, mum, them doughnuts will disappear like the breath of scandal at the bar of judgment."

"Oh, my," she laughed happy, her eyes dancing a jig, "if it's as serious as that—"

"Mum," I broke in, as tickled as though I had swallowed a feather-bed, "mum, marriages is said to be made in Heaven; but, mum, there ain't no spot anywhere within

a week's quick hiking of Pocatello that comes as nigh exhibiting to Cinnamon all the joyful environments of the celestial empire as does this here same kitchen. Mum,' says I, 'if you'll wait here I'll round up the parson and the groom.'

"Now, Hennery," remarks my friend and brother after the ceremony, 'when Mr. and Mrs. Cinnamon Hughes start out on their weddin' journey, which the same as per schedule will be to-morrer, the scenery betwixt here and the Star A ranch is going to present a pannorama never dreamed of by Cleopatra or P. T. Barnum.'

"Well, pardner, you oughter a seen that wedding-tower! Cinnamon had resurrected the mutilated remains of a brass band. He said he'd like to a had a dozen bands, but as each and every one of them horn blowers played a different tune, the result was similar if you care to look at it that way. They certainly had the startling ability of producing the loudest and greatest number and variety of sounds that ever set my teeth on edge. This here band formed the vanguard of Cinnamon's wedding march, and it certainly would a put down any Injun uprising that might a happened. We had to keep the hosses' heads turned toward it, so they could savvy the continuous eruption wasn't as harmful as they might suppose.

"The bride and groom, the parson, and yours truly occupied an abandoned stage-coach decorated real gaudy with paper flowers, feathers, ribbons, and other millinery fixings, and hauled by six cayuses driven by old Barnaby Rudge Baxter, who divided his time swearing like a freighter and grinning at the bride."

The Pawpaw

BY ELISON S. HOPKINS

Don't like pawpaws, well I swan,
 Your taste mu' be right fur gone
 Why persimmons an' blackhaws
 Jist ain't nowher's to pawpaws
 Elm-tree buds and wild cherries
 May apples an' mulberries,
 Sheep-sorrel an' pepper grass,
 Spice-wood bark an' sassafras,
 Hack berries an' Hickory nuts,
 Blackberries an' black caps,
 Elderberries an' wild grapes,
 Chickasaws—to be edzact—
 Nothin' to us boys in fact,
 We'd find growin' wild to eat
 In the woods, er sour, er sweet,
 Ever tasted half as good,
 Ez them frosted pawpaws would.
 Not like pawpaws, say, my fren;
 Tell us what you do like then?
 Watermillions, peaches, pears;
 Why they's none of them compares
 With ripe pawpaws frosted brown—
 I'll bet you wuz raised in town.
 You hain't never been a boy;
 You hain't never knowed the joy
 Of bare-footed freedom, and
 Had your face sunburnt and tanned
 Till the freckles, small and big,
 Speckled it like a turkey's egg.
 You hain't never been turned loose,
 Washed your hands in walnut juice,
 Tuk ye straw hat fer a seine,
 Spotted with pokeberry stain,
 Swelled up so's yer couldn't sneeze
 Robbin these here bumble bees,
 Sucked sweet cider through a straw—
 Fact is, I hain't ever saw
 Anythink like them pawpaws

'At we boys 'ud gather, 'cause
They growed mellow in the haze
O' them good old barlow days.
Them there pizon things you buy
At the corner fruit stan's; why
You s'pose them's pawpaws, well, well,
They hain't even got the smell;
They're like boys that's raised in town,
Pulled a leetle bit too soon;
Never 'lowed to get quite ripe,
Full of seeds and tough as tripe,—
You don't like pawpaws jest 'cause
You wan't told what pawpaws was.
Them's the fruit the gods of old
Chocked plumb full of melted gold,
Smellin' like old fashioned scents
Of clove-pinks and hyacinths,
An' their proper nickname is
Apples of Hesperidiz.



By Severn Sea

BY J. RUSSELL HOYER

We gathered roses, she and I,
And poppies, on the purple lea;
We flung them in the yellow tide
And watched them float on Severn Sea.

I sailed away the Morrow morn
And watched her waving from the sea,
And—would to God that I might sleep
Below the sands of Severn Sea!

For when I came another year
And hastened to the purple lea,
They showed me one low grave beside
The moaning tide of Severn Sea.

The Women of Mumbles Head

BY CLEMENT SCOTT

Bring, novelist, your note-book! bring, dramatist, your pen!

And I'll tell you a simple story of what women do for men.

It's only a tale of a life-boat, of the dying and the dead, Of the terrible storm and shipwreck that happened off Mumbles Head!

Maybe you have travelled in Wales, sir, and know it north and south;

Maybe you are friends with the "natives" that dwell at Oystermouth;

It happened, no doubt, that from Bristol you've crossed in a casual way,

And have sailed your yacht in the summer in the blue of Swansea Bay.

Well! it isn't like that in the winter, when the lighthouse stands alone,

In the teeth of Atlantic breakers that foam on its face of stone;

It wasn't like that when the hurricane blew, and the stormbell tolled, or when

There was news of a wreck, and the lifeboat launched, and a desperate cry for men.

When in the world did the coxswain shirk? a brave old salt was he!

Proud to the bone of as four strong lads as ever had tasted the sea,

Welshmen all to the lungs and loins, who, about that coast, 'twas said,

Had saved some hundred lives apiece—at a shilling or so a head!

So the father launched the lifeboat, in the teeth of the tempest's roar,

And he stood like a man at the rudder, with an eye on his boys at the oar.

Out to the wreck went the father! out to the wreck went the sons!

Leaving the weeping of women, and booming of signal guns;
Leaving the mother who loved them, and the girls that the sailors love;
Going to death for duty, and trusting to God above!
Do you murmur a prayer, my brothers, when cosy and safe in bed,
For men like these, who are ready to die for a wreck off Mumbles Head?
It didn't go well with the lifeboat! 'twas a terrible storm that blew!
And it snapped the rope in a second that was flung to the drowning crew;
And then the anchor parted—'twas a tussle to keep afloat!
But the father stuck to the rudder, and the boys to the brave old boat.
Then at last on the poor doomed lifeboat a wave broke mountains high!
"God help us now!" said the father. "It's over my lads! Good-bye!"
Half of the crew swam shoreware, half to the sheltered caves,
But father and sons were fighting death in the foam of the angry waves.
Up at the lighthouse window two women beheld the storm,
And saw in the boiling breakers a figure,—a fighting form;
It might be a gray-haired father, then the women held their breath;
It might be a fair-haired brother, who was having a round with death;
It might be a lover, a husband, whose kisses were on the lips
Of the women whose love is the life of men going down to the sea in ships.
They had seen the launch of the lifeboat, they had seen the worst, and more,
Then, kissing each other, these women went down from the lighthouse, straight to shore.
There by the rocks on the breakers these sisters, hand in hand,

Beheld once more that desperate man who struggled to reach the land.

'Twas only aid he wanted to help him across the wave,
But what are a couple of women with only a man to save?

What are a couple of women? Well, more than three craven men

Who stood by the shore with chattering teeth, refusing to stir—and then

Off went the women's shawls, sir; in a second they're torn and rent,

Then knotting them into a rope of love, straight into the sea they went!

"Come back!" cried the lighthouse-keeper, "For God's sake, girls, come back!"

As they caught the waves on their foreheads, resisting the fierce attack.

"Come back!" moaned the gray-haired mother, as she stood by the angry sea,

If the waves take you, my darlings, there's nobody left to me!"

"Come back!" said the three strong soldiers, who still stood faint and pale,

"You will drown if you face the breakers! you will fall if you brave the gale!"

"Come back!" said the girls, 'we will not! go tell it to all the town,

We'll lose our lives, God willing, before that man shall drown!"

"Give one more knot to the shawls, Bess! give one strong clutch of your hand!

Just follow me, brave, to the shingle, and we'll bring him safe to land!

Wait for the next wave, darling! only a minute more
And I'll have him safe in my arms, dear, and we'll drag him to the shore."

Up to the arms in the water, fighting it breast to breast,
They caught and saved a brother alive. God bless them!

you know the rest—

Well, many a heart beat stronger, and many a tear was shed,

And many a glass was tossed right off to "The Women of Mumbles Head!"

Keenan's Charge

BY GEORGE P. LATHROP

The sun had set;
The leaves with dew were wet;
Down fell a bloody dusk
On the woods, that second of May,
Where Stonewall's corps, like a beast of prey,
Tore through, with angry tusk.
“They've trapped us, boys.”
Rose from our flank a voice
With a rush of steel and smoke
On came the rebels straight,
Eager as love and wild as hate:
And our line reeled and broke;
Broke and fled.
No one stayed—but the dead,
With curses, shrieks, and cries
Horses, and wagons and men
Tumbled back through the shuddering glen,
And above us the fading skies.
There's one hope still,—
Those batteries parked on the hill,
“Battery wheel” (mid the roar)
Pass pieces; fix prolong to fire
Retiring. “Trot.” In the panic dire
A bugle rings “Trot”—and no more.
The horses plunged,
The cannon lurched and lunged,
To join the hopeless rout.
But suddenly rode a form
Calmly in front of the human storm,
With a stern commanding shout:
“Align those guns”
(We knew it was Pleasanton's)
The cannoneers bent to obey,
And worked with a will, at his word:
And the black guns moved as if they had heard.
But ah. the dread delay.
“To wait is crime;
O God, for ten minutes' time.”

The general looked around.
 There Keenan sat, like a stone,
 With his three hundred horse alone—
 Less shaken than the ground.
 “Major, your men”—
 “Are soldiers, general.” Then,
 “Charge, Major. Do your best;
 Hold the enemy back, at all cost,
 Till my guns are placed, else the army is lost.
 You die to save the rest.”

By the shrouded gleam of the western skies,
 Brave Keenan looked in Pleasanton’s eyes
 For an instant,—clear and cool and still;
 Then, with a smile, he said: “I will.”

“Cavalry charge.” Not a man of them shrank.
 Their sharp, full cheer, from rank on rank,
 Rose joyously, with a willing breath,
 Rose like a greeting hail to death.

Then forward they sprang and spurred and clashed;
 Shouted the officers, crimson-sashed;
 Rode well the men, each brave as his fellow,
 In their faded coats of the blue and yellow;
 And above in the air, with an instinct true,
 Like a bird of war with their pennon flew.
 With clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds,
 And blades that shine like sunlit reeds,
 And strong brown faces bravely pale
 For fear their proud attempt shall fail
 Three hundred Pennsylvanians close
 On twice ten thousand gallant foes.
 Line after line, aye, whole platoons,
 To the edge of the wood that was ringed with flame;
 Rode in and sabered and shot and fell;
 Nor came one back his wounds to tell.
 And full in the midst rose Keenan, tall
 In the gloom, like a martyr awaiting his fall,
 While the circle-stroke of his sabre, swung
 Round his head like a halo there, luminous hung.
 Line after line, aye, whole platoons,
 Struck dead in their saddles, of brave dragoons
 By the maddened horses were onward borne
 And into the vortex flung, trampled and torn;
 As Keenan fought with his men, side by side.

So they rode till there was no more to ride.
But over them, lying there, shattered and mute,
What deep echo rolls? 'Tis a death salute
From the cannon in place; for heroes, you braved
Your fate not in vain; the army was saved.
Over them now—year following year—
Over their graves, the pine cones fall,
And the whip-poor-will chants his spectre call;
But they stir not again; they raise no cheer;
They have ceased. But their glory shall never cease
Nor their light be quenched in the light of peace.
The rush of their charge is resounding still
That saved the army at Chancellorsville.



Decoration

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE

Cover them over, roses red,
Cover them over and over;
A deeper color their veins have shed
Than the hue your buds and blossoms spread
On the mounds of grass and clover.

Cover them over, lilies white,
Strewn on the grass and clover,
Paler than you was the Death whose blight
Palsied the arm and smote the sight;
Cover them over and over.

Cover them over, violets blue,
Wreathed in the grass and clover;
Wild little love of the earth, yet you
Symbol the Heaven's deepest blue;
Cover them over and over.

Blossoms of red and white and blue
On the mounds of grass and clover,
Colors to which they were staunchly true
Over the graves of the brave we strew,
Over and over and over.

The Mitherless Bairn

BY WILLIAM THOM

When a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame
 By aunty, or cousin, or freckly granddame,
 Wha' stands last and lanely, an' sairly for fairn?
 'Tis the puir dowie laddie—the mitherless bairn!

The mitherless bairnie gangs to his lane bed;
 Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
 His wee hackit heelies are hard as the bairn,
 An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow siccans hover there,
 O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair;
 But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
 That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn.

The sister that sang o'er his softly rocked bed
 Now rests in the mools where her mammie is laid;
 The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn,
 An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit, that passed in yon hour o' his birth,
 Still watches his wearisome wanderings on earth;
 Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,
 Wha' couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

O, speak him na harshly,—he trembles the while,
 He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile;
 In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn
 That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

The Other One

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

Sweet little maid with winsome eyes
That laugh all day through the tangled hair;
Gazing with baby looks so wise
Over the arm of the oaken chair;
Dearer than you is none to me,
Dearer than you there can be none;
Since in your laughing face I see
Eyes that tell of another one.

Here where the firelight softly glows,
Sheltered and safe and snug and warm,
What to you is the wind that blows,
Driving the sleet of the winter storm?
Round your head the ruddy light
Glints on the gold from your tresses spun,
But deep is the drifting snow to-night
Over the head of the other one.

Hold me close as you sagely stand,
Watching the dying embers shine;
Then shall I feel another hand
That nestled once in this hand of mine—
Poor little hand, so cold and chill,
Shut from the light of stars and sun,
Clasping the withered roses still
That hide the face of the sleeping one.

Laugh, little maid, while laugh you may!
Sorrow comes to us all, I know;—
Better perhaps for her to stay
Under the drifting robe of snow.
Sing while you may your baby songs,
Sing till your baby days are done;
But oh, the ache of the heart that longs
Night and day for the other one!

When Paw Was a Boy

BY S. E. KISER

I wisht 'at I'd been here when
 My paw he was a boy;
 They must of been excitement then—
 When my paw was a boy;
 In school he always took the prize,
 He used to lick boys twice his size—
 I bet folks all had bulgin' eyes
 When my paw was a boy.

They was a lot of wonders done
 When my paw was a boy;
 How grandpa must have loved his son,
 When my paw was a boy;
 He'd git the coal and chop the wood,
 And think up every way he could
 To always jist be sweet and good—
 When my paw was a boy.

Then everything was in its place,
 When my paw was a boy;
 How he could rassle, jump, and race,
 When my paw was a boy!
 He never, never disobeyed;
 He beat in every game he played—
 Gee! What a record then was made
 When my paw was a boy!

I wisht 'at I'd been here when
 My paw was a boy;
 They'll never be his like agen—
 Paw was the moddle boy,
 But still last night I heard my maw
 Raise up her voice and call my paw
 The worst fool that she ever saw—
 He ought of stayed a boy!

Hello, House!*

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

Brer Rabbit, he live in a house on de hill
 Ef he ain't move off, he's a-livin' dar still,

An' a hi-ho-hi' an' a heyo!

An, he'd hail eve'ybody dat pass 'long de road,
 Whedder dey comed or whedder dey go'd,

An' a hi-ho-hi' an' a heyo!

He wuz mighty good frien's wid ol' Brer B'ar,
 An' de'd ramble tergedder mos' eve'ywhar,

An' a hi-ho-hi' an' a heyo!

Dey'd go a-fishin' an' stay all day,
 Dey wuz des ez frien'ly ez clammer an' whey,

An' a hi-ho-hi' an' a heyo!

Dey'd march down de big road arm-in-arm,
 A'doin' uv nobody speshual harm,

An' a hi-ho-hi' an' a heyo!

All went well, twel one fine day,

Dey went ter Miss Meadows' an' de gals made um stay,
An' a hi-ho-hi' an' a heyo!

Brer Fox wuz a'watchin' an' he seed um when dey went,
 An' his head got full er devilmen,

An' a hi-ho-hi' an' a heyo!

Den up ter cabin he tuck'n crope,

An' he set down an' giggle, "Dis is luck, I hope!"

An' a hi-ho-hi' an' a heyo!

Kaze de cabin do' wuz stan'in' ajar,

It'd been lef' so by ole Brer B'ar,

An' a hi-ho-hi' an' a heyo!

"De do' bein' open, I better go in,

An' see how ol' Brer Rabbit's been,"

An' a hi-ho-hi' an' a heyo!

An' in he went an' shot de do' tight,

An' made de best er de lack er light,

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The Speaker

An' a hi-ho-hi' an' a heyo!
 He drapt off ter sleep, an' he sleep mighty long,
 Kaze dat's what dey tol' me in de song,
An' a hi-ho-hi' an' a heyo!

Brer B'ar an' Brer Rabbit, hey stay an' stay,
 But after so long, de come away,
An' a hi-ho-hi' an' a heyo!
 An' when de time come fer de two ter part,
 Dey far'well'd an' so-long'd wid d'er han's on der heart,
An' a hi-ho-hi' an' a heyo!
 When Brer Rabbit loped up, he seed sump'n wuz wrong,
 De do' wuz done shot, an' s'pcion wuz strong,
An' a hi-ho-hi' an' a heyo!
 He backed off a little ways, wid "Hello House!"
 But eve'thing dar wuz as still ez a mouse,
An' a hi-ho-hi' an' a heyo!

He wobbled his nose an' shuck his head,
 Wid, "I reely hopes my House ain't dead,
An' a hi-ho-hi' an' a heyo!
 Sump'n done happen, an' dat much I knows,
 But I don't wanter w'ar my mournin' cloze,"
An' a hi-ho-hi' an' a heyo!
 "Hello, House, hello!" wuz his loud cry,
 An' he wope an' wipe his weepin' eye,
An' a hi-ho-hi' an' a heyo!
 "Dis de fust time my House fail ter answer me,
 An' my heart is heavy ez lead," sezee,
An' a hi-ho-hi' an' a heyo!

Den ol' Brer Fox put de do' on de chink
 An' Brer Rabbit grinned an' gun an' er wink,
An' a hi-ho-hi' an' a heyo!
 Wid, "Oh, House, my House! why don't you answer
 me?"
 "Hello!" sez Brer Fox, an' "Hello!" sezee,
An' a hi-ho-hi' an' a heyo!
 Brer Rabbit, he 'low, "Well, I'll hatter leave,
 Yo' voice done change so it makes me grieve,"
An' a hi-ho-hi' an' a heyo!
 An' den he hid un' de honeysuckle vine,
 An' Brer Fox sneaked out, an went whar he's gwine,
An' a hi-ho-hi' an' a heyo!

The Blind Archer*

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

Little boy Love drew his bow at a chance
 Shooting down at the ball-room floor;
 He hit an old chaperon watching the dance,
 And oh! but he wounded her sore.

“Hey, Love, you couldn’t mean that!
 Hi, Love, what would you be at?”
 No word would he say,
 But he flew on his way,

For the little boy’s busy, and how could he stay?

Little boy Love drew a shaft just for sport
 At the soberest club in Pall Mall;
 He winged an old veteran drinking his port,
 And down the old veteran fell.

“Hey, Love, you mustn’t do that!
 Hi, Love, what would you be at?
 This cannot be right,
 It’s ludicrous quite.”

But it’s no use to argue, for Love’s out of sight.

A sad-faced young clerk in a cell all apart
 Was planning a celibate vow;
 But the boy’s random arrow has sunk in his heart,
 And the cell is an empty one now.

“Hey, Love, you mustn’t do that!
 Hi, Love, what would you be at?
 He is not for you;
 He has duties to do?”

“But I am his duty,” quoth Love as he flew.

The King sought a bride, and the nation had hoped
 For a Queen without rival or peer.
 But the little boy shot, and the King has eloped
 With Miss No-one, on nothing a year.

*From “Songs of Action.” Copyright 1898, by Doubleday & McClure Co.

"Hey, Love, you couldn't mean that!
 Hi, Love, what would you be at?
 What an impudent thing
 To make game of a King!"

"But *I'm* a King also," cried Love, on the wing.

Little boy Love grew pettish one day;
 "If you keep on complaining," he swore,
 "I'll pack both my bow and my quiver away,
 And so I shall plague you no more."
 "Hey, Love, you couldn't mean that;
 Hi, Love, what would you be at?
 You may ruin our ease—
 You may do what you please,
 But we can't do without you, you sweet little tease."



The Moon-Cradle

BY KATE WISNER M'CLUSKEY

The little, the yellow, moon-cradle
 Is swaying, is swinging slow;
 And the tiny white star-tapers burning
 Have flickered their lights down low;
 The night has the cloud-curtains ready,
 She is holding them draped on her breast,
 For the dear little, queer little babe in the moon
 Will have sunk to rest in the west.
 Hush, baby, hush!
 Mother's heart aches for the joy that she takes
 In holding you close to her breast!

Perhaps in the yellow moon-cradle
 A little cold baby may be;
 And the tiny white star-tapers burning
 May be sad for some mother to see;—
 O night-angel! drop the cloud-curtain
 While the gleaming bed's caught in that tree,
 For not even to the rest in the beautiful west
 Will I let my babe go from me!
 Sleep, sleep, my sweet!
 Are you warm, little feet?
 Close to my heart you will be!

Eulogy of Webster

BY RUFUS CHOATE

[Extract from an address before Dartmouth College, July, 1853, the Alma Mater of both Choate and Webster.]



WEBSTER possessed the element of an impressive character, inspiring regard, trust, and admiration, not unmixed with love. It had, I think, intrinsically a charm such as belongs only to a good, noble, and beautiful nature. In its combination with so much fame, so much force of will, and so much intellect, it filled and fascinated the imagination and the heart. It was affectionate in childhood and youth, and it was more than ever so in the few last months of his long life. It is the universal testimony that he gave to his parents, in largest measure, honor, love, obedience; that he eagerly appropriated the first means which he could command to relieve the father from the debts contracted to educate his brother and himself; that he selected his first place of professional practice that he might soothe the coming on of his old age.

Equally beautiful was his love of all his kindred and of all his friends. When I hear him accused of selfishness, and a cold, bad nature, I recall him lying sleepless all night, not without tears of boyhood, conferring with Ezekiel how the darling desire of both hearts should be compassed, and he, too, admitted to the precious privileges of education; courageously pleading the cause of both brothers in the morning; prevailing by the wise and discerning affection of the mother; suspending his studies of the law, and registering deeds and teaching school to earn the means, for both, of availing themselves of the opportunity which the parental self-sacrifice had placed within their reach; loving him through life, mourning him when dead, with a love and a sorrow very wonderful, passing the sorrow of woman; I recall the husband, the father of the living and of the early departed, the friend, the counselor of many years, and my heart grows too full and liquid for the refutation of words.

Such a character was made to be loved. It was loved. Those who knew and saw it in its hour of calm—those who could repose on that soft green—loved him. His plain neighbors loved him; and one said, when he was laid in his grave, "How lonesome the world seems!" Educated young men loved him. The ministers of the gospel, the general intelligence of the country, the masses afar off, loved him.

You are now to add to this his extraordinary power of influencing the convictions of others by speech, and you have completed the survey of the means of his greatness. He spoke with consummate ability to the bench, and yet exactly as, according to every sound canon of taste and ethics, the bench ought to be addressed. He spoke with consummate ability to the jury, and yet exactly as, according to every sound canon, that totally different tribunal ought to be addressed. In the halls of Congress, before the people assembled for political discussion in masses, before audiences smaller and more select, assembled for some solemn commemoration of the past or of the dead,—in each of these, again, his speech, of the first form of ability, was exactly adapted, also, to the critical proprieties of the place; each achieved, when delivered, the most instant and specific success of eloquence—some of them in a splendid and remarkable degree, and yet, stranger still, when reduced to writing, as they fell from his lips, compose a body of reading, in many volumes—solid, clear, rich, and full of harmony—a classical and permanent political literature.

And yet all these modes of his eloquence, exactly adapted each to its stage and its end, were stamped with his image and superscription, identified by characteristics incapable to be counterfeited and impossible to be mistaken. On looking over the public remains of his oratory, it is striking to remark how, even in that most sober and massive understanding and nature, you see gathered and expressed the characteristic sentiments and the passing time of our America. It is the strong old oak which ascends before you; yet our soil, our heaven, are attested in it as perfectly as if it were a flower that could grow in no other climate and in no other hour of the year or day. Let me instance in one thing only. It is a peculiarity of some schools of eloquence that they embody and utter, not merely the individual genius and

character of the speaker, but a national consciousness—a national era, a mood, a hope, a dread, a despair—in which you listen to the spoken history of the time. There is an eloquence of an expiring nation, such as seems to sadden the glorious speech of Demosthenes; such as breathes grand and gloomy from the visions of the prophets of the last days of Israel and Judah; such as gave a spell to the expression of Grattan and of Kos-suth—the sweetest, most mournful, most awful of the words which man may utter, or which man may hear—the eloquence of a perishing nation.

There is another eloquence, in which the national consciousness of a young or renewed and vast strength, of trust in a dazzling, certain, and limitless future, an inward glorying in victories yet to be won, sounds out as by voice of clarion, challenging to contest for the highest prize of earth. And of this kind somewhat is ours—cheerful, hopeful, trusting, as befits youth and spring; the eloquence of a State beginning to ascend to the first class of power, eminence, and consideration, and conscious of itself. It is to no purpose that they tell you it is in bad taste; that it partakes of arrogance and vanity; that a true national good breeding would not know, or seem to know, whether the nation is old or young; whether the tides of being are in their flow or ebb; whether these coursers of the sun are sinking slowly to rest, wearied with a journey of a thousand years, or just bounding from the Orient unbreathed. Higher laws than those of taste determine the consciousness of nations. Higher laws than those of taste determine the general forms of the expression of that consciousness. Let the downward age of America find its orators and poets and artists to erect its spirit, or grace and soothe its dying; be it ours to go up with Webster to the Rock, the Monument, the Capitol, and bid “the distant generations hail!”

Tribute to McKinley

BY JOHN HAY

[Extract from the Memorial Address delivered before the Senate and House of Representatives in joint session February 27, 1902.]



OR the third time the Congress of the United States are assembled to commemorate the life and the death of a President slain by the hand of an assassin. The attention of the future historian will be attracted to the features which reappear with startling sameness in all three of these awful crimes; the uselessness, the utter lack of consequence of the act; the obscurity, the insignificance of the criminal; the blamelessness—so far as in our sphere of existence the best of men may be held blameless—of the victim. Not one of our murdered Presidents had an enemy in the world; they were all of such pre-eminent purity of life that no pretext could be given for the attack of passional crime; they were all men of democratic instincts, who could never have offended the most jealous advocates of equality. They were of kindly and generous nature, to whom wrong or injustice was impossible; of moderate fortune, whose slender means nobody could envy. They were men of austere virtue, of tender heart, of eminent abilities, which they had devoted with single minds to the good of the Republic. If ever men walked before God and man without blame, it was these three rulers of our people. The only temptation to attack their lives offered was their gentle radiance,—to eyes hating the light, that was offence enough.

The stupid uselessness of such an infamy affronts the common sense of the world. One can conceive how the death of a dictator may change the political conditions of an empire; how the extinction of a narrowing line of kings may bring in an alien dynasty. But in a well-ordered Republic like ours the ruler may fall, but the State feels no tremor. Our beloved and revered leader is gone—but the natural process of our laws provides us

a successor, identical in purpose and ideals, nourished by the same teachings, inspired by the same principles, pledged by tender affection as well as by high loyalty to carry to completion the immense task committed to his hands, and to smite with iron severity every manifestation of that hideous crime which his mild predecessor, with his dying breath, forgave. The sayings of celestial wisdom have no date; the words that reach us, over two thousand years, out of the darkest hour of gloom the world has ever known, are true to life to-day: "They know not what they do." The blow struck at our dear friend and ruler was as deadly as blind hate could make it; but the blow struck at anarchy was deadlier still.

The life of William McKinley was, from his birth to his death, typically American. There is no environment, I should say, anywhere else in the world which could produce just such a character. He was born into that way of life which elsewhere is called the middle class, but which in this country is so nearly universal as to make of other classes an almost negligible quantity. He was neither rich nor poor, neither proud nor humble; he knew no hunger he was not sure of satisfying, no luxury which could enervate mind or body. His parents were sober, God-fearing people; intelligent and upright, without pretension and without humility. He grew up in the company of boys like himself, wholesome, honest, self-respecting. They looked down on nobody; they never felt it possible they could be looked down upon. Their houses were the homes of probity, piety, patriotism. They learned in the admirable school readers of fifty years ago the lessons of heroic and splendid life which have come down from the past. They read in their weekly newspapers the story of the world's progress, in which they were eager to take part, and of the sins and wrongs of civilization with which they burned to do battle. It was a serious and thoughtful time. The boys of that day felt dimly, but deeply, that days of sharp struggle and high achievement were before them. They looked at life with the wondering yet resolute eyes of a young esquire in his vigil of arms. They felt a time was coming when to them should be addressed the stern admonition of the Apostle, "Quit you like men; be strong."

The men who are living to-day and were young in 1860 will never forget the glory and glamor that filled the

earth and sky when the long twilight of doubt and uncertainty was ending and the time for action had come. A speech by Abraham Lincoln was an event not only of high moral significance, but of far-reaching importance; the drilling of a militia company by Ellsworth attracted national attention; the fluttering of the flag in the clear sky drew tears from the eyes of young men. Patriotism, which had been a rhetorical expression, became a passionate emotion, in which instinct, logic and feeling were fused. The country was worth saving; it could be saved only by fire; no sacrifice was too great; the young men of the country were ready for the sacrifice; come weal, come woe, they were ready.

At seventeen years of age William McKinley heard this summons of his country. He was the sort of youth to whom a military life in ordinary times would possess no attractions. His nature was far different from that of the ordinary soldier. He had other dreams of life, its prizes and pleasures, than that of marches and battles. But to his mind there was no choice or question. The banner floating in the morning breeze was the beckoning gesture of his country. The thrilling notes of the trumpet called him—him and none other—into the ranks. His portrait in his first uniform is familiar to you all—the short, stocky figure; the quiet, thoughtful face; the deep, dark eyes. It is the face of a lad who could not stay at home when he thought he was needed in the field. He was of the stuff of which good soldiers are made. Had he been ten years older he would have entered at the head of a company and come out at the head of a division. But he did what he could. He enlisted as a private; he learned to obey. He left the army with field rank when the war ended, brevetted by President Lincoln for gallantry in battle.

In coming years when men seek to draw the moral of our great Civil War, nothing will seem to them so admirable in all the history of our two magnificent armies as the way in which the war came to a close. When the Confederate army saw the time had come, they acknowledged the pitiless logic of facts and ceased fighting. When the army of the Union saw it was no longer needed, without a murmur or question, making no terms, asking no return, in the flush of victory and ful-

ness of might, it laid down its arms and melted back into the mass of peaceful citizens. There is no event since the nation was born which has so proved its solid capacity for self-government. Both sections share equally in that crown of glory. They had held a debate of incomparable importance and had fought it out with equal energy. A conclusion had been reached—and it is to the everlasting honor of both sides that they each knew when the war was over and the hour of a lasting peace had struck. We may admire the desperate daring of others who prefer annihilation to compromise, but the palm of common sense, and, I will say, of enlightened patriotism, belongs to the men like Grant and Lee, who knew when they had fought enough for honor and for country.

So it came naturally about that in 1876—the beginning of the second century of the Republic—he began, by an election to Congress, his political career. Thereafter for fourteen years this chamber was his home. When he came to the Presidency, there was not a day when his congressional service was not of use to him. He had the profoundest respect for its authority and an inflexible belief in the ultimate rectitude of its purposes. McKinley's frank and sincere trust and confidence in Congress were repaid by prompt and loyal support and co-operation. During his entire term of office this mutual trust and regard—so essential to the public welfare—was never shadowed by a single cloud.

When he came to the Presidency he confronted a situation of the utmost difficulty, which might well have appalled a man of less serene and tranquil self-confidence. There had been a state of profound commercial and industrial depression from which his friends had said his election would relieve the country. Our relations with the outside world left much to be desired. The feeling between the Northern and Southern sections of the Union was lacking in the cordiality which was necessary to the welfare of both. Hawaii had asked for annexation and had been rejected by the preceding administration. There was a state of things in the Caribbean which could not permanently endure. Our neighbor's house was on fire, and there were grave doubts as to our rights and duties in the premises. A man either

weak or rash, either irresolute or headstrong, might have brought ruin on himself and incalculable harm to the country.

But when the die was cast, he labored with the utmost energy and ardor, and with an intelligence in military matters which showed how much of the soldier still survived in the mature statesman, to push forward the war to a decisive close. War was an anguish to him; he wanted it short and conclusive. His merciful zeal communicated itself to his subordinates, and the war, so long dreaded, whose consequences were so momentous, ended in a hundred days.

He felt that the harvest time was come, to garner in the fruits of so much planting and culture, and he was determined that nothing he might do or say should be liable to the reproach of a personal interest. I spent a day with him shortly before he started on his fateful journey to Buffalo. Never had I seen him higher in hope and patriotic confidence. He was gratified to the heart that we had arranged a treaty which gave us a free hand in the Isthmus. In fancy he saw the canal already built and the argosies of the world passing through it in peace and amity. He saw in the immense evolution of American trade the fulfillment of all his dreams, the reward of all his labors.

In that mood of high hope, of generous expectation, he went to Buffalo, and there, on the threshold of eternity, he delivered that memorable speech, worthy for its loftiness of tone, its blameless morality, its breadth of view, to be regarded as his testament to the nation. Through all his pride of country and his joy of its success runs the note of solemn warning, as in Kipling's noble hymn, "Lest We Forget."

The next day sped the bolt of doom, and for a week after—in an agony of dread, broken by illusive glimpses of hope that our prayers might be answered—the nation waited for the end. Nothing in the glorious life we saw gradually waning was more admirable and exemplary than its close. The gentle humanity of his words when he saw his assailant in danger of summary vengeance, "Do not let them hurt him." His chivalrous care that the news should be broken gently to his wife; the fine courtesy with which he apologized for the damage which

his death would bring to the great exhibition; and the heroic resignation of his final words, "It is God's way; His will, not ours, be done," were all the instinctive expressions of a nature so lofty and so pure that pride in its nobility at once softened and enhanced the nation's sense of loss. The Republic grieves over such a son,—but is proud forever of having produced him. After all, in spite of its tragic ending, his life was extraordinarily happy. He had, all his days, troops of friends, the cheer of fame and fruitful labor; and he became at last,

"On fortune's crowning slope,
The pillar of a people's hope,
The center of a world's desire."



Simplex Munditiis

BY BEN JOHNSON

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powder'd, still perfumed;
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

Briefs of Debates

Employer's Responsibility for Accident.

Yale—Princeton Debate.

The annual debate between Yale and Princeton, held at Princeton, was won by Princeton, defending the negative of the question:

"Resolved, That laws should be enacted providing that in case of personal injury to a workman arising out of and in the course of employment, his employer shall be liable for adequate compensation and shall not set up contributory negligence or the negligence of a fellow servant as a defense."

FIRST AFFIRMATIVE SPEECH.

W. W. Wynkoop (Synopsis.)

The proposal which we uphold is, in brief, to abolish the doctrine of contributory negligence, the fellow-servant doctrine, and the outgrowing doctrine of assumed risks, as defenses to be set up by the employer in an action for damages brought by an injured workman. We are not proposing a law but a principle which has already been adopted under the most widely varied governments. Moreover, we do not propose to hold the employer liable for the serious and willful misconduct of the workman. We believe that the proposed policy is necessary to correct the evils to the workman, arising out of the present conditions, that it is morally just and economically sound. I will consider its necessity.

The proposed policy is necessary to correct the unfair moral status of the workman under the present law. The doctrine of assumed risks is unfair to the workman, for it is based on the assumption that the workman agrees to take the risks of industry when he takes his job. This to-day is untrue. These risks are not personal risks taken for the benefit of the workman, but industrial risks taken for the benefit of society, and should not therefore be put upon the individual workman.

Again, the doctrine of contributory negligence is unfair to the workman for it puts upon him the whole burden of an injury for which he was only in part to blame, and which he can shift only by becoming a pauper.

Finally, the fellow-servant doctrine is unjust. It assumes as does the doctrine of assumed risks that the workman foresees his danger, that he can refuse to work if his fellow is careless or malicious. Such is not the case to-day. Conditions of labor are complicated, and workmen are dependent on each other in a multitude of ways, though they know nothing of each other.

Justice then demands a change in the moral status of the workman. There are material evils to the workman arising out of these three defenses. The fact that the employer has so many defenses causes him to fight many cases in court. Here the workman's comparative poverty and dependence put him at a disadvantage. On the other hand, if he settles out of court this phantom of litigation is kept before him to force him to settle for a pittance.

Again, the fact that eighty per cent. of the injured do not to-day get damages on account of these laws, forces seventy thousand persons annually into poverty, and their children into ignorance, and thus swells the ranks of pauperism, prostitution, crime and unhealth, and produces a deep-set social unrest.

Our policy will correct these evils. It will correct the moral status of the workman by abolishing the defenses which cause it. By the same means it will cure or mitigate the unfair legal and deplorable social status of the workman. Therefore we believe it is necessary.

SECOND AFFIRMATIVE SPEECH.

H. B. Jamison.

The shifting of the burden, arising from industrial accidents, from the employe to the employer and the consumer is morally just. Industrial accidents are a trade risk incident to production and should therefore be charged to the cost of production. Forty-six per cent. of industrial accidents are unavoidable and cannot be imputed to either employer or employe. Why should the financial burden of these injuries at least, be concentrated upon injured victims of industrial activity? The employer charges broken machines to the cost of produc-

tion; but industry just as surely involves accidents to men as to machines. He brings into being the business which creates the risks and he reaps the profits of that business. Then why should he not assume all the risks, the risks of men, animate agents of industry, as well as to machines, inanimate agents of industry?

As regards these specific defenses, inherent justice demands the abolition of the fellow-servant rule. The employer should assume the risks of the negligence of fellow-servants, for he it is who places in operation and constantly controls them. A sacred legal maxim is that he who acts through another acts through himself. Then let the employer be responsible for the fellow-servants' negligence as for his own, and charge both to the incidents of industry.

Contributory negligence is now widely recognized to be due mainly to the high intensity of modern industrial competition, and is nothing else than the mental reaction due to a murderous environment. The employer placed the workman in that environment; the consumer in the finished product, reaps the benefit of that environment. The blow of the workman is a part of the cost of the product. Then why should not the employer charge this blood, this injury, this incident of environment, to that cost of production?

THIRD AFFIRMATIVE SPEECH.

W. P. Armstrong.

An economic gain will result from the ease and facility with which the rights given by compensation acts can be enforced. The workman will only have to prove that he has been injured in the course of his employment and there will be a very slight chance of defeating his recovery. As a result of the simplification of the law most of the claims of workmen will be settled out of court.

Statistics also show that when a workman does have to take his case into court under a compensation act he has to pay only one-half as much for lawyer's fees as he does under the liability laws. This is because the jury does not estimate the damages under a compensation act and hence the employer does not need a jury lawyer who can procure for him an excessive verdict and who will in turn exact the largest part of it as his fee.

The employers, also, will stand in practically as good a position under compensation acts as they do under the present laws. What they desire is a law which is exact and definite. They do not wish to take a gambler's chance of either getting off scot free or being mulched of excessive damages. Compensation acts would accomplish the desired result by adjusting the compensation. The employer would soon realize that a workman's claim was a legitimate business risk and not a punishment.

At present those employers who are alive to their moral duty insure their employees. In so doing they are handicapped in competing with other employers who regard only the liability imposed by law. The principle of compensation will put all employers upon the same footing instead of rewarding those who are most disregardful of their employees' welfare.

Nor will the costs of these benefits be disproportioned. The number of workmen compensated will exceed the number compensated to-day and yet the total sum paid out by employers will probably not exceed the sum paid out to-day. This is accounted for by the fact that the employer will gain financially being freed from jury verdicts unjust in amount. This gain will go far towards paying the compensation provided for by laws such as we propose.

Another gain for the employer will be effected by diminishing the costs of litigation. Since there will be fewer points for employer and employee to fight over, the employer will to a great extent dispense with the services of attorneys, claim agents, and expert witnesses. Such litigation as does arise under compensation acts turns largely upon the construction of the words of the acts. This will decrease when once the acts are construed.

The adoption of the principle of compensation will also harmonize the relations between labor and capital. The workman, since he will be entitled to compensation in case of injury, will no longer feel that he is looked upon as a cog in a machine to be used, broken and thrown away. In this way the social unrest will be alleviated, and class feeling eradicated.

The experience of England in this regard is instructive for the United States. There, ever since the principle of compensation was first recognized, the laws which em-

body it have been steadily extended. Both political parties have recognized their soundness and justice, and have debated only upon ways and means.

FIRST NEGATIVE.

J. Herrmann.

Introduction.

1. The radical reform advocated by the Affirmative demands our critical attention, because
 - A. No such radical reform has ever been fully tried.
 1. In England up to 1906 such a law has been limited to large industries.
 2. In Austria employers pay part of the insurance.
 3. In Germany employers pay for accidents of 13 weeks' duration.
 - B. American workmen do not desire such a law.
 1. It has never been agitated by them.
 2. It is opposed by labor leaders.
 - (a) Mitchell.
 - (b) Gompers.

Discussion.

- I. We oppose the proposed law because
 - A. It is unjust in principle when compared with the common law.
 - B. It would not result in bettering present conditions.
 - C. It would introduce new and serious evils of its own.
- II. It is unjust in principle when compared with the common law, in fixing responsibility in case of the four kinds of accidents which the law recognizes.
 - A. Accidents caused by negligence of employer.
 1. Both laws hold employer responsible and are thus equally just.
 - B. Accidents caused by negligence of employe.
 1. The common law holds employe responsible for his own negligence, a position which is just.
 2. The law of the Affirmative holds employer responsible for another's negligence, a position which is unjust.
 - C. Accidents caused by neither party, but arise from the inevitable risk of trade.

I. Position of common law.

- (a) Employe assumes all such risks.
- (b) This position is just because both assume an equal risk—the employer risks all his capital, the employe his safety.

2. Position of law of the Affirmative.

- (a) The entire burden should be on the employer—a position which is unjust.

D. Accidents caused by the negligence of both parties.

I. The common law holds the employer responsible because

- (a) He has violated his contract by not exercising due care.
- (b) He is the more responsible party in the prevention of such accidents.

Conclusion.

I. An injured workman is justly entitled to compensation when an accident is caused by the negligence of his employer. In taking such a case to court he is certain of receiving adequate compensation.

SECOND NEGATIVE.

M. H. Fry.

The plan proposed by the affirmative will not result in bettering present conditions.

The conditions it is aimed to remedy are:—

A. Excessive litigation.

- 1. But this has not been remedied in England or in Germany where such a law has been adopted.

B. The number of accidents.

- 1. But accidents have not been reduced under such a law. In England and in Germany from 1896 to 1904 the number of accidents causing temporary disability more than doubled.

- 2. From the very nature of the case such a law cannot reduce the number of accidents, but will have a tendency to increase them because

- (a) It takes all responsibility for their consequences from the employe, naturally making him more careless and hence more liable to injury.

The Speaker

(b) It does not add to the direct responsibility of the employer because by insuring, he shifts the burden to an insurance company, and pays so much premium per man, whether that man be injured or not.

C. The condition of the American workman.

1. But the American workman neither desires nor needs such compensation.
2. What he demands is that his wages shall be high enough to enable him to insure against accident—either alone or in conjunction with his employer.
3. This is what he is doing now in most occupations, for the standard of life in most cases already includes insurance.
4. This is the only natural method of workmen's compensation—having wages high enough to enable the workman to insure, and this is the tendency at the present time.

D. Finally it is claimed that economically this plan is better than our present method.

1. It is said accidents should be part of cost of production, and that employer, if made liable for all accidents, will soon shift the burden to the consumer by means of higher prices.
 - (a) In the case of monopolies, prices are already as high as the trade will bear, and so in this case it is next to impossible to raise them arbitrarily.
 - (b) In the case of the farmer or the small consumer, it is utterly impossible for him to control prices, and so to shift the burden upon the consumer, if he becomes liable for all accidents to his domestics.
2. The result will be that such a law in the great majority of cases will mean either a dead weight upon the employer or else a drop in wages.

E. Therefore we see that such a law as the affirmative propose, in addition to being unjust—as my colleague has shown—must fail to better present conditions, and as a matter of fact, has failed in most countries where it has been tried.

THIRD NEGATIVE.

T. F. Clark.

- I. The proposed law is unjust in principle.
- II. It would not result in bettering present conditions.
- III. It would introduce new and serious evils of its own.

1. It would place an unjust and unbearable burden upon the small employer.
 - (a) 70% of our population is engaged in comparatively small production.
 - (b) Such employers could not bear the added burden.
 - (c) They could not shift it as they do not control markets and prices.
 - (d) In this class is included every man who pays for the services of another, such as he who hires a domestic.
 - (e) If you cripple the employer the employe would also suffer.
 - (f) The law proposed by the Affirmative fails as to expediency, then, in the majority of cases.
2. It would shorten the employes working age.
 - (a) Only the most fit and competent workmen would be employed.
 - (b) The younger man would of necessity be given the preference on account of the risk involved in employing older men.
3. It would do away with short term employment.
 - (a) The risk involved in hiring transient laborers would offset the service rendered.
4. It would tend to lower wages.
 - (a) If it adds to the expenses of the employer and he in most cases cannot bear or shift it, his one recourse is to pay lower wages.
5. It would destroy certain occupations.
 - (a) Take fisheries as an example. It is one of the most dangerous pursuits in the world.
 - (b) No employer could adequately compensate the families of say 20 men should a ship go down and the crew be lost.
 - (c) The business would soon die, as men would cease to enter it as employers.

The Speaker

6. It would degrade the American workman.
 - (a) He would no longer be a self-reliant member of society.
 - (b) He would become a dependent, one to be taken care of and compensated.

Final Statement.

The present principle should be retained and special cases be met by special legislation, for,

1. The principle deals justly and efficiently with most cases.
2. The affirmative plan has been shown to be
 - (a) Unjust.
 - (b) Inefficient.
 - (c) Dangerous.



INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM.

Dickinson-Pennsylvania State.

Won by Negative.

Resolved, That the Initiative and Referendum systems of enacting legislation should be adopted by Pennsylvania.

First Speaker—G. Harry Ketterer.

Introduction.

- I. We need the I. and R. to enable people of Pennsylvania to express their will in regard to legislation more clearly and distinctly.
- II. Statement of question.
 1. Exercised on petition of qualified voters.
 2. Would prevent much bad legislation.

III. I. and R. not revolutionary.

1. Present machinery untouched.
2. In operation in municipalities.
3. Majority of bills passed by legislature would be untouched.
4. I. and R. simply a means of making representatives represent the people and nobdy but the people.
 - (a) Enables people to veto bad legislation.
 - (b) Enables people to get desired legislation.

IV. In line with use of Democracy.

1. Growth of popular power.
2. People now admitted to have final power.
 - (a) Vote on Constitutions.

V. Present legislative machinery is not adapted to present power of people.

1. Corporations and their predominating influence.
2. Bossism.
3. Legislators should obey people whom they are elected to represent.
4. I. and R. would prevent perversion of popular will.
5. Methods of preventing popular will.
 - (a) Small bills.

VI. Majority of people should determine what the laws of the state should be.

1. Under present system popular will can be and frequently is perverted.
2. Under I. and R. people would rule. I. and R. should be adopted.

Second Speaker, William H. Davenport.

I. Boss government.

1. Acknowledged by all.
 2. History Cameron, Quay and Penrose.
 3. This one man dictates all legislation and policy.
- A. Example local option measure. Why not reported.

II. Corporation control.

1. Corporations exercise power through boss.

The Speaker

2. Under I. and R. corporations cannot expect boss to make good his promises.
3. Political boss, majority of committee, or majority of 200-300 legislators might be corrupted, but whole population could not thus be corrupted.

III. Ignorance and indifference.

1. Corporations exercise power through boss.
- A. Not one-half audience know who represented district in legislature.
2. Apathy due to hopelessness.
3. I. and R. will give people power.
- A. Primary election law in Oregon.
- B. Liquor license question in Delaware.
 - (a) Wilmington 15,930 votes for President, 18,866 on referendum.
4. Educational results immense.
5. I. and R. would make these conditions normal, and
 - A. People would be well informed, and alive to interests.
 - B. Apathy lessened, stay-at-home class decreased.

IV. Legislators irresponsible to public opinion.

1. May act on three motives.
 - A. Sinister and corrupt influences.
 - B. Orders of boss.
 - C. Will and welfare of his constituents.
2. I. and R. will take first away, by
 - A. We have shown that corporation lobbying is stopped.
 - (a) Oregon. Read Arena 32-128.
3. Definite expression of public opinion will greatly lessen second, for
 - A. Legislature of 1905—Berry—revolt—extra session.
 - B. This condition unusual, I. and R. would make regular.
4. Third motive all that is left, this the proper one.

Third Speaker, Lewis H. Chrisman.

- I. Under Initiative and Referendum the will of the people would be law of state.

- I. Under present system popular will is not state law.
 2. Under I. and R. it would be.
- II. Opponents contend I. and R. contrary to principles of representative government, which is the fundamental system of Democracy.
1. All power resident in people.
 2. Representatives are elected to represent people.
 3. They do not look after popular interests.
 4. I. and R. would prevent unrepresentative legislation being passed.
- III. Argument of opponents that people are not capable of self-government disproved by history.
1. There has always existed in some fear or professed fear of people.
 - (a) Henry VII. (b) Chas. I.
 - (c) Victoria. (d) Makers of American Constitution as evidenced by electoral college.
 2. All fears disproved by history.
 3. If people are fit to vote on constitutional amendments they are fit to vote on ordinary legislation.
 4. I. and R. is practical. Successful in every state tried.
 - (a) South Dakota.
 - (b) Oregon.
 - (c) Can our opponents give us a single reason why it would not work the same way in Pennsylvania?

NEGATIVE.

First Speaker, W. F. H. Wentzel.

The proposed systems should not be adopted, for,

- I. The present system is the development of experience,
1. It originated largely in the spirit of English independence as tried out by experiment in the American colonies:
 - (a) Jamestown and Plymouth, socialistic communism.
 - (b) North Carolina, aristocracy.

The Speaker

- (c) New England, pure democracy, *i. e.*, town meeting.
 - (d) Connecticut, 1639, first written Constitution.
 - (e) In several colonies—dual, or two-house legislation was next used.
 - (f) The final step, the adoption of our present representative system, 1787, in our National Constitution.
- II. The present system has brought us safely through great historical crises,
1. The building of a nation, after the Revolution.
 2. The reconstruction of a nation, after the Civil War.
- III. No system but the present is capable of bringing us through the crises of the great industrial age, upon which we are entering, for,
1. Corporations, in a wild rush for wealth, present problems demanding expert legislation, for,
 - (a) These problems are far beyond the average popular intelligence.
 - (b) Their solution can come only by adding, not by removing delegated authority, for,
 - (x) "Statutory control of corporate bodies is impossible, and the solution rests in intelligent regulation." (Seligman, Columbia.)
 2. In a reasonable time, the present system will solve the problems of this age, for,
 - (a) Its progress, while it may be slow, is deliberate and steady.
 - (b) More and more the desires of the people will be granted, for,
 - (x) In the face of corporate opposition, the last session of our legislative bodies gave more efficient reforms than any other two sessions in the history of the State.
- IV. The present system possesses certain vital characteristics not found in the proposed systems, for,
- I. It is made up of a series of checks and balances

which guard against hasty and unwarranted legislation.

(a) The Constitution fixes the plan of government,

(x) It is framed by representative men and ratified by the people.

(y) It is the democratic basis for the protection of public rights.

(z) It forms, by its general principles, a policy of government comparatively unchanging.

(b) The legislature is composed of the House and Senate.

(x) These bodies are composed of men who know the public needs, the public desires and the public welfare.

A. Considering all these, they are to be guided by their own better judgment in the welfare of the Commonwealth. (Gov. Hughes, of N. Y.)

(y) The House represents the demands of the various sections of the State.

(z) The Senate, with its longer term, deeper insight and more cautious consideration, acts as a check on the House, against rash acts of passion, prejudice or enthusiasm, which are not lasting wants.

(c) The Governor's veto limits legislation, and guarantees us the better judgment of the supreme choice of the people.

(d) The Supreme Court limits the laws to the public rights as expressed in the Constitution.

2. These factors guarantee us a guarded system of government, for,

(a) It is guarded by the greatest possible representative intelligence.

(b) It is guarded by cautious and deliberate proceeding.

(c) It is guarded by careful consideration of the popular interests.

The Speaker

3. These factors are of greatest importance in the securing of good government, for
 - (a) Public intelligence is not sufficient to frame our laws or pass judgment on those framed by the legislature, for,
 - (x) Economists agree that present legislation problems puzzle our wisest statesmen.
 - (y) It is ridiculous to attempt to solve these problems through the ballot, for,
 - A. It is admitted that the ballot is the weakest point in our present system.
 - (z) The better class of citizens are too busy in their own work, to study these problems, and the masses will still be led by the influence of selfish agitators and bosses, as at present.
 - (b) Many interests of prime importance have a small minority of supporters, who would suffer under the majority rule of the proposed system.
 - (x) Representatives are loaded with the responsibility of studying these problems and enacting legislation of justice and protection for both majority and minority, even down to the individual.
 - A. For example, the support of scientific investigation, commercial and industrial interests and public improvements.
4. The masses frequently do not know what is best for the general welfare, for,
 - (a) This is illustrated by the attitude of the masses toward education.
 - (x) Maryland schools suffered for forty years under a school tax subject to popular approval until the legislature again assumed control of public education.
 - (y) Under similar popular weakness, every State which gave local option on

school laws, failed to get satisfactory results,

A. For example, Virginia, 1846-1870;
Tennessee, 1872-1891;
Mississippi, 1846-1870;
Pennsylvania, 1834-1854.

(b) Pennsylvania's schools are the result of the aggressive work of our legislature, for,
(x) All school laws were a step in advance of the masses.

Second Speaker, Morrell Smith.

- I. The proposed systems have inherent weaknesses,
 1. The method of petitioning is complex, uncertain and ridiculous, for (Am. Jour. Soc. vol. 10, p. 713).
 - (a) The signatures of a certain per cent. of the voters have to be secured.
 - (b) The petitions have been posted in saloons and other public places, where anyone might sign them.
 - (c) Forgery and all sorts of frauds are perpetrated.
 2. Popular opinion is not expressed through the systems,
 - (a) In Berne, Switzerland, 1869-1878, 43% of voters voted on Initiative and Referendum measures, and 63% voted for candidates. (Lowell: vol. 2, p. 272.)
 - (b) In the United States, 1904, in eight States, on seventeen referendum questions, less than half the voters cast their ballots. (Nation. vol. 82, p. 463.)
 - (c) In Oregon, in 1904, approximately 100,000 voted on the two measures of local option and direct primaries, approximately 16,000 failed to vote on the former and 27,000 on the latter. (Pol. Sci. In. vol. 20, p. 447.)
 3. Matters of popular or political interests are passed over the people's heads, through the emergency rider.

The Speaker

- (a) In Dakota, in 1899, 64 out of 127 measures were so passed; in 1901, 81 out of 106; in 1905, 85 out of 117. (Pol. Sci. Quart. vol. 20, p. 446.)
- II. There are many weaknesses which arise from the operation of the systems, nor will the systems do all that is claimed for them; for,
1. They will not do away with bossism, as is claimed, for,
 - (a) The existence of bossism and corruption is due not to any system, but to traits of human nature.
 - (b) No system, as a system, can change these traits.
 - (c) The people must receive advice on public questions, and here will be the field of the boss.
 - (d) The machinery of elections will be run by the bosses instead of the legislature.
 2. The authority and responsibility of the legislature will be lowered, not increased, for,
 - (a) A legislature with powers curtailed, is no true representative of the people.
 3. The proposed systems would unwisely change our government from one of delegated to one of personal power, for,
 - (a) It is axiomatic that some are better suited to handle the reins of government than others.
 - (b) American citizens prefer to vote for men in whom they have confidence, rather than for measures which they do not understand.
 - (x) Says Rodman Peabody, Secretary Amer. Civic Federation: "It is unfortunately true that the average citizen feels that he has done his duty * * when he has passed on the merits of two candidates, and he does not turn his mind to the consideration of practical public measures."
 4. The actual results of the proposed systems, as seen in the United States, do not warrant the

change from the present system, for,

- (a) The systems have been tried in six of our States, and in five the results are absolutely nothing.
- (b) The systems have had best trial in Oregon, and their success is very doubtful, for,
 - (x) According to decisions of the State Supreme Court, in Kadderly vs. Portland, the final power of lawmaking rests with the official bodies just as under the legislative systems, though *nominally* resting with the people.
(Foxcroft, Alt. Mo. vol. 97, p. 792.)

- (c) In South Dakota, since the granting of these systems, not a single law has been before the people.

5. The proposed systems would balk commercial enterprise, as engaged in by corporations, for,

- (a) Corporate interests would be antagonized, for,
 - (x) Although it is generally recognized that corporations are economically essential, the people collectively are hostile to them.

A. For example, the Southern Railroad and the people of North Carolina.

6. The proposed systems do not necessarily work to the best interests of the people, for,

- (a) "It would be a gross violation of duty to allow any class to oppose legislation for the general good," but
- (b) In 1870, in Zurich, Switzerland, a law to limit the hours of labor of women and children operatives, was voted down by the heads of families who feared the decrease of the family revenue. (Am. Jour. Soc. vol. 10, p. 723.)

7. The proposed systems allow too hasty changes in the constitution, for,

- (a) "If one principle more than another," says Foxcroft (ed. "Living Age"), "has found universal acceptance, it is that the

fundamental law of the nation and of the States, should be secure against abrupt and ill-considered change" (Atl. Mo. vol. 97, Fig. 792), but

- (b) In Oregon, an amendment for granting equal suffrage was proposed, the petitioners given until February 4th, 1906, to file petitions, and the voting completed at the general election in June, 1906.
- (c) Under the present system, an amendment proposed as above, could not come before the people for final ratification before June, 1910.

8. Hasty legislation and the proposed systems are synonymous, for,

- (a) Effective legislation requires trained intelligence, disinterested thought, careful consideration of details and thorough discussion and elucidation.
- (b) The proposed systems would thrust matters of state on the common people who are incompetent to analyze carefully, and decide upon the weighty questions which confront our legislators.
- (x) "It refers matters needing much elucidation and debate to those who cannot, because of numbers, meet together, and many of whom have not thought of the matter." (Bryce, "Am. Commonwealth," p. 472.)
- (c) The people have not the time, nor the inclination, to consider the intricate details vital to good legislation, nor can they appreciate the needs of administrative policy. (Out. vol. 83, pp. 730-33).

Third Speaker, Andrew A. Borland.

- I. The comparative advantages of the representative system to the people of Pennsylvania are such as to warrant the retention of that system, for,
- I. The representative system is superior to the

systems proposed in preventing hasty, careless, and ill-advised legislation, for,

(a) It provides against these evils, by establishing the following principles:—

(x) It divides the representatives of the people into two houses, and requires the consent of both to the enactment of all laws.

(y) It confers the power of veto on the Governor, this power to be overcome only by a two-third vote of both houses.

(z) It gives to the Supreme Court the power to determine the constitutionality of all laws.

(b) The proposed systems provide no system of checks and balances to forestall hasty legislation, for,

(x) All initiative measures must be referred to a popular vote, and a class, active in its own interests, can effect the passage of the measure it desires, for,

A. Only a small proportion of the electorate vote on Initiative and Referendum bills (See Statistics of Second Speaker on Negative).

(y) They tend to destroy the function of the Supreme Court, and to pass upon the constitutionality of the laws,

A. Says Wm. Horace Brown, Secretary Amer. Civic Federation: "Should the law be in conflict with the Constitution, still it could not be overruled by the Supreme Court. The voting majority has power to annul any part of the Constitution, in the same manner that they enacted the first law." (Amer. Jour. Sociol. vol. 10, p. 713.)

(z) They tend to, and not infrequently do, render void, the Governor's power of veto.

The Speaker

2. The character, intelligence and ability of the lawmakers under the present system are such as to insure better legislation than that formulated under the proposed systems, for,
 - (a) The representatives of the people are elected mainly on account of their ability and integrity, for,
 - (x) "The representatives whom the people have chosen for their legislators, have, in the main, been selected for their integrity and ability." (E. B. Kinkead, Ohio State Univ.)
 - (b) The intelligence and ability of the law-making bodies under the proposed systems are comparatively low, for,
 - (x) It includes the uneducated laborer.
 - (y) It includes the foreigner, recently naturalized, who is incapable of wise action on legislative questions, for,
 - A. They do not understand our governmental institutions, and
 - B. Many, even, do not comprehend our language.
3. The actual results accomplished by each system show that the present system is the best for its effects on the general welfare of the State, for,
 - (a) The results of the present system have been favorable to its future success, for,
 - (x) The nation has achieved its greatness under the representative system, and under laws, made in both States and nation, by the representatives of the people.
 - (y) The great powers of the world, England, France and Germany, have grown great under the representative system.
 - (b) The results of the proposed systems, where tried, are unfavorable to its further adoption, for,
 - (x) Results are unfavorable in Switzerland.

- A. The referendum has been but a doubtful success, for,
 - (a¹) Bad laws have been approved and good ones rejected.
 - (b¹) Only a small percentage of the electorate vote.
 - (c¹) Measures have provoked but little public interest.
- B. The Initiative has proved a failure, for,
 - (a¹) Its only use in federal legislation was to aim a vicious blow at the Jews.
 - (b¹) "The Initiative appears to have proved an entire failure in Switzerland." (Bradford, "Pop. Govt." p. 198.)
 - (c¹) Numa Droz, ex-President of Switzerland, gives similar testimony. (See Kinkead.)
 - (y). Results are unfavorable in this country, for,
- 'A. In South Dakota, no acts have been referred to the people.
- B. In Missouri, no results except passage of more acts under the emergency rider.
- C. In Oregon, direct primary and local option laws have been passed, but
- D. These have been obtained in most of the States through the usual representative method.
- E. In Massachusetts, the submission to the people of the Joint Primary Bill, was a failure, for
 - (a¹) Only a small per cent. of the electorate voted.
 - (b¹) Many voters thought they were voting on local option in regard to the sale of liquor, utterly failing to grasp the question.
 - (c¹) All cities and towns which had

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adopted it, petitioned the next legislature to annul the law. (Pop. Sci. Quat. vol. 20, p. 713.)

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THE INCOME TAX.

Franklin and Marshall—Swarthmore.

Won by Negative.

Resolved: "That the Constitution should be so amended as to vest in Congress the power to impose a general income tax in the U. S."

AFFIRMATIVE.

Franklin and Marshall College.

First Speaker, F. Lyman Windolph.

I. Introduction.

- A. An income tax is "a tax on that sum of money which comes in to an individual or corporation during a definite period of industrial activity." (Adams) General signifies that the tax shall embrace all the various forms of income.
- B. An income tax cannot be imposed in the United States to-day because it was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court on May 20, 1895.
- C. According to the wording of the question, we are to discuss not the advisability of establishing an income tax, but the advisability of giving Congress *power* to establish such a tax.

II. Argument.

Congress should have power to establish the income tax, because

- A. The income tax is a much better tax than our present federal tax system, since it is more just taxation as laid down by Adam Smith and modified by the best economists of the present day, while the tariff and internal revenue are in direct violation of these principles as will be seen when we apply to each the tests of,
 - (a) Equality. Measured by this test the income tax is far more just than our indirect taxes because it rests upon each man in proportion to his ability to pay, while they

compel the poor to pay much more, relatively, to the support of the government, than the rich.

(b) Economy. The cost of collecting direct taxes lies in the vicinity of 2% of their yield (Daniels, Bastable), while the cost of collecting indirect taxes approximates 5% of their yield.

(c) The absence of a tendency to disturb prices. The income tax cannot be shifted and cannot, therefore, disturb prices, while the tariff and internal revenue are always shifted and always disturb prices (Perry, Seligman, Adams, Bastable, Palgrave).

B. Established in connection with our present federal taxes, the income tax would serve as a compensatory measure, since

1. By exempting the smaller incomes, the rich could be made to pay the bulk of the tax, which would compensate for the extraordinary burden which the tariff places on the poor.

Second Speaker, Allen S. Meck.

C. It is practicable. It has been successful

1. In England. Here it has been in continuous operation since 1842, is becoming more popular, and has been made practically inevitable by

(a) The extensive use of the stoppage at the source method of collection, and by

(b) The employment of official control where self assessment is permitted (Hill, Seligman, Perry).

2. In Prussia. In 1905 \$42,000,000 was raised by the income tax. Such authorities as Hill and Seligman, after thorough investigation declare the Prussian income tax practicable and successful.

3. In Holland. Here according to Seligman, the income tax has lessened the burden of the lower classes, reaches those who are more able to pay and who before its establishment, did not pay their share of taxation.

4. In Italy. In 1905 the income tax brought more money into the Italian national treasury than any other single tax. Bastable investigated the working of the tax in 1902, and found that "Italy has found a powerful resource in this form of taxation."
 5. Australia. One-third of Victoria's revenue is raised by the income tax, and according to the testimony of Prof. Seligman, the tax is eminently practicable.
- D. It would be practicable in the United States, since
1. The success or failure of a tax depends on the economic conditions which prevail where it is used (Seligman), and since
 2. The economic conditions in the United States and England and some of the other countries where the income tax has been, and is successful, are the same.

Third Speaker, William A. Schneider.

- E. The income tax is a more certain tax than the tariff and internal revenue, for
 1. It is based on a less variable quantity than our indirect taxes, and
 2. Statistics show that our tariff revenue fluctuates from year to year without the least regularity, while the English income tax yields, when the rate remains unchanged, a definite amount of revenue each year.
- F. The income tax is more flexible than our present federal tax system, since
 1. It is more certain, and
 2. Does not disturb prices and trade, and
 3. Statistics show that the yield of the English income tax increases or decreases invariably in proportion to the tax-rate, while a change in the tariff rate is often productive of just the opposite result from that intended.
- G. The income tax is the best of emergency taxes, since
 1. It is certain, and

- 2. It is flexible, and
 - 3. History relates numerous instances in which the income tax was imposed after all other measures had failed, and in each instance it was productive of revenue, and helped the government out of its financial difficulties.
- H. Giving Congress this power would involve no obligation on its part to establish an income tax, but would permit it to impose the tax whenever, however, and under whatever circumstances it might see fit. When emergencies are at hand, it is too late to set out to amend the Constitution to give Congress this power.
- I. The national government is now in need of more revenue and our present revenue system can afford no relief, since
- 1. The poor are now being burdened to the limit of endurance, and
 - 2. An increase in the indirect tax-rate could not be depended upon to yield increased revenue.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

First Speaker—Simon Jester.

- I. It is inconsistent with the principles of a free government, because
- A. It is unjust, because
 - 1. A fixed exemption discriminates unjustly.
 - 2. It takes no recognition of personal condition.
 - 3. It takes no recognition of the source of an income.
 - 4. It takes no recognition of temporary incomes.
 - 5. It involves unjust territorial distribution.
 - B. It is inquisitorial.

Second Speaker—Louis F. Coffin.

- II. It is impracticable and unworkable in the United States, because
- A. In Europe, where conditions demand such a tax, it has failed.
 - 1. Abolished in Russia and France.
 - 2. Open to widespread evasion in Italy and Prussia.

- B. It has failed in the United States in the past due mainly to evasion.
 - 1. As a state tax—now a dead letter law.
 - 2. As a federal tax during the Civil War.
- C. Present conditions in the United States render its assessment well-nigh impossible, due to
 - 1. Fluctuating incomes.
 - 2. Incomes derived from foreign sources.
 - 3. Impossibility of using stoppage at the source as adopted by England.

Third Speaker—George G. Dilworth.

- III. It is unnecessary, because in case of an emergency the revenue could be raised by

- A. A revenue tariff.
 - 1. If carefully lowered it would yield \$200,000,000 more a year.
- B. An increase in internal revenue.
 - 1. During Spanish-American War it yielded increase of \$100,000,000. A liberal estimate would place income tax's total yield at \$30,000,000.
- C. An inheritance tax constitutional.
 - 1. Means of collection available in probate courts hence a good emergency tax.
 - 2. Impossible to evade.
 - 3. Would yield at least \$30,000,000.

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Reciprocity

BY CAROLYN WELLS

I like the times when Grandma comes;
She brings me toys and sugar-plums;
And there's another reason, too,
Whatever naughty things I do,
Why, even if I slam the door,
Or spill my porridge on the floor,
My Grandma says, so sweet and kind:
"He is so young! We mustn't mind;
For 'Children will be children'!"

Of course, my Grandma has *some* faults—
She sniffs those foolish smelling-salts;
She makes me come in from my play
To speak my piece six times a day!
And then I always have to keep
So *awful* still when she's asleep.
But she is old, and so, you see,
I don't let such things bother me,
For Grandmas will be Grandmas!

The Philosopher's Scales

BY JANE TAYLOR

A monk, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
 In the depth of his cell with its stone-covered floor,
 Resigning to thought his chimeraical brain,
 Once formed the contrivance we now shall explain :
 But whether by magic's or alchemy's powers
 We know not, indeed, 't is no business of ours.

Perhaps it was only by patience and care,
 At last, that he brought his invention to bear.
 In youth, 't was projected, but years stole away,
 But 'ere 't was complete he was wrinkled and gray ;
 But success is secure, unless energy fails ;
 And at length he produced the Philosopher's Scales.

"What were they?" you ask. You shall presently see ;
 These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea,
 O no ; for such properties wondrous had they,
 That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weight,
 Together with articles small or immense,
 From mountains or planets to atoms of sense.

Naught was there so bulky, but there it would lay,
 And naught so ethereal but there it would stay,
 And naught so reluctant, but in it must go :
 All which some examples more closely will show.

The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire,
 Which retained all the wit that had ever been there.
 As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
 Containing the prayer of the penitent thief ;
 When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell
 That it bounded like a ball on the roof of the cell.

One time he put in Alexander the Great,
 With a garment that Dorcas had made for a weight ;
 And though clad in armor from sandals to crown,
 The hero rose up, and the garment went down.
 A long row of almshouses, amply endowed

By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,
Next loaded one scale; while the other was pressed
By those mites the poor widow dropped into the chest;
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down the farthing-worth came with a bounce.

By further experiments (no matter how)
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plough;
A sword with gilt trappings rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail;
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weighed less than a widow's uncry stallized tear.

A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale;
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
All heaped in one balance and swinging from thence,
Weighed less than a few grains of candor and sense;
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato just washed from the dirt;
Yet not mountains of silver and gold could suffice
One pearl to outweigh,—'t was the Pearl of Great Price.

Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at the grate,
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight,
When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff
That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof;
When balanced in air, it ascended on high,
And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky;
While the scale with the soul in 't so mightily fell
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.



“Soldier, Rest! Thy Warfare O'er”

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

[From *The Lady of the Lake*.]

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,

Days of danger, nights of waking.
 In our isle's enchanted hall,
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
 Fairy strains of music fall,
 Every sense in slumber dewing.
 Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Dream of fighting fields no more;
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
 Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,
 Trump nor pibroch summon here
 Mustering clan or squadron tramping.
 Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
 At the daybreak from the fallow,
 And the bittern sound his drum,
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.
 Ruder sounds shall none be near,
 Guards nor warders challenge here,
 Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
 Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
 While our slumberous spells assail ye,
 Dream not, with the rising sun,
 Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
 Sleep! the deer is in his den;
 Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying:
 Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.
 Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
 Think not of the rising sun,
 For at dawning to assail ye
 Here no bugles sound reveillé.

The Speaker

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Whole No. 12

Union and Liberty

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Born Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809; died 1894.

Flags of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battlefields' thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!

Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry—
Union and Liberty! One evermore!

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!
Empire unsceptered! what foe shall assail thee?
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!

Yet if by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must draw,
Then with the arms to thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, O keep us the many in one!

Up with our banner bright,

Sprinkled with starry light,
 Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
 While through the sounding sky
 Loud rings the Nation's cry—
 Union and Liberty! One evermore!



The Last Leaf*

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Thousands of people quote from this poem; Lincoln knew it by heart; and of all Dr. Holmes' poems it is oftenest chosen to represent him in miscellaneous collections of verse. Concerning its conception the author says: "The poem was suggested by the sight of a figure well known to Bostonians in 1831 or 1832, that of Major Thomas Melville, 'the last of the cocked hats' as he was called. He was pointed out as one of the 'Indians' of the famous 'Boston Tea Party' of 1774. His aspect among the crowds of a later generation reminded me of a withered leaf which has held to its stem through the storms of autumn and winter, and finds itself still clinging to the bough, while the new growths of spring are bursting their buds and spreading their foliage about it." When the poem was made the subject of a beautifully illustrated and decorated volume in 1894, Dr. Holmes wrote to the publishers, "I have lasted long enough to serve as an illustration of my own poem, I am one of the last of the leaves which still cling to the bough of life that budded in the spring of the Nineteenth Century. I am pleased to find this poem, written in the jocund morning of life still read and cared for. It was with a smile on my lips that I wrote it: I cannot read it now without a sigh of tender remembrance."

I saw him once before,
 As he passed by the door,
 And again
 The pavement stones resound,
 As he totters o'er the ground
 With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
 Ere the pruning-knife of Time
 Cut him down,

*Old Ironsides. By Oliver Wendell Holmes, Speaker No. 3.
 The Comet. By Oliver Wendell Holmes, Speaker No. 7.

Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets,
 Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
 "They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
 In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
 On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
 Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
 In the snow;

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
 Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
 In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
 At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
 Are so queer!

If I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
 In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
 Where I cling.

The Music Grinders

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

There are three ways in which men take
 One's money from his purse,
 And very hard it is to tell
 Which of the three is worse;
 But all of them are bad enough
 To make a body curse.

You're riding out some pleasant day,
 And counting up your gains;
 A fellow jumps from out the bush,
 And takes your horse's reins,
 Another hints some words about
 A bullet in your brains.

It's hard to meet such pressing friends
 In such a lonely spot;
 It's very hard to lose your cash,
 But harder to be shot;
 And so you take your wallet out,
 Though you would rather not.

Perhaps you're going out to dine,—
 Some filthy creature begs
 You'll hear about the cannon ball
 That carried off his pegs,
 And says it is a dreadful thing
 For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,
 His children to be fed,
 Poor little, lovely innocents,
 All clamorous for bread,—
 And so you kindly help to put
 A bachelor to bed.

You're sitting on your window seat,
 Beneath a cloudless moon;
 You hear a sound that seems to wear

The semblance of a tune,
As if a broken fife should strive
To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide
Of music seems to come,
There's something like a human voice,
And something like a drum;
You sit in speechless agony,
Until your ear is numb.

Poor "home, sweet home," should seem to be
A very dismal place;
Your "auld acquaintance" all at once
Is altered in the face;
Their discords sting through Burns and Moore,
Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

You think they are crusaders, sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
And dock the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody,
And break the legs of Time.

But hark! the air again is still,
The music all is ground,
And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound;
It cannot be,—it is,—it is,—
A hat is going round!

No! Pay the dentist when he leaves
A fracture in your jaw,
And pay the owner of the bear,
That stunned you with his paw,
And buy the lobster that has had
Your knuckles in his claw;

But if you are a portly man,
Put on your fiercest frown,
And talk about a constable

To turn them out of town;
 Then close your sentence with an oath,
 And shut the window down!

And if you are a slender man,
 Not big enough for that,
 Or, if you cannot make a speech,
 Because you are a flat,
 Go very quietly and drop
 A button in the hat!



The September Gale

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The author gives the following note regarding these verses: "This tremendous hurricane occurred on the 23d of September, 1815. I remember it well, being then seven years old."

I'm not a chicken; I have seen
 Full many a chill September,
 And though I was younger then,
 That gale I well remember;
 The day before, my kite string snapped,
 And I, my kite pursuing,
 The wind whisked off my palm leaf hat;—
 For me two storms were brewing!

It came as quarrels sometimes do,
 When married folks get clashing;
 There was a heavy sigh or two,
 Before the fire was flashing,—
 A little stir among the clouds,
 Before they rent asunder,—
 A little rocking of the trees,
 And then came on the thunder.

Lord! how the ponds and rivers boiled,
 And how the shingles rattled!
 And oaks were scattered on the ground,

As if the Titans battled;
And all above was in a howl,
And all below a clatter,—
The earth was like a frying pan,
Or some other such hissing matter.

It chanced to be our washing day,
And all our things were drying:
The storm came roaring through the lines,
And set them all a-flying;
I saw the shirts and petticoats;
Go riding off like witches;
I lost, ah! bitterly I wept,—
I lost my Sunday breeches!

I saw them straddling through the air,
Alas! too late to win them;
I saw them chase the clouds, as if
The devil had been in them;
They were my darlings and my pride,
My boyhood's only riches,—
“Farewell, farewell,” I faintly cried,—
“My breeches! O my breeches!”

That night I saw them in my dreams,
How changed from what I knew them!
The dews had steeped their faded threads,
The winds had whistled through them!
I saw the wide and ghastly rents
Where demon claws had torn them;
A hole was in their amplest part,
As if an imp had worn them.

I have had many happy years,
And tailors kind and clever,
But those young pantaloons have gone
Forever and forever!
And not till fate has cut the last
Of all my earthly stitches,
This aching heart shall cease to mourn
My loved, my long-lost breeches!

The Boys

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Dr. Holmes graduated from Harvard College in the famous class of 1829. More than forty of his poems were read or sung at the annual reunions of the class. Professor Barrett Wendell, of Harvard says, that this was the most notable group that ever received the Bachelor of Arts degree from Harvard College. Of the fifty-nine graduates ten were still living for the sixtieth anniversary of their graduation. The last dinner was held in 1890, when only three were present. There was no poem. The best known of the poems written for these anniversaries is "The Boys," which was read at the meeting in 1859. Among the members at this dinner were Rev. Jas. Freeman Clark, Judge Curtis, of the Supreme Court; S. F. Smith, author of "My Country 'Tis of Thee," and others of national reputation. These Dr. Holmes refers to as the boys. The poem is typical in that it shows his readiness, kindly humor, deep sympathy, and steadfast loyalty.

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise,
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show him the door!
"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! *white* if we please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can
freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close,—you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed—
And these are white roses in the place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old:—
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge;"
It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker,"—the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?

That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we
chaff;
There's the "Reverend" What's his name?—don't
make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it was *true!*
So they chose him right in; a good joke it was, too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke of our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The
Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing?—You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of
all!

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with
pen,—
And I sometimes have asked,—Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE BOYS!

The Chambered Nautilus

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

An American bookseller having asked two hundred literary men to name the best short poem of the nineteenth century, reports that the poem receiving the largest number of votes was "The Chambered Nautilus." Tennyson's "Bugle Song" being second, and Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" being third. "Booked for immortality" said Whittier when he read the poem. Concerning "The Chambered Nautilus," Dr. Holmes said: "When writing this poem I was filled with the highest state of mental exultation and the most crystalline clairvoyance that has ever been given me." If one may judge from the frequency with which he chose it for reading, or for autograph albums it shared with "Dorothy Q." Dr. Holmes' greatest interest.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
 Sails the unshadowed main,—
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
 In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
 And coral reefs lie bare,
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming
 hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
 And every chambered cell,
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
 As the frail tenant shaped its growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed,—
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
 Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
 Built up its idle door,
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no
 more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!



The Bugle Song *

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Born Somersley, Lincolnshire, England, August 6, 1809;
died October 6, 1892.

In the third edition of "The Princess," that of 1850, six songs were inserted which help to express more clearly the meaning of "the medley." The songs fall readily into the scheme of the whole work, all six centering round the affections, while four have special reference to the beauty of married love, which the poet holds to be the ideal relation of the sexes. The best of these is the well known "Bugle Song," written to commemorate the echoes of Lake Killarney, a region attracting little attention until Tennyson immortalized it in verse. When the poet was last there a boatman said to him, "So you're the gentleman that brought the money to the place."

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

*What Does Little Birdie Say. By Alfred Tennyson, Speaker No. 3. The Falcon. By Tennyson, Speaker No. 6 (Arranged as a play for two male and two female characters). Ask Me No More. By Tennyson, Speaker No. 9. Wages. By Tennyson, Speaker No. 11.

O hark! O hark! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!
 O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river;
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.



“WHILE I STONE STEPHEN!”

In the debate between Douglas and Lincoln, in 1858, the former, a practiced and popular demagogue, led off with so captivating a discourse that his opponent's adherents believed the battle was won and that their spokesman would not have a hearing from the enthralled crowd. But Lincoln got up as soon only as the cheers died away, looking taller and more angular than ever, and “shucking” his long linen duster, which he dropped on the arm of a young bystander, remarked in his piping voice, which nevertheless had a far-permeating tone:

“Hold my coat while I *stone Stephen.*”

This pun annulled the good effect of the previous harangue, and the disputant was listened to with attention.

Sweet and Low

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

At the end of part second of "The Princess," occurs this "Cradle Song," only less popular than the "Bugle Song." Part second describes the life in the female college, where no men were allowed, where all students were required to make a vow "not for three years to speak to any man." The gentle satire of the whole poem is emphasized by inserting this song.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Tears, Idle Tears

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

In "The Princess" part fourth occurs this poem, sung by one of the young women as Ida and her students assembled at sunset. Then Ida said, "Let some one sing to us; lightlier move the minutes fledged with music." Then the maid sang. She ended with such passion that the tear she sang of shook and fell, "an erring pearl lost in her bosom."

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
 That brings our friends up from the underworld,
 Sad as the last which reddens over one
 That sinks with all we love below the verge;
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
 The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
 On lips that are for others; deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
 O Death in Life, the days that are no more!

The Revenge

A Ballad of the Fleet.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

A phase of Tennyson's writing which few people correctly estimate is represented by five short poems. "The Revenge," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade," "The Voyage of Maeldune," and "The Defense of Lucknow." But none of these is so breathlessly violent, so eager, so English as "The Revenge." Sir Richard Grenville commanded the first colony which Sir Walter Raleigh sent out to Virginia. The Spaniards with fifty-three ships and fifteen hundred men were not able in fifteen hours to capture "The Revenge."

"Eh! Alfred, you have got the grip of it," said Carlyle, after Tennyson had read him the poem.

Tennyson replied, "There's a man for you. The Spaniards declared he could carouse three or four glasses of wine, and take the glasses in his teeth and crush them to pieces, and swallow them down."

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from
far away;
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-
three!"

Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "Fore God I am
no coward;
But I cannot meet them here for my ships are out of
gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow
quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-
three?"

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are
no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick
ashore.

I should count myself the coward if I left them, my
 Lord Howard,
 To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that
 day,
 Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer
 heaven;
 But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the
 land
 Very carefully and slow,
 Men of Bideford in Devon,
 And we laid them on the ballast down below;
 For we brought them all aboard,
 And they blest him in their pain, that they were not
 left to Spain,
 To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the
 Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to
 fight,
 And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came
 in sight,
 With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather
 bow.
 "Shall we fight or shall we fly?"
 Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
 For to fight is but to die!
 There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
 And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English
 men.
 Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the
 devil,
 For I never turn'd my back on Don or devil yet."

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a
 hurrah, and so
 The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the
 foe,
 With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety
 sick below;

For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left
were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-lane
between.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their
decks and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad lit-
tle craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hun-
dred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning
tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like
a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the star-
board lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.
But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself
and went,
Having that within her womb that had left her ill con-
tent;
And the rest they came aboard us and they fought us
hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and mus-
queteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that
shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far
over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and
the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built
galleons came,

Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
 Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.
 For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could fight us no more—
 God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

For he said, "Fight on! Fight on!"
 Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
 And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone,
 With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
 But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
 And himself he was wounded again in the side and in the head,
 And he said, "Fight on! Fight on!"

And the night went down and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,
 And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
 But they dared not touch us again for they feared that we still could sting,
 So they watch'd what the end would be.
 And we had not fought them in vain,
 But in perilous plight were we,
 Seeing forty or our poor hundred were slain,
 And half of the rest of us maimed for life
 In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
 And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,
 And the pikes were all broken or bent and the powder was all of it spent;
 And the masts and the rigging were lying over on the side;
 But Sir Richard cried in his English pride:
 "We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
 As may never be fought again!
 We have won great glory, my men!
 And a day less or more

At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her
in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of
Spain!"

And the gunner said "Ay, ay," but the seamen made
reply:

"We have children, we have wives.
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let
us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another
blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the
foe.
And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him
then,
Where they laid him by the mast, Old Sir Richard
caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly
foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man
and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do.
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant
and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English
few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they
knew,
But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,
And they manned the Revenge with a swarthier alien
crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her
own;

When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke
 from sleep,
 And the water began to heave and the weather to
 moan,
 And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
 And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earth-
 quake grew,
 Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their
 masts and their flags,
 And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shat-
 ter'd navy of Spain,
 And the little Revenge herself went down by the island
 crags
 To be lost evermore in the main.



The Throstle

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

"Throughout the winter (1889) he fed the thrushes and other birds as usual out of his window. Towards the end of this month (February) he sat in his kitchen-garden summer-house, listening attentively to the different notes of the thrush, and finishing his song of 'The Throstle,' which had been begun in the same garden years ago."—(The Memoir.)

"Summer is coming, summer is coming.
 I know it, I know it, I know it.
 Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,"
 Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.
 Last year you sang it as gladly.
 "New, new, new, new!" Is it then *so* new
 That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again,"
 Never a prophet so crazy!

And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
O warble unhidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.



The Lady of Shalott

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

"The Idylls of a King," the most characteristic and perhaps the most permanent of Tennyson's contributions to English literature is foreshadowed in 'The Lady of Shalott.' The hopeless love of the lady herself, the river journey to Camelot, the loveless musing of Launcelot over the body of the maiden dead for love of him—all these things foreshadowed the spirit and mild melancholy which characterize the 'Idylls' themselves. And it is interesting to note how early the mind searching for scenes and characters akin to its temperament, lighted upon the legends of Arthur. 'The Lady of Shalott' is one of the earliest signs of an inclination which had not yet crystallized into performance. It is, moreover, an example of the perfection with which Tennyson catches every detail in the phase of nature which he is picturing." It was written in 1832 while the "Idylls" did not appear until 1857. As to the meaning of this mystical poem men have offered many theories, but we had best take that offered by the author's son in his memoir. "The key to this tale of magic symbolism is of deep human significance, and is to be found in the lines:

'Or when the moon was overhead
Came two young lovers lately wed,
'I am half sick of shadows, said
The Lady of Shalott.'

PART I.

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky ;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot;

The Speaker

And up and down the people go,
 Gazing where the lilies blow
 Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
 Little breezes dusk and shiver
 Thro' the wave that runs forever
 By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.

Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
 Overlook a space of flowers,
 And the silent isle embowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
 Slide the heavy barges trail'd
 By slow horses; and unhail'd
 The shallop flatteth silken-sail'd
 Skimming down to Camelot:
 But who hath seen her wave her hand?
 Or at the casement seen her stand?
 Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
 In among the bearded barley,
 Hear a song that echoes cheerly
 From the river winding clearly
 Down to tower'd Camelot:
 And by the moon the reaper weary,
 Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
 Listening, whispers " 'Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott."

PART II.

There she weaves by night and day
 A magic web with colours gay.
 She has heard a whisper say,
 A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.
 She knows not what the curse may be,
 And so she weaveth steadily,
 And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
 That hangs before her all the year,
 Shadows of the world appear.
 There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot:
 There the river eddy whirls,
 And there the surly village-churls,
 And the red cloaks of market-girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
 An abbot on an ambling pad,
 Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
 Or long hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot:
 And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
 The knights come riding two and two:
 She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
 To weave the mirror's magic sights,
 For often thro' the silent nights
 A funeral, with plumes and lights
 And music, went to Camelot:
 Or when the moon was overhead,
 Came two young lovers lately wed;
 "I am half sick of shadows," said
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
 He rode between the barley-sheaves,
 The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
 And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.
 A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
 To a lady in his shield,
 That sparkled on the yellow field,
 Beside remote Shalott..

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
 Like to some branch of stars we see
 Hung in a golden Galaxy.

The Speaker

The bridle bells rang merrily
 As he rode down to Camelot:
 And from his blazon'd baldric slung
 A mighty silver bugle hung,
 And as he rode his armor rung,
 Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
 Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
 The helmet and the helmet-feather
 Burned like one burning flame together
 As he rode down to Camelot.
 As often thro' the purple night,
 Below the starry clusters bright,
 Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
 Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd:
 On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
 From underneath his helmet flow'd
 His coalblack curls as on he rode,
 As he rode down to Camelot.
 From the bank and from the river
 He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
 "Tirra lirra," by the river
 Sang Sir Launcelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
 She made three paces thro' the room,
 She saw the water-lily bloom,
 She saw the helmet and the plume,
 She look'd down to Camelot.
 Out flew the web and floated wide;
 The mirror cracked from side to side;
 "The curse is come upon me," cried
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

In the stormy east wind straining,
 The pale yellow woods were waning,
 The broad stream in his banks complaining,
 Heavily the low sky raining
 Over tower'd Camelot;

Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day.
She loosed the chain, and down she lay ;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot :
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly
And her eyes were darkened wholly
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knights and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
 And in the lighted palace near
 Died the sound of royal cheer;
 And they cross'd themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot:
 But Launcelot mused a little space;
 He said, "She has a lovely face;
 God in His mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."

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"Come Into the Garden, Maud"

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Of "Maud" Tennyson said: "This poem is a little Hamlet." It is the history of "a morbid, poetic soul under the blighting influence of a recklessly speculative age." The hero is "the heir of madness, an egotist, with the making of a cynic, raised to sanity by a pure and holy love which elevates his whole nature, passing from the height of triumph to the lowest depths of misery, driven to madness by the loss of her whom he has loved, and when he has at length passed through the fiery furnace, and recovered his reason, giving himself up to work for the good of mankind, through the unselfishness born of his great passion." The jewel of the poem is this beautiful nocturn, beginning, "Come into the Garden, Maud." It is here the joy culminates. Though forbidden the house by her brother, though a rival leads her through the dances, alone with the flowers, the stars, and his love, his joy is complete for she has promised to meet him when the dances are over.

Come into the garden, Maud
 For the black bat, night, has flown,
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 I am here at the gate alone;
 And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
 And the musk of the rose is blown.

For a breeze of the morning moves,
 And the planet of love is on high,
 Beginning to faint in the light that she loves

On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one,
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"Forever and ever, mine."

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clashed in the Hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;

But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
 Knowing your promise to me;
 The lilies and roses were all awake,
 They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
 Come hither, the dances are done,
 In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
 Queen lily and rose in one;
 Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
 To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
 From the passion-flower at the gate,
 She is coming, my dove, my dear;
 She is coming, my life, my fate.
 The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
 And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
 The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear,"
 And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
 Were it ever so airy a tread,
 My heart would hear her and beat,
 Were it earth in an earthy bed;
 My dust would hear her and beat,
 Had I lain for a century dead;
 Would start and tremble under her feet,
 And blossom in purple and red.



HUNTED UP AND PUSHED FORWARD.

"Do you suppose that I should ever have got into notice if I had waited to be hunted up and pushed forward by older men?"—Lincoln's Letter to Judge Herndon, 1848.



EXTEMPORE SPEAKING.

"Extempore speaking is the lawyer's avenue to the people."—Lincoln's Notes for a Lecture on the Law.

Crossing the Bar

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

There is perhaps no greater utterance in English verse than "Crossing the Bar." "It has been translated into Greek, and Latin, and set to music, but it needed no other note than its own to make its perfect harmony." This gem was written in a moment, in 1889, when the poet was going from Aldworth to Farringford. Before reaching the latter place he had "the moaning of the bar" in his mind, and after dinner he showed his son the poem written out. The son remarked, "That is the crown of your life's work," an estimate in which the world agrees. The pilot's voice, and the clear call of faith are the fitting close of "In Memoriam," and similar poems by which he fought the battles of faith and doubt.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning at the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless
deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

In the Children's Hospital

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Emmie.

The following note is from the "Memoir" by his son. My father's note on "The Children's Hospital" is: "A true story told me by Mary Gladstone. The doctors and the hospital are unknown to me. The two children are the only characters, in this little dramatic poem, taken from life." Miss Gladstone's letter ran thus: "There was a little girl in the hospital, and as the doctor and nurse passed by her bed they stopped, for her eyes were shut and they thought she was asleep. 'We must try that operation to-morrow,' he said, 'but I fear she will not get through it.' I forget what the child said, until Annie, the girl in the next bed, suddenly suggested, 'I know what I should do, I should ask Jesus to help me.' 'Yes, I will, but oh! Annie, how will he know it's me, when there are such a lot of us in the ward?' 'I tell you,' said Annie, 'put your arms outside the counterpane.' The next morning the little girl's arms were outside the counterpane and her eyes were closed. She was dead."

Our doctor had called in another, I never had seen
him before,
But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw him come
in the door,
Fresh from the surgery-schools of France and of other
lands—
Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big merciless
hands!
Wonderful cures he had done, O yes, but they said too
of him
He was happier using the knife than in trying to save
the limb,
And that I can well believe, for he look'd so coarse and
so red,
I could think he was one of those who would break
their jests on the dead,
And mangle the living dog that had loved him and
fawn'd at his knee—
Drench'd with the hellish oorali—that ever such
things should be!

Here was a boy—I am sure that some of our children would die,
But for the voice of Love, and the smile, and the comforting eye—
Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seem'd out of its place—
Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all but a hopeless case:
And he handled him gently enough; but his voice and his face were not kind,
And as it was a hopeless case, he had seen it and made up his mind,
And he said to me roughly, “The lad will need little more of your care.”
“All the more need,” I told him, “to seek the Lord Jesus in prayer;”
But he turn'd to me. “Ay, good woman, can prayer set a broken bone?”
Then he mutter'd half to himself, but I know that I heard him say
“All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had His day.”
Had? has it come? It has only dawn'd. It will come by and by.
O how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the world were a lie?
How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease
But that He said “Ye do it to me, when ye do it to these?”
So he went. And we past to this ward where the younger children all laid;
Here is the cot of our orphan, our darling, our meek little maid;
Empty you see just now! We have lost her who loved her so much—
Patient of pain tho' as quick as a sensitive plant to the touch;
Hers was the prettiest prattle, it often moved me to tears,
Hers was the gratefullest heart I have found in a child of her years—

Nay, you remember our Emmie; you used to send her
 the flowers;
 How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to 'em
 hours after hours!
 They that can wander at will where the works of the
 Lord are reveal'd
 Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out of
 the field;
 Flowers to these "spirits in prison" are all they can
 know of the spring,
 They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of
 an Angel's wing;
 And she lay with a flower in one hand and her thin
 hands crost on her breast—
 Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire, and we thought
 her at rest,
 Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doctor said "Poor little
 dear,
 Nurse, I must do it to-morrow; she'll never live thro'
 it, I fear."

I walk'd with our kindly old doctor as far as the head
 of the stair,
 Then I return'd to the ward; the child didn't see I was
 there.
 Never since I was a nurse, had I been so grieved and
 so vext!
 Emmie had heard him. Softly she call'd from her cot
 to the next.
 "He says I shall never live thro' it, O Annie, what
 shall I do?"
 Annie consider'd, "If I," said the wise little Annie,
 "was you,
 I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me, for,
 Emmie, you see,
 It's all in the picture there: 'Little children should
 come to me.'"
 (Meaning the print that you gave us, I find that it
 always can please
 Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with children about
 his knees.)
 "Yes, and I will," said Emmie, "but then if I call to
 the Lord.

How should he know that it's me? such a lot of beds
in the ward!"

That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she consider'd
and said:

"Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em
outside on the bed—

The Lord has so *much* to see to! but, Emmie, you tell
it Him plain,

It's the little girl with her arms lying on the counter-
pane."

I had sat three nights by the child—I could not watch
her for four—

My brain had begun to reel—I felt I could do it no
more.

That was my sleeping-night, but I thought that it
never would pass.

There was a thunderclap once, and a clatter of hail on
the glass,

And there was a phantom cry that I heard as I tost
about,

The motherless bleat of a lamb in the storm and the
darkness without;

My sleep was broken beside with dreams of the dread-
ful knife

And fears for our delicate Emmie who scarce would
escape with her life;

Then in the gray of the morning it seem'd she stood
by me and smiled,

And the doctor came at his hour, and we went to see
the child.

He had brought his ghastly tools: we believed her
asleep again—

Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the coun-
terpane;

Say that His day is done! Ah why should we care
what they say?

The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie
had past away.

“Break, Break, Break”

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Break, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
 That he shouts with his sister at play !
 O well for the sailor lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill ;
 But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
 But the tender grace of the day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

**“GOD BLESS MY MOTHER!”**

“God bless my mother! all that I am, or hope to be, I owe to her!” Lincoln lost his mother in 1818, when he was about eight years old. But she had taught him to read and write without books other than the Bible. Fortunately his father's second wife continued to nurture the boy on intellectual food, and induced his father to send him to school. The general practice in the wilderness where all were “short-handed,” was to get the boys out a-field as much and as soon as possible.

England and America, in 1782

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

This poem was first printed in a New York newspaper. Writing to Walt Whitman in 1887, Tennyson said: "The coming year should give new life to every American, who has breathed the breath of that soil which inspired the great founders of the American constitution, whose work you are to celebrate. Truly the mother country pondering on this, may feel that, howmuchsoever the daughter owes to her, she the mother has something to learn from the daughter. Especially I would note the care taken to guard a noble constitution from rash and unwise innovators."

O Thou that sendest out the man
To rule by land and sea,
Strong mother of a Lion-line,
Be proud of those strong sons of thine
Who wrench'd their rights from thee!

What wonder if in noble heat
Those men thine arms withheld,
Retaught the lesson thou hast taught,
And in thy spirit with thee fought—
Who sprang from English blood!

But Thou rejoice with liberal joy,
Lift up thy rocky face,
And shatter, when the storms are black,
In many a streaming torrent back,
The seas that shock thy base!

Whatever harmonies of law
The growing world assume,
Thy work is thine—the single note
From that deep cord which Hampden smote
Will vibrate to the doom.

The Raven*

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Born in Boston, January 19, 1809; died in Baltimore, October 7, 1849.

Of all the poems by Edgar Allan Poe, "The Raven" achieved the greatest immediate success, and at this day it is perhaps the best known of all his writings. In his essay, "The Theory of Composition," Poe claims to have had a deliberate purpose in writing this poem, and he sets forth how it embodies all his ideas of poetic composition. Briefly his points are: A long poem is an impossibility—the poetic impulse can last but a few score lines. Beauty is the sole province of poetry; he denied that intellect and conscience have any but collateral relations to it. Beauty of whatever kind, in its supreme development, invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears; melancholy, then, is the most legitimate of all the poetical tones, and the most melancholy of all subjects is death, especially the death of a beautiful woman. This theme, then, must be the death of a beautiful woman. The lips best suited for such a theme are those of a bereaved lover: the place should be a quiet chamber, the time a stormy night, the mood, contemplation,—a contemplation of the mystery of death. The refrain he chooses is "nevermore," and the superstitious element is "the ominous bird of yore." The effect of the whole is to produce the most delicious because the most intolerable of sorrows. The questions put to the bird are so framed as to receive the expected answer; nevermore, and the mind delights in the despair and the self torture. Poe says he wrote the last verse first, and to it we must turn for the secret, the key of this melodious, mysterious melody—"a spiritual shadow on the human heart."

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak
and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten
lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came
a tapping
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my cham-
ber door.
" 'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my cham-
ber door—
Only this and nothing more."

* The Fall of the House of Usher. By Edgar Allan Poe, Speaker No. 1. The Tell-Tale Heart. By Poe, Speaker No. 2. To Helen. By Poe, Speaker No. 9.

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
“ ‘Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
“Sir,” said I, “or, Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you”—here I opened wide the door—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, “Lenore!”—

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore"
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—
 'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he,
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
 Perched, and sat and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said,
 "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
 Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;

For we cannot help agreeing that no living human
being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his cham-
ber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his cham-
ber door,
With such name as “Nevermore..”

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke
only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did
outpour;
Nothing farther then he uttered; not a feather then he
fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered “Other friends have
flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have
flown before.”
Then the bird said “Nevermore.”

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly
spoken,
“Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only stock
in store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful
Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one
burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden
bore
Of ‘Never—nevermore.’ ”

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smil-
ing,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird
and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of
yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous
bird of yore
Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
 But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er
She shall pass, ah, nevermore.

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
 Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
 "Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
 Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
 Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
 Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
 Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
 On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
 Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
 By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
 Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name
Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore."

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I
shrieked, upstarting—

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plu-
tonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul
hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above
my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form
from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is
sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber
door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is
dreaming,

And the limp-light o'er him streaming throws his
shadow on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on
the floor,

Shall be lifted—nevermore.



LEGAL RIGHTS ARE NOT ALWAYS MORAL RIGHTS.

A would-be client detailed to Lincoln, at Springfield, Ill., a case in which he had a legal claim to a value of some hundreds of dollars. But his winning it would ruin a widow and afflict her six children.

"We shall not take your case, though we can doubtless gain it for you," responded Lincoln. "Some things that are right legally are not right morally. But we will give you some advice for which we will charge nothing. (The "we" included his partner, Mr. Herndon.) We advise a sprightly, energetic man like you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way."

The Bells

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

This poem "seems to have been evolved out of two stanzas suggested to Poe by a lady to whom he complained that he had a poem to write, but was without a subject and was annoyed by the sound of the neighboring church bells." He succeeded "in elaborating one of the most musical poems in all literature. * * * The ideas called up by the poem are commonplace enough, but its popularity is insured by its incomparable melody."

I.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
 Silver bells!
 What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of to-night!
 While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells
 Bells, bells, bells—
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
 Golden bells!
 What a world of happiness their harmony fore-tells!
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight!
 From the molten-golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !
 How it swells !
 How it dwells
 On the Future ! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

III.

Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells !
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells !
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright !
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic
 fire
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor
 Now—now to sit or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells !
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of Despair !
 How they clang, and clash, and roar.
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air !
 Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clangling,
 How the danger ebbs and flows :
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling,
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,

By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the
 bells—
 Of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells!
 What a world of solemn thought their monody
 compels!
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright,
 At the melancholy menace of their tone;
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human
 They are Ghouls:
 And their king it is who tolls;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
 Rolls
 A pæan from the bells!
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells!
 And he dances, and he yells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells—
 Of the bells:
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—

To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.



Annabel Lee

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

This poem, published shortly after Poe's death, was his last, as it was his most spontaneous poem. It is commonly supposed that "Annabel Lee," like "Ulalume," had its inspiration in the death of his wife. "Though a sweet and simple dirge, it still has the mystery so characteristic of all Poe's writings. With what restraint it begins: how steadily the movement progresses to the passionate outcry against fate in the fifth stanza, only to take refuge at last in the devoted memory of her whom he mourns."

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my ANNABEL LEE;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling

The Speaker

My beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
 So that her highborn kinsman came
 And bore her away from me,
 To shut her up in a sepulcher
 In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
 Went envying her and me—
 Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
 In this kingdom by the sea)
 That the wind came out of the cloud by night.
 Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
 Of those who were older than we—
 Of many far wiser than we—
 And neither the angels in heaven above,
 Nor the demons down under the sea,
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
 Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me
 dreams
 Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
 And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
 Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
 And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
 Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride
 In the sepulcher there by the sea,
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.



NO AMBITION SO GREAT AS TRUE ESTEEM.

“Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether that be true or not, I can say, for one, that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellow-men, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem.”—Lincoln Speech, 1832.

The Haunted Palace

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

These verses are published in "The Fall of the House of Usher," but they previously appeared in the "Baltimore Museum" for April, 1839. Professor William P. Trent says: "These verses rank among the best of Poe's poems, and fit their prose setting so well that, as Mr. Stedman has remarked, it might almost seem that the tale was written to set off the poem." The lines preceding the verses refer to the tottering of reason upon her throne.

In the greenest of our valleys
 By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
 Radiant palace—reared its head
In the monarch Thought's dominion—
 It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion!
 Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
 On its roof did float and flow,
(This—all this—was in the olden
 Time long ago,)
And every gentle air that dallied,
 In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
 A winged odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
 Through two luminous windows, saw
Spirits moving musically,
 To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round about a throne where, sitting
 (Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
 The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
 Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing

And sparkling evermore,
 A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
 Was but to sing,
 In voices of surpassing beauty,
 The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
 Assailed the monarch's high estate,
 (Ah, let us mourn!—for never sorrow
 Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
 And round about his home the glory
 That blushed and bloomed,
 Is but a dim-remembered story
 Of the old time entombed.

And travelers, now, within that valley,
 Through the red-litten windows see
 Vast forms, that move fantastically
 To a discordant melody,
 While, like a ghastly rapid river,
 Through the pale door
 A hideous throng rush out forever
 And laugh—but smile no more.



Eldorado

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

This, Poe's last poem, is a "lyric of disappointed endeavor, not an unfitting close of his poetic career."

Gaily bedight,
 A gallant knight,
 In sunshine and in shadow,
 Had journeyed long,
 Singing a song,
 In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—
 This knight so bold—
 And o'er his heart a shadow

Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow—
“Shadow,” said he,
“Where can it be—
This land of Eldorado?”

“Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,”
The shade replied,—
“If you seek for Eldorado.”



The Cenotaph

BY JAMES THOMPSON M'KAY.

On the final burial of Lincoln at Springfield, April 14, 1887.

And so they buried Lincoln? Strange and vain!
Has any creature thought of Lincoln hid
In any vault, 'neath any coffin-lid,
In all the years since that wild spring of pain?
'Tis false,—he never in the grave hath lain.
You could not bury him although you slid
Upon his clay the Cheops pyramid
Or heaped it with the Rocky Mountain chain.
They slew themselves; they but set Lincoln free.
In all the earth his great heart beats as strong,
Shall beat while pulses throb to chivalry
And burn with hate of tyranny and wrong.
Whoever will may find him, anywhere
Save in the tomb. Not there,—he is not there!

O Captain! My Captain!*

BY WALT WHITMAN.

The greatest of Whitman's war poems are "When Lilacs Last in Dooryards Bloomed" and "O Captain! My Captain!" both of which commemorate the death of Lincoln. Both are noble tributes to the noblest of Americans. The second is no doubt the best brief expression of the general grief which followed the dread news of Lincoln's assassination. It is tenderly heroic, abounding in sympathy and devoted appreciation.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
 The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we
 sought is won,
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exult-
 ing,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, thy vessel grim and
 daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle
 trills,
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the
 shores a-crowding
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
 turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck,
 You've fallen cold and dead.

* Lincoln. By Jonathan P. Dolliver, Speaker No. 4. The Mother of Lincoln. By John C. Black, Speaker No. 7. Abraham Lincoln. By Henry Watterson, Speaker No. 10. Gettysburg Address by Abraham Lincoln, Speaker No. 10. At Lincoln's Tomb. By Robertus Love, Speaker No. 11.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor
 will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed
 and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
 won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!

But I with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.



Commemoration Ode

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

This tribute to Lincoln is an extract from the poem read at Harvard College, July 21, 1865. Commencement had been postponed a month that the students and graduates who were in the army might attend the exercises to commemorate the living and her ninety-three heroic dead which closed with this ode by Lowell.

Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as in the field,
So bountiful is Fate;
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not yield,
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stand self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,

Wept with a passion of an angry grief.
 Nature, they say, doth dote,
 And cannot make a man
 Save on some worn-out plan,
 Repeating us by rote:
 For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
 And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
 Of the unexhausted West,
 With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
 Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
 How beautiful to see
 Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
 Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
 One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
 Not lured by any cheat of birth,
 But by his clear-grained human worth,
 And brave old wisdom of sincerity!

They knew that outward grace is dust;
 They could not choose but trust
 In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
 And supple-tempered will
 That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
 Here was a type of the true elder race,
 And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
 I praise him not; it were too late;
 And some innative weakness there must be
 In him who condescends to victory
 Such as the present gives, and cannot wait,
 Safe in himself as in a fate.
 So always firmly he:
 He knew to bide his time,
 And can his fame abide,
 Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
 Till the wise years decide.
 Great captains, with their guns and drums,
 Disturb our judgment for the hour,
 But at last silence comes;
 These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
 Our children shall behold his fame.
 The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
 Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
 New birth of our new soil, the first American.

On the Death of Lincoln

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Extract from a sermon delivered in Plymouth Church, April 23, 1865.



VEN he who now sleeps has by this event, been clothed with new influence. Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly hear what before they refused to listen to. Now his simple and weighty words will be gathered like those of Washington, and your children and your children's children shall be taught to ponder the simplicity and deep wisdom of utterances which, in their time, past, in the party heat, as idle words. Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake, and will guard with zeal the whole country which he loved so well: I swear you, on the altar of his memory, to be more faithful to the country for which he has perished. Men will, as they follow his hearse, swear a new hatred to that slavery against which he warred, and which in vanquishing him has made him a martyr and a conqueror. I swear you by the memory of this martyr, to hate slavery with an unappeasable hatred. Men will admire and imitate his unmoved firmness, his inflexible conscience for the right; and yet his gentleness, as tender as a woman's his moderation of spirit, which not all the heat of party could not inflame, nor all the jars and disturbances of this country shake out of its place; I swear you to an emulation of his justice, his moderation and his mercy.

You I can comfort, but how can I speak to that twilight million to whom his name was as the name of an angel of God! There will be wailing in places which no minister shall be able to reach. When, in hovel and in cot, in wood and in wilderness, in field throughout the South, the dusky children who looked upon him as that Moses whom God sent before them to lead them out of the land of bondage, learn that he

has fallen, who shall comfort them? Oh, thou Shepherd of Israel, that didst comfort thy people of old, to thy care we commit the helpless, the long wronged, and grieved!

And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and states are all out as pall-bearers, and the cannon beats the hours with solemn progression. Dead—dead—dead—he yet speaketh! Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man dead that ever was fit to live? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen to the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted on the Infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou has overcome! Your sorrows, O people, are his peace! Your bells, and bands, and muffled drums sound triumph in his ear Wail and weep here; God makes it echo joy and triumph there. Pass on, thou victor!



Lincoln, the Man of the People

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

Read at the Lincoln Birthday Dinner given in 1900 by the Republican Club of New York City. Copyright 1901, by Edwin Markham. From "Lincoln and Other Poems."

When the norn-mother saw the whirl-wind hour,
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She bent the strenuous Heavens and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
It was a stuff to wear for centuries,
A man that matched mountains, and compelled
The stars to look our way and honor us.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth,
The tang and odor of the primal things—
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving-kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

And so he came.

From prairie cabin up to Capitol,
One fair Ideal led our chieftain on.
Forevermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the captain with the mighty heart;
And when the step of earthquake shook the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

To the Spirit of Abraham Lincoln

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

Reunion at Gettysburg, twenty-five years after the battle.

Shade of our greatest, O look down to-day!
 Hear the long, dread mid-summer battle roar,
 And brother in brother plunged the accursed sword;—
 Here foe meets foe once more in proud array
 Yet not as once to harry and to slay,
 But to strike hands, and with sublime accord
 Weep tears heroic for the souls that soared
 Quick from earth's carnage to the starry way.
 Each fought for what he deemed the people's good,
 And proved his bravery by his offered life,
 And sealed his honor with his out-poured blood;
 But the Eternal did direct the stife,
 And on this sacred field one patriot host,
 Now calls thee father,—dear, majestic ghost!



Lincoln's Responsibility

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Extract from an oration, "The Society of the Army of the Potomac," delivered at the Eighteenth Annual Reunion, July 3, 1887, many Southern guests, survivors of the Army of Northern Virginia, being present.



N that fierce light this noble landscape (the field of Gettysburg) rises at once into history and becomes dear to the human heart. Around its chief and central interest gather associations of felicitous significance, as if the divine Providence delighted to enrich a spot so fair in itself, so precious in its story, with kindred memories. Like the House of Delegates in Williamsburg, where Patrick Henry

roused Virginia to resistance; like Faneuil Hall in Boston, where Samuel Adams lifted New England to independence; like Carpenter's Hall in Philadelphia, where the Continental Congress assembled, this field is invested with the undying charm of famous words fitly spoken. While yet the echoes of the battle might have seemed to linger in the awed and grieving air, while far beyond the Potomac the hostile armies still lay encamped and the final issue of the war was veiled, stood the sad and patient and devoted man, whose burden was greater than any man of his generation, and as greatly borne as any solemn responsibility in human history—the man for whom no disappointment, nor calumny, nor defeat, nor calamitous disaster could extort an unkind or ungenerous word of a single foe—the man who said of the Southern soldiers when the war began that, like their opponents, they "are American citizens, with essentially the same characteristics and powers; exceptional advantages on one side are counterbalanced by exceptional advantages on the other. We must make up our minds that, man for man, the soldier from the South will be a match for the soldier from the North, and *vice versa.*" By a singular fortune, like Washington through both parents a son of Virginia, he shares with Washington the affectionate gratitude of his country. Upon this field he spoke the few simple words which enshrine the significance of the great controversy, and which have become a part of this historic scene, to endure with the memory of Gettysburg, and to touch the heart and exalt the hope of every American from the Gulf to the Lakes and from ocean to ocean, so long as this valley shall smile with spring and glow with autumn, and day and night and seed-time and harvest shall not fail.

Already he had said, with the pathetic yearning of a true American heart, while the war was imminent, but had not yet begun: "We are not enemies, but friends; we must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the

chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature." To-day his prophetic vision is fulfilled. The murmur of these hosts of peace encamped upon this field of war, this universal voice of friendly greeting and congratulation, these cheers of the Gray echoing the cheers of the Blue, what are they but the answering music of those chords of memory; the swelling chorus of the Union responding to the better angels of our nature? If there be joy in heaven this day, it is in the heart of Abraham Lincoln as he looks down upon *this* field of Gettysburg.



Lincoln: A Man Called of God

BY JOHN M. THURSTON.

Extract from an address before the Chicago Lincoln Association, February 12, 1891.



OD'S providence has raised up a leader in every time of a people's exceeding need. Moses, reared in the family of Pharaoh, initiated in the sublime mysteries of the priesthood of Egypt, partaking of the power and splendor of royal family and favor, himself a ruler and almost a king, was so moved by the degraded and helpless condition of his enslaved brethren that for their sake he undertook what to human understanding seemed the impossible problem of deliverance.

A peasant girl, a shepherdess, dreaming on the hills of France, feels her simple heart burn with the story of her country' wrongs. Its army beaten, shattered and dispersed; its fields laid waste; its homes pillaged and burned it; its people outraged and murdered; its prince fleeing for life before a triumphant and remorseless foe. Hope for France was dead. Heroes, there were none to save. What could a woman do? Into the soul of this timid, unlettered mountain maid there swept a flood of glorious resolve. Some power, unknown to man, drew back the curtain from the glass of fate and bade her look therein. As in a vision, she sees a new French army, courageous, hopeful, victor-

ious, invincible. A girl, sword in hand, rides at its head; before it the invaders flee. She sees France restored, her fields in bloom, her cottages in peace, her people happy, her prince crowned.

The rail-splitter of Illinois became President of the United States in the darkest hour of the nation's peril. Inexperienced and untrained in governmental affairs, he formulated national politics, overruled statesmen, directed armies, removed generals, and, when it became necessary to save the Republic, set at nought the written Constitution. He amazed the politicians and offended the leaders of his party; but the people loved him by instinct, and followed him blindly. The child leads the blind man through dangerous places, not by reason of controlling strength and intelligence, but by certainty of vision. Abraham Lincoln led the nation along its obscure pathway, for his vision was above the clouds, and he stood in the clear sunshine of God's indicated will.

So stands the mountain while the murky shadows thicken at its base, beset by the tempest, lashed by the storm, darkness and desolation on every side; no gleam of hope in the lightning's lurid lances, nor voice of safety in the crashing thunder-bolts; but high above topmost mist, vexed by no wave of angry sound, kissed by the sun of day, wooed by the stars of night, the eternal summit lifts its snowy crest, crowned with the infinite serenity of peace.

"And God said—let there be light, and there was light." Light on the ocean, light on the land.

"And God said,—let there be light, and there was light." Light from the Cross of Calvary, light from the souls of men.

"And God said—let there be light, and there was light." Light from the emancipation proclamation, light on the honor of the nation, light on the constitution of the United States, light on the black faces of patient bondmen, light on every standard of freedom throughout the world.

From the hour in which the cause of the Union became the cause of liberty, from the hour in which the flag of the Republic became the flag of humanity, from the hour in which the stars and stripes no longer float-

ed over a slave; yea, from the sacred hour of the nation's new birth, that dear old banner never faded from the sky, and the brave boys who bore it never wavered in their onward march to victory.

After a quarter of a century of peace and prosperity, all children of our common country kneel at the altar of a united faith. The blue and gray lie in eternal slumber side by side. Heroes all, they fell face to face, brother against brother, to expiate a nation's sin. The lonely firesides and the unknown graves, the memory of the loved, the yearning for the lost, the desolated altars and the broken hopes, are past recall. The wings of our weak protest beat in vain against the iron doors of fate. But through the mingled tears that fall alike upon the honored dead of both, the North and South, turn hopeful eyes to that new future of prosperity and power, possible only in the shelter of the dear old flag. To the conquerors and conquered, to the white man and the black, to the master and the slave, Abraham Lincoln was God's providence.



A LIGHTNING ROD FOR A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

In the campaign of 1836 Lincoln was attacked at Springfield by an old citizen, one Forquer, who had quitted the Whigs and had been appointed Land Office registrar as if in recognition of his apostacy. Mr. Forquer had just completed a new house and had placed on it what was then a great novelty—a lightning rod. In his speech Forquer undertook to "take the young man down." The young aspirant arose and replied as follows:

"Mr. Forquer commenced his speech by announcing that 'the young man was to be taken down.' It is for you, fellow-citizens, not me, to say whether I am up or down. . . . I desire to live, and desire place and distinction, but I would rather die now than, like this gentleman, live to see the day when I would change my politics for an office worth three thousand dollars a year, and then feel obliged to erect a lightning-rod over my house to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God!"

William Ewart Gladstone

BY STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

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I.

Not taken scythe in hand from field half-reaped,
Not early stolen in thy wine of May,
Not lingering on to death through life eclipsed
But fortunately old, in fragrant fame,
Thou from the Sun hast passed into the dark.

II.

Warrior with deep unwillingness to wound,
Smiter that ne'er didst learn the art to stab,
Exquisite knight, so gentle to the end;
Of chivalry antique and gracious words:
Foeman, with sweetness of the elder day.

III.

Not in the press of war didst thou go down,
But seeing death was near, thou didst retire;
Preparing as a runner for that course,
That final struggle, and that different field,
With pain preparing and with solemn care.

IV.

The saint and poet dwell apart; but thou
Was't holy in the furious press of men,
And choral in the central rush of life.
Yet didst thou love old branches and a book,
And Roman verses on an English lawn.

V.

Thy voice had all the roaring of the wave,
And hoarse magnificence of rushing stones;
It had the murmur of Ionian bees,
And the persuading sweetness of a shower.
Clarion of God! thy ringing peal is o'er!

VI.

Not yet for all thy breathing charm remote,
 Nor breach tremendous in the forts of Hell,
 Not for these things we praise thee, though these
 things
 Are much; but more, because thou didst discern
 In temporal policy the eternal will;

VII.

Thou gav'st to party strife the epic note,
 And to debate the thunder of the Lord;
 To meanest issues fire of the Most High.
 Hence, eyes that ne'er beheld thee now are dim,
 And alien men on alien shores lament.



Gladstone on Oratory

BY GEORGE F. HOAR.

NE thing especially distinguishes our modern orator from the writer in the closet, where he writes solely for his readers, or where he has prepared his speeches beforehand—that is, the influence of the audience upon him. There is nothing like it as a stimulant to every faculty, not only imagination, and fancy, and reason, but especially, as every experienced speaker knows, memory also. Everything needed seems to come out from the secret storehouses of the mind, even the things that have lain there forgotten, rusting and unused. Mr. Everett describes this in a masterly passage in his Life of Webster. Gladstone states it in a few fine sentences:

"The work of the orator, from its very inception," he says, "is inextricably mixed up with practice. It is cast in the mould offered to him by the mind of his hearers. It is an influence principally received from his audience (so to speak) in vapor which he pours back upon them in a flood. The sympathy and concurrence of his time is, with his own mind, joint parent of his work. He cannot follow nor frame ideals; his choice is to be what his age would have him, what it requires in order to be moved by him, or else not to be at all."

Gladstone the Orator

BY GEORGE F. HOAR.

Extract from "Autobiography of Seventy Years."



HEARD Gladstone in 1871, where there was a great struggle between him and Disraeli over the Parliamentary and Municipal Elections Bill. I visited the House with Thomas Hughes, to whom I was indebted for much courtesy while in London, and had a seat on the floor just before the gallery, where a few strangers are, or were then admitted by special card from the Speaker.

The bill was introduced by Mr. Gladstone's Government. The question that night was on a motion to strike out the provision for the secret ballot; so the opponents of the Government had the close in support of the motion.. The speeches are well worth studying by a person who wishes to get an idea of the intellectual and literary quality of these champions. There is no great passage in any of them. But the capacity and quality of power appear distinctly. Osborne was full of a shrewd and delightful wit, without the vitriolic flavor which often appears in the sarcasm of Disraeli. Gladstone showed his power of elevating the discussion to a lofty plane, which his opponent never reached, although Disraeli launched at him many a keen shaft from below. Mr. Hughes sat by me most of the night, and occasionally brought and introduced to me some eminent person whom he thought I would like to know.

The members of our National House of Representatives, however turbulent or disorderly, never would submit to the fashion of treating a speaker whom they do not want to hear, which prevails in the House of Commons. When Mr. Gladstone got through, the night was far spent, and the House evidently wanted to hear Disraeli, then vote and go home. Mr. Plunket,

a member of the University of Dublin, who seems an intelligent and sensible man, rose, wishing to correct a statement of Mr. Gladstone's, which he thought had done him an injustice. Disraeli rose about the same time, but bowed and gave way. But the House did not like it. Poor Plunket's voice was drowned in the storm of shouts—"Sit down. Sit down. Dizzy! Dizzy!" in which my friend, Mr. Hughes, although of Gladstone's party, joined at the top of his lungs. I think the bedlam lasted five minutes. But Plunket stood his ground and made his correction.

Although Bernal Osborne was a man of great wit and sense, and Sir Strafford Northcote and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach were then very eminent characters, yet the only speakers who belonged to the rank of great orators were Gladstone and Disraeli. Gladstone was terribly in earnest. He began his speech by a compliment to Northcote, his opponent, for whom he had shown his esteem by sending him to the United States as one of the Joint High Commission to make the Alabama Treaty. But when Mr. Gladstone was well under way, Sir Stafford interposed a dissent from something he said by calling out, "No, no"—a very frequent practice in the House. Gladstone turned upon him savagely, with a tone of anger which I might almost call furious: "Can the gentleman tolerate no opinion but his own, that he interjects his audible contradiction into the middle of my sentence?"

There are no passages in this speech of Gladstone that can be cited as among the best examples of the great orator. But there are several that give a good idea of his manner, and show something of the argument in two or three sentences: "I am not at all ashamed of having said, and I say it gain, that this is a choice of evils. I do not say that the proposal for secret ballot is open to no objections whatever. I admit that open voting has its evils as well as its merits. One of those merits is that it enables a man to discharge a noble duty in the noblest possible manner. But what are its demerits? That by marking his vote you expose the voter to be tempted through his cupidity and through his fears. We propose, by secret voting, to greatly diminish the first of these, and

we hope to take away the second. We do not believe that the disposition to bribe can operate with anything like its present force when the means of tracing the action of the man bribed are taken away, because men will not pay for what they do not know they will ever receive."

The great quality of Gladstone, as of Sumner, is his profound seriousness. He makes the impression on his hearers, an impression made, but not so strongly, upon his readers, that the matter he is discussing is that upon which the foundations of heaven and earth rest.

Gladstone showed in his speech the profounder reflection of the general subject, the more philosophy, and the intenser earnestness; Disraeli showed quickness of wit, a ready command of his resources, ability for subtle distinctions, and glimpses of his almost Satanic capacity for mocking and jeering. He describes Gladstone most felicitously as "inspired by a mixture of genius and vexation."

Gladstone had what is quite rare, and what no famous American orator that I now think of, except Choate and Evarts, have had—a tendency to diffuse and somewhat involved speech, and at the same time a gift of compact epigrammatic utterances on occasions.

Gladstone was the last of a school of oratory, and the last of our time—I hope not for all time—of a school of statesmen. When he entered upon a discussion in Parliament, or on the hustings, he elevated it to the highest possible plane. The discussion became like one of the highest moral principles and the profoundest political philosophy. He seemed to be speaking as our statesmen of the Revolutionary time, and the time of framing our Constitution. He used to speak to all generations alike. What he had to say would have been true and apt and fit to be uttered in the earlier days of Athens or of Rome, and true and apt and fit to be uttered for thousands of years to come. He has, in a large measure, a failing which all Englishmen have, and always had: the notion that what is good for England is good for humanity at large. His morality and his statesmanship were insular. Still it

was a lofty morality and a lofty ideal statesmanship. It was sincere. What he said, that he believed. It came straight from his heart, and he kindled in the bosoms of his listeners the ardor of his own heart. He was not afraid of his ideals.



Mr. Gladstone in Defeat

BY MOSES COIT TYLER.

The following was written June 26, 1866. From 1832 to 1894 Mr. Gladstone was almost continually a member of Parliament. From 1859 until the defeat of the reform bill mentioned below he was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Her Majesty's cabinet. His retirement from the cabinet in 1866 was followed after two years by his recall to it, when in 1868 he was chosen to the highest dignity obtainable by a British subject, that of Prime Minister.



HEN the present Parliament opened in February, it was under a new leader. The brave and merry old man, who, by personal prestige, by unerring tact, by tingling jest, and by an occasional outburst of admirable bullying has for almost a generation swayed the House at his will, was never more to be seen on the treasury bench, slumbering beneath his hatbrim. Mr. Gladstone sat there his nominal successor; it remained to be shown whether he was his actual successor. And the real significance of this extraordinary, this historical session, is wrapped in that problem. Through all wranglings about the cattle plague, about Jamaica, about reform bills, the interior and the essential trial has been of Mr. Gladstone's metal for leadership—of his presence of mind, self-command, pluck, grit, physical endurance and intellectual versatility.

During the first few weeks of the session business moved on smoothly enough. His enemies on the opposite side, his enemies on his own side, held back, scabbarded their swords, watched him with sleepless eye and ear. Now and then, even before the Easter

recess, some champion would sally forth and engage his prowess ; but it was not until after the brief holiday that a general onslaught was made. Alarmed at the amazing ascendancy that Mr. Gladstone was acquiring over the nation, and at the display of those marvelous qualities which had almost justified Mr. Hill's verdict that Gladstone is "the greatest parliamentary leader of the present century, and perhaps since the Stuarts," they commenced their aggressive movement ; they assailed him simultaneously from every quarter, with every kind of weapon, with every mode of attack. The history of the last six weeks is the history of a deliberate and desperate personal dead-set against the man they envied, hated, feared. Beneath all of the denunciations of the reform bill ran the undertone of personal hostility to the statesman who had proposed it ; and in the boisterous shouts that went up a week ago from Tory squires and treacherous Liberals over the defeat of the government—shouts rising louder and louder, and renewed again and again with a sort of insanity of joy—there was distinctly audible the harsh note of ungenerous glee over what "*The Saturday Review*" is pleased to describe as "the collapse of a great man."

The prospects of the liberal cause in England—the issues of those momentous designs of a statesmanship more enlightened and magnanimous than Europe has hitherto seen—are seemingly so bound up with the political future of Mr. Gladstone, that it will repay us to glance at the causes of this relentless personal opposition.

There is one phrase which, in the upper circles of English society, is more damning to the man to whom it may be applied than almost any other in the whole vocabulary of depreciation. It is the phrase "political adventurer," the modern synonym of "*novus homo*"—the phrase with which the Roman patricians sought to blast the career of Cicero ; the phrase which, in our century, has been hurled by English patricians at the greatest statesmen in it—at Channing, Huskisson, Henry Brougham, Macaulay, Richard Cobden, and William Ewart Gladstone. The unpardonable offence of Mr. Gladstone is that he neither got himself born nor got himself married into any of the thirty-one

great governing families of England. It is true that he is wealthy, that his father was a baronet, that the associations of his life have been aristocratic; yet he is neither a Cavendish nor a Courtney, nor a Stanley, nor a Cecil. By his genius, by his goodness, by his past renown, by his stupendous popularity, they perceive that Mr. Gladstone is to be England's real monarch for the next decade and a half. They are wrathful that another supreme minister has risen from the middle class. Either Mr. Gladstone should not have been so great a man, or he should not have allowed himself to be born out of their set.

The second reason to explain the opposition to him is one even more ignoble—the envy of old comrades at his success. By the trophy of this Miltiades there are some scores of ambitious fellows in Parliament who cannot sleep. The men who witnessed the glory of Lord Palmerston's later years could exult in it with a satisfaction unalloyed by so base a passion as I now refer to; he was of an elder generation, and was above the range of their jealousy. But such illustrious personages as Mr. Robert Lowe, Mr. Laing, Mr. Horsman, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Cranbourne, Lord A. Montagu, are said to look upon themselves as the equals of Mr. Gladstone, because they are his contemporaries; and they seem unable to forgive him for the fact that the general opinion of England does not exactly coincide with their own in that respect.

There is one other serious objection to Mr. Gladstone, operating not alone upon those to whom I have already referred, but upon a multitude of others; he is a dead-in-earnest man. His political views are not jests, but convictions. With him political life seems to be neither an ostentation, nor a disguised selfishness, nor a comedy, but a consecration. The principal English politicians, however, who are just now at the surface, have grown up under the example of Lord Palmerston, and have been morally debauched by the success of that splendid political Sadducee. With a facile smile, a jovial bearing, incredulous as to the higher maxims of public conduct, worldly, materialistic, they look upon statesmanship as a highly respectable and remunerative farce; they regard election

pledges as a play with words; they admire the gift of badinage as the chief attribute of a first minister; and they think the most serious plea sufficiently refuted by the most trivial pun. Of course such men cannot comprehend earnestness; it arouses either their ridicule or their rage. When they see it in ordinary men, they laugh at it; they banter it; they try to smother it beneath a shower of

“Quips and cranks and wanton wiles.”

But when they behold this spirit in the alliance of personal greatness, kindling an eloquence whose majesty overwhelms them, vitalizing a scholarship whose vastness fills them with awe, crowning and glorifying a nature whose dignity silences the patter of their shallow facetiousness, what is left to them but hate—a hostility hardened into utter vindictiveness, and gnashing its teeth in an ecstasy of loathing?

No discerning person could have sat in the House of Commons this session, could have heard the tone of the opposing speeches, could have seen and heard how “the first assembly of gentlemen in the world” was capable of resolving itself into a zoological garden of wild beasts, of magpies and monkeys, howling, bellowing, screeching, chattering, in one prolonged chorus of brutal fury against the Chancellor of the Exchequer, without perceiving that there was an antagonism between him and them only to be explained by that tremendous gulf of moral unlikeness of which I have spoken.

But the agony is now over. England is to have Tory government. It may last a few weeks; it may last a few months; but not long will the people endure it. Probably before the first anniversary of his resignation the heart of England will call again to the foremost place her best-beloved and her ablest statesman.

This very evening I went down to the House to hear the ministerial statement of the Queen’s decision. I found New Palace Yard thronged with people eager to see the arrival of the chieftans of both parties, and before entering the House I waited to witness the sort of reception which the several leaders would get

from that fearless and tumultuous parliament out-of-doors. An English crowd never minces matters, or expresses itself with ambiguity. On this occasion they growled, and groaned, and shook their fists at the men who have defeated the measure for the people's enfranchisement; and, as they recognized the champions of the people's cause, they heaped cheers and benedictions upon their heads. But just as Big Ben sounded from his regal tower the hour of six, we heard a roar of voices far away down Parliament Street, and presently Mr. Gladstone, with Mrs. Gladstone at his side, drove in an open carriage into the yard. How the hats went off from those tossing heads, how the cheers went up from those palpitating throats! Had he been king he could not have had a kinglier reception. Climbing upon one of the pilasters of Westminister Hall, holding on with one hand, swinging my hat with the other, and mingling my not very despicable trans-atlantic shouts with that immense gush of British enthusiasm, I had a fine view of the minister who was just to announce that the Queen had accepted his resignation.



A NEW MILITARY COMMAND.

When Lincoln was Captain of the "Bucktail" Rangers in the Black Hawk War, 1832, he was as ignorant of military matters as his company was of drill or of tactics. The test came when his troop, formed by platoons, confronted a gate. The Captain had no idea of the proper order; but his wit did not desert him. He ordered:

"This company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in *on the other side of that fence.*" (He characterized this as "an endwise" movement.)

Even in after years when the lawgiver had to be Commander-in-Chief, he did not pretend to any military knowledge.

A Eulogy on John Bright

BY WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

Extract from an address delivered in the House of Commons, 1889, upon the death of Bright. Until 1886 the two men had been great friends, but at that time Bright opposed Gladstone's Home Rule policy for Ireland and the friendship was broken.



T was a happy lot to unite so many attractive qualities. If I had to dwell upon them alone, I should present a dazzling picture to the world. It was a happier lot to teach moral lessons by simplicity, consistency, unfailing courage and constancy of life, thus presenting a combination of qualities that carried us to a higher atmosphere. His sympathies were not strong only, but active. . . . Whatever touched him as a man of the great Anglo-Saxon race, whatever touched him as a subject, obtained, unasked, his sincere earnest and enthusiastic aid. All causes having his powerful advocacy made a distinct advance in the estimation of the world, and distinct progress toward triumphant success. Thus it has come about that he is entitled to a higher eulogy than is due to success. Of mere success, indeed, he was a conspicuous example. In intellect he might claim a most distinguished place. But his character lies deeper than intellect, deeper than eloquence, deeper than anything that can be described or that can be seen upon the surface. The supreme eulogy that is his due is that he elevated political life to the highest point—to a loftier standard than it had ever reached. He has bequeathed to his country a character that cannot only be made a subject for admiration and gratitude, but—and I do not exaggerate when I say it—that can become an object of reverential contemplation. In the encomiums that come from every quarter there is not a note of dissonance. I do not know of any statesman of my time who had the happiness of receiving, on removal from this passing world, the honor or approval

at once so enthusiastic, so universal and so unbroken. Yet none could better dispense with the tributes of the moment, because the triumphs of his life were triumphs recorded in the annals of time and on the hearts of the great and overspreading race to which he belonged, whose wide extension he rejoiced to see, and whose power and prominence he believed to be full of promise and glory for the best interests of mankind.



The Aim of the Scholar

BY WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

Delivered at the University of Edinburgh, 1860 An extract from the address called "Inaugural Address on the Work of Universities."



ORE important than the quest of professional knowledge, more vital than the most effective intellectual training, is the remaining question of the temper and aim with which the youth prosecutes his work.

Let me remind you how Sir Robert Peel, choosing from his quiver with a congenial forethought that shaft which was most likely to strike home, averred before the same academic audience which may as safely be declared to you, that "there is a presumption amounting almost to certainty, that if any one of you will determine to be eminent in whatever profession you may choose, and will act with unvarying steadiness in pursuance of that determination, you will, if health and strength be given you, infallibly succeed."

The mountain tops of Scotland behold on every side of them the witness, and many a one of what were once her morasses and her moorlands, now blossoming as the rose, carries on its face the proof, how truly it is in man and not his circumstances that the secret of his destiny resides. For most of you that destiny will take its final bent toward evil or toward good, not from

the information you imbibe, but from the habits of mind, thought, and life that you shall acquire, during your academical career. Could you with the bodily eye watch the moments of it as they fly, you would see them all pass by you, as the bee that has rifled the heather bears its honey through the air, charged with promise, or it may be the menace, of the future. In many things it is wise to believe before experience; to believe, until you may know; and believe me when I tell you that the thrift of time will repay you in after life with an usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and that the waste of it will make you dwindle, alike in intellectual and in moral stature, beneath your darkest reckonings.

I am Scotchman enough to know that among you there are always many who are already, even in their tender years, fighting with a mature and manful courage the battle of life. When these feel themselves lonely amidst the crowd; when they are for a moment disheartened by that Difficulty which is the rude and rocking cradle of every kind of excellence; when they are conscious of the pinch of poverty and self-denial; let them be conscious, too, that a sleepless Eye is watching them from above, that their honest efforts are assisted, their humble prayers are heard, and all things are working together for their good. Is not this the life of faith, which walks by your side from your rising in the morning to your lying down at night; which lights up for you the cheerless world, and transfigures and glorifies all that you encounter, whatever be its outward form, with hues brought down from heaven?



DILIGENCE.

“The leading rule for the lawyer, as for the man of any other calling, is diligence.”—Lincoln’s Notes for a Lecture on the Law.

Home Rule

BY W. E. GLADSTONE.

Throughout most of his public career the condition of Ireland was a matter of deep concern with Mr. Gladstone. In 1886 and again in 1893 he introduced a bill providing that country with a separate legislature. The following extract is from the speech which closed the debate on the first bill. The vote taken the same day, June 7, 1886, showed that England would not grant the proposal.



HAT is the case of Ireland at this moment? Have honorable gentlemen considered that they are coming into conflict with a nation? Can anything stop a nation's demand, except its being proved to be immoderate and unsafe? But here are multitudes, and I believe millions upon millions, out of doors, who feel this demand to be neither immoderate nor unsafe. In our opinion there is but one question before us about this demand. It is as to the time and circumstances of granting it. There is no question in our minds that it will be granted.

The difference between giving with freedom and dignity on the one side, with acknowledgment and gratitude on the other, and giving under compulsion—giving with disgrace, giving with resentment dogging you at every step of your path—this difference is, in our eyes, fundamental, and this is the main reason, not only why we have acted, but why we have acted now. This, if I understand it, is one of the golden moments of our history—one of the opportunities which may come and may go, but which rarely return; or, if they return, return at long intervals, and under circumstances under which no man can forecast. There have been such golden moments even in the tragic history of Ireland, as her poet says—

One time the harp of Innesfail
Was tuned to notes of gladness.

And then he goes on to say—

But yet did oftener tell a tale
Of more prevailing sadness.

But there was such a golden moment—it was in 1759—it was on the mission of Lord Fitzwilliam. At that moment it is historically clear that the Parliament of Grattan was on the point of solving the Irish problem. The two great knots of that problem were, in the first place, Roman Catholic Emancipation; and in the second place, the Reform of Parliament. The cup was at her lips and she was ready to drink it, when the hands of England rudely and ruthlessly dashed it to the ground, in obedience to the wild and dangerous intimations of an Irish faction.

There has been no great day of hope for Ireland, no day when you might hope completely and definitely to end the controversy till now—more than ninety years. The long periodic time has at last run out, and the star has again mounted into the heavens. What Ireland was doing for herself in 1795 we at length have done. The Roman Catholics have been emancipated—emancipated after a woeful disregard of solemn promises through twenty-nine years, emancipated slowly, sullenly, not from good will, but from abject terror, with all the fruits and consequences which will always follow that method of legislation. The second problem has been also solved, and the representation of Ireland has been thoroughly reformed; and I am thankful to say that the franchise was given to Ireland on the readjustment of last year with a free heart, with an open hand; and the gift of that franchise was the last act required to make the success of Ireland in her final effort absolutely sure. We have given Ireland a voice; we must all listen for a moment to what she says. We must all listen, both sides, both parties—I mean as they are divided on this question—divided, I am afraid by an almost immeasurable gap. We do not undervalue or despise the forces opposed to us. I have described them as the forces of class and its dependants; and that as a general description—is, I believe, perfectly true. . . . You have power, you have wealth, you have rank, you have station, you have

organization. What have we? We think that we have the people's heart; we believe and we know we have the promise of the harvest of the future. As to the people's heart, you may dispute it, and dispute it with perfect sincerity. Let that matter make its own proof. As to the harvest of the future, I doubt if you have so much confidence; and I believe that there is in the breast of many a man who means to vote against us to-night a profound misgiving, approaching even to a deep conviction, that the end will be as we foresee, and not as you do—that the ebbing tide is with you, and the flowing tide is with us. Ireland stands at your bar, expectant, hopeful, almost suppliant. Her words are the words of truth and soberness. She asks a blessed oblivion of the past, and in that oblivion our interest is deeper than even hers. My right honorable friend, the member for East Edinburgh, asks us to-night to abide by the traditions of which we are the heirs. What traditions? By the Irish traditions? Go into the length and breadth of the world, ransack the literature of all continents, find, if you can, a single voice, a single book—find, I would almost say, as much as a single newspaper article, unless the product of the day,—in which the conduct of England towards Ireland is anywhere treated except with profound and bitter condemnation. Are those the traditions by which we are exhorted to stand? No; they are a sad exception of the glory of our country. They are a broad and black blot upon the pages of its history; and what we want to do is to stand by the traditions of which we are the heirs in all matters except our relations with Ireland, and to make our relations with Ireland to conform to the other traditions of our country. So we treat our traditions, so we hail the demand of Ireland for what I call a blessed oblivion of the past. She asks also a boon for the future; and that boon for the future, unless we are much mistaken, will be a boon to us in respect of honor, no less than a boon to her in respect of happiness, prosperity, and peace. Such, Sir, is her prayer. Think, I beseech you, think well, think wisely, think, not for the moment, but for the years that are to come, before you reject this Bill.

Darwin and Science

BY THOMAS H. HUXLEY.

From "Life and Letters of Thomas H. Huxley," by Leonard Huxley.



IMAGINE that most of those of my contemporaries who thought seriously about the matter, were very much in my own state of mind—inclined to say to both Mosaists and Evolutionists, “a plague on both your houses!” and disposed to turn aside from an interminable and apparently fruitless discussion, to labor in the fertile fields of ascertainable fact. And I may therefore suppose that the publication of the Darwin and Wallace paper in 1858, and still more of that of the “Origin” in 1859, had the effect upon them of the flash of light which, to a man who has lost himself on a dark night, suddenly reveals a road which, whether it takes him straight home or not, certainly goes his way.. That which we were looking for, and could not find, was a hypothesis respecting the origin of known organic forms which assumed the operation of no causes but such as could be proved to be actually at work. We wanted, not to pin our faith to that or any other speculation, but to get hold of clear and definite conceptions which could be brought face to face with facts and have their validity tested. The “Origin” provided us with the working hypothesis we sought. Moreover, it did the immense service of freeing us forever from the dilemma—refuse to accept the creation hypothesis, and what have you to propose that can be accepted by any cautious reasoner? In 1857 I had no answer ready, and I do not think that any one else had. A year later we reproached ourselves with dullness for being perplexed with such an inquiry. My reflection, when I first made myself master of the central idea of the “Origin” was, “How extremely stupid not to have thought of that!” I suppose that Columbus’ compan-

ions said much the same when he made the egg stand on end. The acts of variability, of the struggle for existence, of adaptation to conditions, were notorious enough; but none of us had suspected that the road to the heart of the species problem lay through them, until Darwin and Wallace dispelled the darkness, and the beacon-fire of the "Origin" guided the benighted.



The Origin of Species

BY THOMAS H. HUXLEY.

From "Lay Sermons and Addresses."



R. DARWIN'S long-standing and well-earned scientific eminence probably renders him indifferent to that social notoriety which passes by the name of success; but if the calm spirit of the philosopher have not yet wholly superseded the ambition and the vanity of the carnal man within him, he must be well satisfied with the results of his venture in publishing the "Origin of Species." Overflowing the narrow bounds of purely scientific circles, the "species question" divides with Italy and the Volunteers the attention of general society. Everybody has read Mr. Darwin's book, or, at least, has given an opinion upon its merits or demerits; pietists, whether lay or ecclesiastic, decry it with the mild railing which sounds so charitable; bigots denounce it with ignorant invective; old ladies of both sexes consider it a decidedly dangerous book, and even savants, who have no better mud to throw, quote antiquated writers to show that its uthor is no better than an ape himself; while every philosophical thinker hails it as a veritable Whitworth gun in the armory of liberalism; and all competent naturalists and physiologists, whatever their opinions as to the ultimate fate of the doctrines put forth, acknowledge that the work in

which they are embodied is a solid contribution to knowledge and inaugurates a new epoch in natural history.

The hypotheses respecting the origin of species which profess to stand upon a scientific basis, and, as such, alone demand serious attention, are of two kinds. The one, the "special creation" hypothesis, presumes every species to have originated from one or more stocks; these not being the result of the modification of any other form of living matter—or arising by natural agencies—but being produced, as such, by a supernatural creative act.

The other, the so-called "transmutation" hypothesis, considers that all existing species are the result of the modification of the pre-existing species, and those of their predecessors, by agencies similar to those which at the present day produce varieties and races, and therefore in an altogether natural way; and it is probable, though not a necessary consequence of this hypothesis, that all living beings have arisen from a single stock. With respect to the origin of this primitive stock, or stocks, the doctrine of the "Origin of Species" is obviously not necessarily concerned. The transmutation hypothesis, for example, is perfectly consistent either with the conception of a special creation of the primitive germ, or with the supposition of its having arisen, as a modification of inorganic matter, by natural causes.

The doctrine of special creation owes its existence very largely to the supposed necessity of making science accord with the Hebrew cosmogony; but it is curious to observe that, as the doctrine is at present maintained by men of science, it is as hopelessly inconsistent with the Hebrew view as any other hypothesis.

If there be any result that has come more clearly out of geological investigation than another, it is, that the vast series of extinct animals and plants is not divisible, as it was once supposed to be, into distinct groups, separated by sharply-marked boundaries. There are no great gulfs between epochs and formations—no successive periods marked by the appearance of plants, of water animals, and of land animals

en masse. Every year adds to the list of links between what the older geologists supposed to be widely separated epochs.

But the hypothesis of special creation is not only a mere specious mask for our ignorance; its existence in biology marks the youth and imperfection of the science. For what is the history of every science but the history of the elimination of the notion of creative, or other interferences, with the natural order of phenomena which are the subject-matter of that science? When astronomy was young "the morning stars sang together for joy," and the planets were guided in their courses by celestial hands. Now, the harmony of the stars has resolved itself into gravitation according to the inverse squares of the distances, and the orbits of the planets are deducible from the laws of the forces which allow a schoolboy's stone to break a window. The lightning was the angel of the Lord; but it has pleased Providence in these modern times, that science should make it the humble messenger of man, and we know that every flash that shimmers above the horizon on a summer's evening is determined by ascertainable conditions, and that its direction and brightness might, if our knowledge of these were great enough, have been calculated.

The Darwinian hypothesis has the merit of being eminently simple and comprehensible in principle, and its essential positions may be stated in a very few words: all species have been produced by the development of varieties from common stocks by the conversion of these first into permanent races and then into new species, but the process of *natural selection*, which process is essentially identical with that artificial selection by which man has originated the races of domestic animals—the *struggle for existence* taking the place of man, and exerting, in the case of natural selection, that selective action which he performs in artificial selection.

The evidence brought forward by Mr. Darwin in support of his hypothesis is of three kinds. First, he endeavors to prove that species may be originated by selection; secondly, he attempts to show that natural causes are competent to exert selection; and

thirdly, he tries to prove that the most remarkable and apparently anomalous phenomena exhibited by the distribution, development, and mutual relations of species, can be shown to be deducible from the general doctrine of their origin, which he propounds, combined with the known facts of geological change; and that, even if all these phenomena are not at present explicable by it, none are necessarily inconsistent with it. There cannot be a doubt that the method of inquiry which Mr. Darwin has adopted is not only rigorously in accordance with the canons of scientific logic, but that it is the only adequate method.



The Death of Mr. Darwin

BY JOHN BRYCE.

Abridged from "The Nation," April 22, 1882.



EUROPE has lost her greatest man of science. Three days ago Mr. Darwin passed away suddenly, calmly, almost painlessly, in the quiet country village where the latter years of his life had been spent. The impression produced in England by the extinction of so great a light, the brightest by far in our firmament, is perhaps less than might have been expected, and indeed not greater here than in Germany, where he was known and honored as no foreigner has been for generations past. To Englishmen Mr. Darwin was merely a name. Of those who knew that he was the author of the "Origin of Species," comparatively few could have told whether he was living or dead, or where he lived, or what were his occupations. No famous man has remained in such complete seclusion, rarely coming even to London, and then seen by few persons, engaging in no controversies, never putting himself before the public. This was due partly to his health, which had been weak for

nearly his whole life, and was so uncertain even twelve years ago that he was then forbidden to come to Oxford to receive an honorary degree lest the excitement of an appearance in a crowd should prove too much for him. It was due, also, however, to the singular modesty and simplicity of his character. No one cared less for popular applause, or was more absolutely devoted to the pursuit of truth for its own sake. There was nothing morose or proud or ungenial about his seclusion. It was that of a man who knew where his duty and functions lay, and understood that stillness and concentration were necessary as well for the prosecution of his researches as for his own personal well-being; a man, too, whose pleasures were those best and simple pleasures which depend on the affection of the family and friends and the enjoyment of nature.

I saw him at his home in Down last January, and could not remember to have seen him so bright, so cheerful, so full of talk. Feeble as his health had been, he looked younger than his age, and had a freshness, an alertness of eye and mind, an interest in all passing affairs, which one seldom sees in men who are past seventy. It was hard to believe that one was in the presence of so great and splendid a genius, for his manner was simple and natural as a child's. He did not speak with any air of authority, much less dogmatism, even on his own topics; and on others, politics, for instance, he talked as one who was only anxious to hear what others had to say and resolve his own doubts. One remark struck particularly the two friends who had come to see him. He mentioned that Mr. Gladstone had, some months before, while spending a Sunday in the neighborhood, walked over to call on him; and speaking with lively admiration of the Prime Minister's powers, he added: "It was delightful to see so great a man so simple and natural. He talked to us as one of ourselves; you would never have known what he was." We looked at one another and thought that there were other great men of whom this was no less true, and in whom such self-forgetful simplicity was no less beautiful.

That self-forgetfulness shines through his books

also, and was really one of the causes which have made them influential. He had so little vanity, and so much sweetness, as never to care for a view merely because it was his own, and never to resent opposition as an attack upon himself. No one who had so surprising a talent for broad generalizations ever stated them more cautiously, or was so absolutely candid in modifying them when facts showed their incompleteness. There is, therefore, little or nothing polemical in his writings; he does not suffer his scrutiny of nature to be interrupted by anything which involves controversy. It was largely for this reason that so little of that invective and obloquy which is apt to be poured on those who first propound doctrines inconsistent with the prevailing theological views, was directed against or incurred by him. The propositions advanced in his treatises on the "Origin of Species," and "The Descent of Man," although now generally accepted, not only by the scientific world but by educated men generally, and not held to be opposed to revealed religion, excited much alarm and hostility when those books first appeared. Everybody saw that they could not be reconciled with the Mosaic cosmogony as heretofore understood; some people thought them dangerous to theism itself. But their author had so carefully abstained—if one can call what was natural to him by the name of abstention—from any attack on received theological opinions, his tone was so utterly impersonal, so obviously that of one who was seeking the truth, and truth only, that nobody attacked him, and his name was scarcely mentioned, except by the comic papers, when they humorously placed his striking head, caricatured, of course, on the body of an ape. It seems worth while to dwell upon this point, because it is an instance of the way in which a man's character may affect his scientific work and influence.

In purity, elevation, single-mindedness, Darwin was a worthy successor of Newton and Faraday. No more perfect scientific life, nor one which has done more to raise the respect of the outer world for science, has been lived in these later centuries. And it may be doubted whether any one since Newton had done work likely to have a more abiding influence. It is not only

that he has shown how the methods of experiment may be applied far more exactly than was attempted before to the animal and vegetable kingdom, he has given the world new ideas as to the causes which are at work in those kingdoms; he has displayed an unequal gift for bringing into relation with one another vast masses of phenomena, large regions of research, which no one had previously thought of connecting. The fact that his death-day (the 19th of April) was the same as that on which Lord Beaconsfield died a year ago, suggests a curious comparison between the two men. The politician's departure produced a profound sensation in these islands; it was regarded as the great event of the year. His admirers have been commemorating him by appearing with bunches of primrose—his favorite flower—on the 19th of April. The death of Mr. Darwin has scarcely made a small ripple outside the small circle of those who knew him personally, or who were occupied in the same researches. Yet the time may come when the nineteenth century will be remembered among men not least by this, that it was the century in which Darwin lived and wrote.



Evolution

BY JOHN B. TABB.

Out of the dusk a shadow,
 Then, a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
 Then, a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
 Then, a pain;
Out of the dead, cold ashes,
 Life again.

The Debt of Science to Darwin

BY ALFRED R. WALLACE.

This noted English scientist and traveler announced simultaneously with Charles Darwin the theory of natural selection. His paper, "On the Tendency of Varieties to Depart Indefinitely from the Original Type," was read July 1, 1858, the same day as Darwin's paper on the same theme. The two scientists were on friendly terms throughout their lives, and this tribute from Wallace after Darwin's death shows the spirit which had characterized their friendship. Abridged from an article in Century Magazine, 1882.



WHILE Darwin's fame and name are more widely known than in the case of any other man of science, the real character and importance of the work he did are as widely misunderstood. The best scientific authorities rank him far above the greatest names in natural science—above Linnæus and Cuvier, the great teachers of a past generation—above De Candolle and Agassiz, Owen and Huxley, in our own times. Many must feel inclined to ask,—What is the secret of his lofty pre-eminence so freely accorded to a contemporary by his fellow workers? What has Darwin done that even those who most strongly oppose his theories rarely suggest that he is overrated? Why is it universally felt that the only name with which his can be compared in the whole domain of science is that of the illustrious Newton?

Although the doctrine of the special and independent creation of every species that now exists or ever has existed on the globe was known to involve difficulties and contradictions of the most serious nature; although it was seen that many of the facts revealed by comparative anatomy, by embryology, by geographical distribution, and by geological succession, were utterly unmeaning, and even misleading, in view of it; yet, down to the period we have named, it may be fairly stated that nine-tenths of the students of nature unhesitatingly accepted it as literally true, while the other

tenth, though hesitating as to the actual independent creation, were none the less decided in rejecting utterly and scornfully the views elaborated by Lamarck, by Geoffroy St. Hilaire, and more recently by the anonymous author of the "Vestiges of Creation,"—that every living thing had been produced by some modification of ordinary generation from parents more or less closely resembling it. Holding such views of the absolute independence of each species, it almost necessarily followed that the only aspect of nature of which we could hope to acquire complete and satisfactory knowledge was that which regarded the species itself. So soon as we attempted to find out the relations of *distinct species* to each other, we embarked on a sea of speculation. We could, indeed, state *how* one species differed from another species in every particular of which we had knowledge; but we could draw no sound inferences as to the reason or cause of such differences or resemblances, except by claiming to know the very object and meaning of the Creator in producing such diversity. All this was felt to be so unsatisfactory that the majority of naturalists openly declared that their sole business was to accumulate facts, and that any attempt to co-ordinate these facts and see what inferences could be drawn from them was altogether premature.

And thus, perhaps, we might have gone to this day, ever accumulating fresh masses of fact while each set of workers became more and more occupied in their own departments of study, and, for want of any intelligible theory to connect and harmonize the whole, less and less able to appreciate the labors of their colleagues, had not Charles Darwin made his memorable voyage around the world, and thenceforth devoted himself, as so many had done before him, to a life of patient research in the domain of organic nature. But how different was the result! Others have added greatly to our knowledge of details, or have created a reputation by some important work; he has given us new conceptions of the world of life, and a theory which is itself a powerful instrument of research; has shown us how to combine into one consistent whole the facts accumulated by all the separate classes of

workers, and has thereby revolutionized the whole study of nature.

This work was the outcome of twenty-nine years of continuous thought and labor, by one of the most patient, most truth-loving, and most acute intellects of our age. During all this long period only a very few of his most intimate friends were aware that he had departed from the then beaten track of biological study, while the great body of naturalists only knew him as a good geologist, as the writer of an interesting book of travels. Even when the great work at last appeared, few could appreciate the enormous basis of fact and experiment on which it rested, until, during the succeeding twenty years, there appeared that remarkable succession of works which exhibited a sample (and only a sample of the exhaustless store of material and the profound maturity of thought on which his early volume was founded.

So long as men believed that every species was the immediate handiwork of the Creator, and was therefore absolutely perfect, they remained altogether blind to the meaning of the countless variations and adaptations of the parts and organs of plants and animals. While he whose teachings were at first stigmatized as degrading or even atheistical, by devoting to the varied phenomena of living things the loving, patient, and reverent study of one who really had *faith* in the beauty and harmony and perfection of creation, was enabled to bring to light innumerable adaptions, and to prove that the most insignificant parts of the meanest study, and fitted to excite our highest and most intelligent admiration.

That he has done this is the sufficient answer to his critics and to his few detractors. However much our knowledge of nature may advance in the future, it will certainly be by following in the pathways he has made clear for us, and for years to come the name of Darwin will stand for the typical example of what the student of nature ought to be. And if we glance back over the whole domain of science, we shall find none to stand beside him as equals; for in him we find a patient observation and collection of facts, as in Tycho Brahe; the power of using those facts in the determination of

laws, as in Kepler; combined with the inspirational genius of a Newton, through which he was enabled to grasp fundamental principles, and so apply them as to bring order out of chaos, and illuminate the world of life as Newton illuminated the material universe. Paraphrasing the eulogistic words of the poet, we may say, with perhaps a greater approximation to truth:

“Nature and Nature’s laws lay hid in night;
God said, “Let Darwin be,” and all was light.”



In Memoriam, Charles Darwin

BY JOHN FISKE.

Written on the date of Darwin's funeral, April, 1882.



HOUGH Mr. Darwin had more than completed his threescore and ten years, and though his life had been rich in achievement and crowned with success such as is but seldom vouchsafed to man, yet the news of his death has none the less impressed us with a sense of sudden and premature bereavement. For on the one hand the time would never have come when those of us who had learned the inestimable worth of such a teacher and friend could have felt ready to part with him; and on the other hand Mr. Darwin was one whom the gods, for love of him, had endowed with perpetual youth, so that his death could never seem otherwise than premature. As Mr. Galton has well said, the period of physical youth—say from the fifteenth to the twenty-second year—is, with most men, the only available period for acquiring the intellectual habits and amassing the stores of knowledge that are to form their equipment for the work of a life-time; but in case of men of the highest order this period is simply a period of seven years, neither more nor less valuable than any other seven years. There is, now and then, a mind—perhaps one in four or five millions—which in early youth thinks the thoughts

of mature manhood, and which in old age retains the flexibility, the receptiveness, the keen appetite for new impressions, that are characteristic of the fresh season of youth. Such a mind as this was Mr. Darwin's. To the last he was eager for new facts and suggestions, to the last he held his judgments in readiness for revision; and to this unfailing freshness of spirit was joined a sagacity which, naturally great, had been refined and strengthened by half a century most fruitful in experiences, till it had come to be almost superhuman.

After all, however, no one can fail to recognize in the career of Mr. Darwin the interest that belongs to a complete and well-rounded tale. When the extent of his work is properly estimated, it is not too much to say that among all the great leaders of human thought that have ever lived there are not half a dozen who have achieved so much as he. In an age that has been richer than any preceding age in great scientific names, his name is indisputably the foremost. He has already found his place in the history of science by the side of Aristotle, Descartes, and Newton. And among thinkers of the first order of originality, he has been peculiarly fortunate in having lived to see all the fresh and powerful minds of a new generation adopting his fundamental conceptions, and pursuing their inquiries along the path which he was the first to break.

It is fitting that in the great Abbey, where rest the ashes of England's noblest heroes, the place of the discoverer of natural selection should be near that of Sir Isaac Newton. Since the publication of the immortal "Principia," no single scientific book has so widened the mental horizon of mankind as the "Origin of Species." Mr. Darwin, like Newton, was a very young man when his great discovery suggested itself to him. Like Newton, he waited many years before publishing it to the world. Like Newton, he lived to see it become a part and parcel of the mental equipment of all men of science. The theological objection urged against the Newtonian theory by Leibnitz, that it substituted the action of natural causes for the immediate action of Diety, was also urged against the Darwinian theory by Agassiz. It is interesting, however, to see that, as

theologians are no longer frightened by the doctrine of gravitation, so they are already beginning to out-grow their dread of the doctrine of natural selection. On the Sunday following Mr. Darwin's death, Canon Liddon, at St. Paul's Cathedral, and Canons Barry and Prothero, at Westminister Abbey, agreed in referring to the Darwinian theory as "not necessarily hostile to the fundamental truths of religion."

In the study of the organic world, no less than in the study of the starry heavens, it is true that "day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."



Evolution

BY LANGDON SMITH.

When you were a Tadpole and I was a Fish,
 In the Paleozoic time,
 And side by side on the ebbing tide
 We sprawled through the ooze and slime,
 Or skittered with many a caudal flip
 Through the depths of the Cambrian fen,
 My heart was rife with the joy of life,
 For I loved you even then.

Mindless we lived and mindless we loved,
 And mindless at last we died;
 And deep in a rift of the Caradoc drift
 We slumbered side by side.
 The world turned on in the lathe of time,
 The hot lands heaved amain,
 Till we caught our breath from the womb of death,
 And crept into light again.

We were Amphibians, scaled and tailed,
 And drab as a dead man's hand;
 We coiled at ease 'neath the dripping trees,
 Or traile^d through the mud and sand,

Croaking and blind, with our three-clawed feet
Writing a language dumb,
With never a spark in the empty dark
To hint at a life to come.

Yet happy we lived, and happy we loved,
And happy we died once more;
Our forms were rolled in the clinging mold
Of a Neocomian shore.
The eons came, and the eons fled,
And the sleep that wrapped us fast
Was riven away in a newer day,
And the night of death was past.

Then light and swift through the jungle trees
We swung in our airy flights,
Or breathed in the balms of the fronded palms,
In the hush of the moonless nights.
And, oh! what beautiful years were these,
When our hearts clung each to each;
When life was filled, and our senses thrilled
In the first faint dawn of speech.

Thus life by life, and love by love,
We passed through the cycles strange,
And breath by breath, and death by death,
We followed the chain of change.
Till there came a time in the law of life
When over the nursing sod
The shadows broke, and the soul awoke
In a strange, dim dream of God.

I was thewed like an Auroch bull,
And tusked like the great Cave Bear;
And you, my sweet, from head to feet,
Were gowned in your glorious hair.
Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave,
When the night fell o'er the plain,
And the moon hung red o'er the river bed,
We mumbled the bones of the slain.

I flaked a flint to a cutting edge,
And shaped it with brutish craft;
I broke a shank from the woodland dank,

And fitted it, head and haft.
 Then I hid me close to the reedy tarn,
 Where the Mammoth came to drink ;—
 Through brawn and bone I drove the stone,
 And slew him upon the brink.

Loud I howled through the moonlit wastes,
 Loud answered our kith and kin ;
 From west and east to the crimson feast
 The clan came trooping in.
 O'er joint and gristle and padded hoof
 We fought and clawed and tore,
 And cheek by jowl and many a growl,
 We talked the marvel o'er.

I carved that fight on a reindeer bone
 With rude and hairy hand,
 I pictured his fall on the craven wall
 That men might understand.
 For we lived by blood and the right of might,
 Ere human laws were drawn,
 And the Age of Sin did not begin
 Till our brutal tusks were gone.

And that was a million years ago,
 In a time that no man knows ;
 Yet here to-night, in the mellow light
 We sit at Delmonico's.
 Your eyes are deep as the Devon springs,
 Your hair is as dark as jet ;
 Your years are few, your life is new,
 Your soul untried, and yet—

Our trail is on the Kimmeridge clay,
 And the scarp of the Purbeck flags.
 We have left our bones in the Bagshot stones,
 And deep in the Coraline crags ;
 Our love is old, our lives are old,
 And death shall come amain.
 Should it come to-day, what man may say
 We shall not live again ?

God wrought our souls from the Tremadoc beds
 And furnished them wings to fly ;
 He sowed our spawn in the world's dim dawn,

And I know that it shall not die.
Though cities have sprung above the graves
Where the crook-boned men made war,
And the ox-wain creaks o'er the buried caves
Where the mummied mammoths are.

Then as we linger at luncheon here,
O'er many a dainty dish,
Let us drink anew to the time when you
Were a Tadpole and I was a Fish.



Darwinism

BY A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

When first the unflowering Fern-forest
Shadowed the dim lagoons of old,
A vague unconscious long unrest
Swayed the great fronds of green and gold.

Until the flexible stems grew rude,
The fronds began to branch and bower,
And lo! upon the unblossoming wood
There breaks a dawn of apple-flower.

Then on the fruitful Forest-bows
For ages long the unquiet ape
Swung happy in his airy house
And plucked the apple and sucked the grape.

Until in him at length there stirred
The old, unchanged, remote distress
That pierced his world of wind and bird
With some divine unhappiness.

Not Love nor the wild fruits he sought;
Nor the fierce battles of his clan
Could still the unborn and aching thought
Until the brute became the man.

Long since. . . . And now the same unrest
 Goads to the same invisible goal,
 Till some new gift undreamed, unguessed,
 End of new travail of the soul.



Darwinism in the Kitchen

I was takin' off my bonnet
 One afternoon at three,
 When a hinseck jumped upon it
 As proved to be a flea.

Then I takes it to the grate,
 Between the bars to stick it,
 But I hadn't long to wait
 Ere it changed into a cricket.

Says I, "Surely my senses
 Is a-gettin' in a fog,"
 So to drown it I commences,
 When it halters to a frog.

Here my heart began to thump,
 And no wonder I felt funky ;
 For the frog with one big jump,
 Leaped hisself into a monkey.

Then I opened wide my eyes,
 His features for to scan,
 And observed, with great surprise,
 That that monkey was a man.

But he vanished from my sight,
 And I sunk upon the floor,
 Just as missus with a light
 Come inside the kitchen door.

Then, beginnin' to abuse me,
 She says, "Sarah, you've been drinkin'!"

I says, "No, mum, you'll excuse me,
But I've merely been a-thinkin'.

"But as sure as I'm a cinder,
That party what you see
A-gettin' out the winder
Have developed from a flea!"



LETTING ROOMS IN A HOUSE AFIRE.

After his inauguration, President Lincoln was so continuously beset by office-seekers that he was almost compelled to neglect measures for the preservation of the Union. "If this keeps on," said he, "I shall be the like a mn who is busy letting lodgings at one end of his house while the other end is afire."



STILL HEARD FROM.

In the fall of 1863, when General Burnside had penetrated so far within the enemy's lines in Tennessee that his situation was regarded as critical, a telegram reached headquarters stating that "firing was heard towards Knoxville."

"I am glad of it!" exclaimed the President. Asked the cause of his gladness, he returned, "Because I am reminded of Mrs. Sallie Ward, a neighbor of mine, who had a large family. Occasionally one of her numerous progeny would be heard crying from some-out-of-the-way place, upon which Mrs. Ward would exclaim:

"Thank the Lord, there's *one* of my children isn't dead yet."

Federal Charter for Interstate Business

Michigan—Chicago-Northwestern.

Resolved, That all corporations engaged in Interstate Commerce should be required to take out a Federal charter on such terms as Congress may by law prescribe, granted that such legislation would be constitutional.

AFFIRMATIVE.

Speakers for Michigan, J. E. Winner, H. G. Kneller, E. G. Fuller.

I. The present system of incorporation is bad.

- A. It has fostered great industrial evils.
 - 1. Over-capitalization. 2. Monopoly. 3. Dishonest business methods. 4. Interholding of shares.
- B. It has failed to correct these evils.
 - 1. Laws passed have not relieved the people, etc.
- C. It cannot be made effective.
 - 1. States cannot control national corporations so as to protect the people.
 - a. State laws are not uniform, and cannot be made so.
 - 2. The Federal Government cannot now effectively control corporations.
 - a. It cannot destroy the corporation, for
 - i¹. It does not create it.
 - b. Fines do not correct the evils.
 - i¹. The Standard Oil Company could pay \$29,000,000 annually and still defraud the people.

II. Federal incorporation is desirable.

- A. It is in harmony with our political system.
 - I. States control State affairs and nation controls national affairs.
 - a. The business of corporations is national in character.

- 2. National control has steadily enlarged to include
 - a. Rivers and harbors.
 - b. Public lands.
 - c. Irrigation.
 - B. It is anti-socialistic.
 - 1. Unless the people get relief from corporate evils they will demand government ownership, and extensive socialism.
 - C. It will make effective present national incorporate laws.
 - 1. It would provide adequate punishment.
 - D. It would result in much good, such as
 - 1. Uniformity.
 - 2. Publicity.
 - 3. Better business honesty.
 - .. 4. Protection to the small honest corporation:
 - a. By classifying corporations Congress could favor the smaller and more honest ones.
 - 5. Public confidence:
 - a. By eliminating watered stock.
 - 6. Financial stability.
 - a. By creating public confidence.
- III. Federal incorporation furnishes an effective remedy for present evils.
- A. It strikes at the root of the evil—the charter.
 - 1. A corporation over-capitalized, or in any way disobeying the law could be destroyed.
 - B. It would tend to encourage honest business methods.
 - 1. By requiring fair dealing of all.
 - a. One dishonest corporation making its money by unfair means will compel a hundred honest ones to employ the same dishonest methods.
 - 2. By threatening to take away the charter of the dishonest corporation.
 - C. It could be easily and efficiently administered:
 - 1. By a bureau established by Congress.
 - 2.. By power given to the State Courts.

Conclusion.

- I. The rights of the people must be protected from individual selfishness.
- II. A Federal charter furnishes a good means.

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NEGATIVE.

Speakers for Michigan, George Eves, S. J. Wettuck, M. L. Burroughs.

I. Present conditions do not demand a Federal charter.

A. Corporation evils are of recent origin, and will be met by the extension of present legal machinery.

1. Much has been done

a. By the States. b. By the nation.

2. Much can still be done

a. by the States.

1¹. Enactment of better laws.

2¹. Exclusion of dishonest corporations.

b. By the nation.

1¹. Extension of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Bureau of Corporations.

2¹. If a Federal charter would be constitutional, desired extension of present laws would also be constitutional.

3. Evolution is better than revolution.

B. Present evils are not the result of incorporation acts, but of general business and economic conditions.

1. National created corporations are just as bad as State ones.

a. Disctrict of Columbia corporations.

b. Union Pacific Railroad.

2. Over-capitalization is not due to the charter.

3. Monopoly is not the result of the charter.

4. Rebates, discriminations, etc., have no relation to the charter, and might exist in national corporations as well as State.

II. Federal incorporation is undesirable.

A. It would revolutionize our system of corporation regulation.

1. By requiring 90 per cent. of the business interest to re-incorporate under a new law.

2. By taking 90 per cent. of the business from State control and making it national.

3.. By annulling existing corporation laws and court decisions on corporation questions.

4. By annulling the work of State Commissions.
 5. By requiring an entire readjustment of State and national regulation.
- B. It would give Congress unwarranted power over industry.
1. Congress has not passed good corporation laws for the District of Columbia.
 2. Corporations are more powerful in Congress than in State Legislatures.
 3. Congress might pass a poorer law than most of the States.
- C. It takes away the power of the State to tax corporations and to regulate conditions incident to production.
1. The State cannot interfere with a Federal corporation.
- D. It would in unnecessary uniformity.
- E. It would be unjust to the small honest corporation.
- III. Federal incorporation is impractical.
- A. It does not strike the source of the evils.
 1. It doesn't reach over-capitalization.
 - B. It could be easily avoided.
 1. By the formation of partnerships, etc.
- C. It would necessitate a great addition to the Federal Courts.
1. At present the Federal Courts are overcrowded.
 2. The State Courts could not have jurisdiction.
- IV. A Federal license might be used to strengthen the present system.
- ❖ ❖

"THE COMMON-(LOOKING) PEOPLE."

Lincoln once dreamed that he was in a great assembly where the people made a lane for him to pass through. "He is a common-looking fellow," said one of them. "Friend," replied Lincoln in his dream, "the Lord prefers common-looking people—that is why He made so many of them." Hapgood's Abraham Lincoln.

The current quotation reads: "The Lord loves the poor more than the rich, because He (or He would not have) made so many of them."

Commission System of Government

Dartmouth College.

AFFIRMATIVE.

Resolved, That in the larger New England cities all the powers of the city government should be vested in a commission of not more than nine men elected by the voters at large without the assistance of any other representative body.

Introduction.

- A. The problem of municipal government demands immediate attention.
 - 1. Municipal government is an admitted failure throughout the United States to-day.
 - 2. Experience has shown that a desire exists on part of the people to remedy evils.
 - 3. Evils are far-reaching and inherent in the present system.
 - 4. Evils cannot be corrected by modification of old method of government.
 - 5. Salvation of cities depends upon a new method which will
 - (a) Fix responsibility. (b) Procure efficient administrators. (c) Interest the electorate.

Discussion.

- I. The affirmative proposes the commission method of government, because
 - A. Experience has demonstrated its success.
 - (1.) In Galveston it has put municipal credit above par.
 - (2.) It has lowered the tax rate.
 - (3.) It has cut expenses from \$650,000 to \$220,000.
 - (4.) It has paid off city debts in full.
 - (5.) It has collected taxes more efficiently.
 - (6.) It has repaved the city at 40 per cent. less than previous cost.
 - (7.) It has given city business administration.
 - (8.) It has reorganized the departments.

- (9.) It has fixed responsibility.
 - (10.) It has discharged useless officials.
 - (11.) It has regenerated the city morally.
- (2.) The inadequacy of the old government was apparent at the time of the storm.
- (1.) The personnel of the aldermen and council-men was low.
 - (2.) They were inefficient and corrupt..
 - (3.) The city administration was bankrupt.
 - (4.) The city employes were paid in script.
 - (5.) The bonds of the city had fallen below par.
 - (6.) The city was in low moral condition on account of weak executives.
- (3.) In Houston commission government has been demonstrated successful, because
- (1.) The tax rate has been lowered.
 - (2.) The city debt of \$400,000 has been wiped out.
 - (3.) New public improvements have been erected.
 - (4.) These things are in contrast to the previous condition of the city.
 - (a) Which was heavily in debt.
 - (b) Under corrupt management.
 - (c) Poorly policed, lighted and with little fire protection.
- (4.) Other cities are investigating commission government and adopting it.
- (1.) Vicksburg, Dallas, Topeka, Austin, St. Louis, Cedar Rapids and Fort Worth are among the number.
- (5.) The commission in Galveston and Houston consists of five men.
- (1.) These men are elected at large.
 - (2.) They are representative business men.
 - (3.) They are each in charge of a department.
 - (4.) They receive a fairly remunerative salary.
 - (5.) Their duties as well as individual responsibility are fixed.
 - (6.) They meet about a consultation table.
 - (7.) They do not talk but act.
 - (8.) They are efficient executive officers in a simple direct system of government.
- B. The affirmative advocates such a system for the larger New England cities, because

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- (1.) The present method of city government is founded upon a false analogy to the Federal Government.
 - (2.) The present method is cumbersome, awkward and slow.
 - (3.) The responsibility in the present government is easily shifted.
 - (4.) The basic plan of the present system is wrong and modification cannot adopt it to use.
 - (5.) Tax rate and debts throughout New England are high.
 - (6.) Corruption and extravagance are everywhere apparent.
 - (7.) The ward unit of present system is the worst political unit known, breeding
 - (a) Political patronage. (b) Party deals. (c) Corrupt elections.
 - (8.) Aldermen and councilmen show deterioration in civic qualities.
 - (9.) Elected as they are from wards they cannot have at heart the interest of whole city.
 - (10.) Growing complexity of municipal administration shows the "checks and balances" of present system to be dilatory and unsafe..
 - (11.) Experts are necessary to do the work.
 - (12.) Local representation inapplicable to-day.
 - (13.) The present system of city government is well characterized as one
 - (a) Ill suited to its task. (b) Inefficient. (c) Irresponsible. (d) Cumbrous. (e) Extravagant. (f) Corrupt. (g) Unsafe.
 - (14.) W. H. Allen, of the New York Bureau of Municipal Research, President Eliot and Mr. Bryce call it a "dead failure."
- C. The present municipal functions are nearly all administrative.
- (1.) Perusal of reports of New England cities shows this to be true, because
 - (a) Newton has passed only two legislative enactments in two years.
 - (b) Springfield devotes 9 pages out of 1073 to ordinances, all of which are unimportant.

- (c) This is also true of Cambridge, Lynn and Providence.
- (2.) The works of the various departments of city government are matters of business.
 - (a) It buys and sells commodities.
 - (b) It makes contracts.
 - (c) It should be administered as a corporation..
 - (d) It is only an administrative unit under the State Legislature.
- (3.) Legislative functions are relatively unimportant, because
 - (a) The city has no questions of far-reaching policy.
 - (b) Local representation is without purpose whatsoever.
- D. The commission method of government realizes that the city is an administrative unit.
 - (1.) It brings business organization.
 - (2.) It brings businesss men to its service.
 - (3.) Its small size makes its work rapid and effective.
 - (4.) It is systematic and responsible in its actions.
- E. The American people regard the commission as efficient and effective, because
 - (1.) They have adopted investigating commissions.
 - (2.) They have erected an Interstate Commerce Commission.
 - (3.) There are park andsewer commissions made up of few men.
 - (4.) The school commissions in St. Louis have been cut from 35 and 25 to 9 and 5.
 - (5.) The Boston Finance Commission shows with all the others that public opinion supports the idea of the commission.
- F. The commission is analogous in many ways to a board of selectmen ; therefore,
 - (1.) The commission is getting back to first principles.
 - (2.) It is not radical and revolutionary.
 - (3.) It is democratic and popular.
- G. The commission method induces good men to enter city government, because

- (1.) Unlike the present city government there is no possibility of shifting the blame.
- (2.) There is an assurance of rigidly placed credit.
- (3.) Commissioners do not have to stoop to ward deals.
- (4.) They are freed from any sense of responsibility to particular wards.
- (5.) Power of accomplishment is given the individual, and this attracts.
- (6.) Ex-Mayor Low says, "With every increase in conferred power there has been a distinct improvement in the character of the candidates."

- H. The commission holds the attention and interest of the people, because
- (1.) Its meetings are open and public.
 - (2.) Its commissioners are known to the citizens.
 - (3.) The citizens can see what the commissioners are doing.
 - (4.) The acts of the commissioners are not clouded by the heated oratory of the council chamber.
 - (5.) The citizens can know the qualifications of commissioner candidates, because
 - (a) There are fewer of them than in the present ballot.
 - (6.) The citizen can place immediate blame for mismanagement and neglect.



LINCOLN'S RULES FOR LIVING.

Do not worry, eat three square meals a day, say your prayers, be courteous to your creditors, keep your digestion good, steer clear of biliousness, exercise, go slow and easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these I reckon will give you a good lift.

Bank Notes on General Assets

University of Virginia—Johns Hopkins.

Resolved, That national banks should be permitted to issue, subject to tax and government supervision, notes based on their general assets.

AFFIRMATIVE.

- I. The present currency system is defective, for
 - A. It is too rigid to respond to the needs of business, for
 1. It is founded on a wrong basis, for
 - a. It was established mainly to create a market for United States bonds.
 2. It cannot respond to the further growth of the country without increasing the debt of the government.
 3. It does not respond adequately to the yearly fluctuations in trade, for
 - a. In autumn, more money is needed to move the crops and to prevent panics.
 - b. In the spring, less money is needed to prevent speculative ventures.
 4. It causes exorbitant rates of interest in rural communities.
 - II. The proposed system would correct the evils of the present system, for
 - A. Elasticity in the volume of the currency would result, for
 1. Each bank in accordance with business demands could expand its note circulation in place of book credits.
 2. Each bank would help to contract the note circulation when the demand for money lessened, for
 - a. Self-interest would lead it to return for redemption.
 - B. Rates of interest throughout the country would be more equitable.
 - III. The proposed system would be safe, for
 - A. Each note would be secured by sound and sufficient assets, for

1. It would rest with ample margin upon business paper representing the marketable staple products of the country.
 2. It would be secured by a gold reserve of twenty per cent. of its value.
 3. It would be secured by the capital and surplus of the bank.
 4. It would be secured by the double liability of each stockholder.
 5. It would be secured by a five per cent. guaranty fund in the hands of the Government.
- B. The basis of note issue would be safeguarded by the self-interest of all banks in a redemption district.
- IV. The experience of the banking world favors the proposed system, for
- A. It has proved successful in great commercial nations, for
 1. It has been used in Scotland for 200 years, in France for 100 years, in Canada for 90 years, in Germany for 60 years.
 2. It was used in the United States by the banks of Indiana, Louisiana, and the Suffolk system.
 3. It has been used repeatedly in emergencies in both England and the United States.
 - B. It has proved safe, for
 1. In France it stood the test even of the crisis of '71.
 2. Conant testifies that it is safe in Scotland.
 3. White testifies that it is safe in Canada.
 4. White testifies that it was safe in the State banks of Indiana, Louisiana, and the Suffolk system.
 5. In the United States for forty-five years over ninety per cent. of the business of the country has been done by checks and drafts based upon general assets.



FOOLING THE PEOPLE.

“You may fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time; but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time.”—[Lincoln.]

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